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FOR PIPE OR CIGARETTE

RAILROAD STORIES

MAY, 1936

This Magazine is on Sale the First of Each Month Preceding Date of Issue

Vol. XIX No. 6

Formerly RAILROAD MAN'S MAGAZINE—*Title Registered in U. S. Patent Office*

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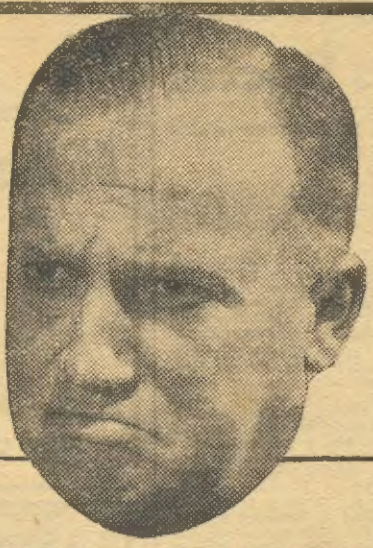

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Dr. W. R. George

Dr. Walter R. George, for many years Health Director of Indianapolis, says: "Insufficient Kidney excretions are the cause of much needless suffering with Aching Back, Frequent Night Rising, Itching, Smarting, Burning, Painful Joints, Rheumatic Pains, Headaches, and a generally run-down body. I am of the opinion that the prescription Cystex corrects such functional conditions. It aids in flushing poisons from the urinary tract, and in freeing the blood of retained toxins. Cystex deserves the indorsement of all doctors." If you suffer from Kidney and Bladder dysfunction, delay endangers your vitality, and you should not lose a single minute in starting to take the doctor's special prescription called Cystex (pronounced Siss-tex) which helps Kidney functions in a few hours. Works fast, safe and sure. Gently tones, soothes, and cleans raw, sore membranes. Brings new energy and vitality in 48 hours. It is helping millions of sufferers and is guaranteed to make you feel years younger and like new in 8 days, or money back on return of empty package. Telephone your druggist for Cystex today. The guarantee protects you.

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By VINA LAWRENCE

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5.25-17	2.90	1.15
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29x5.25-19	2.95	1.15
30x5.25-20	2.95	1.25
31x5.25-21	3.25	1.15
5.50-17	3.35	1.15
28x5.50-18	3.35	1.15
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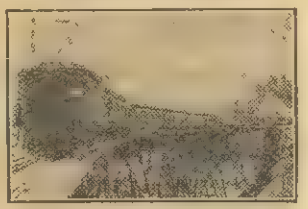

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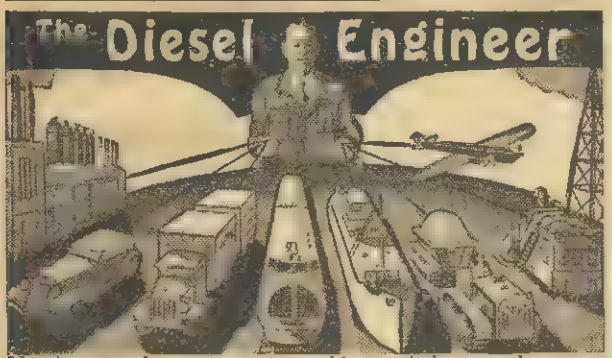

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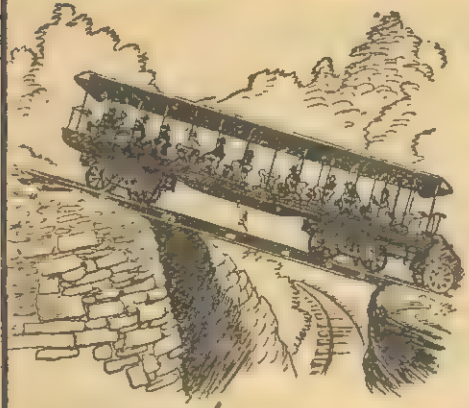

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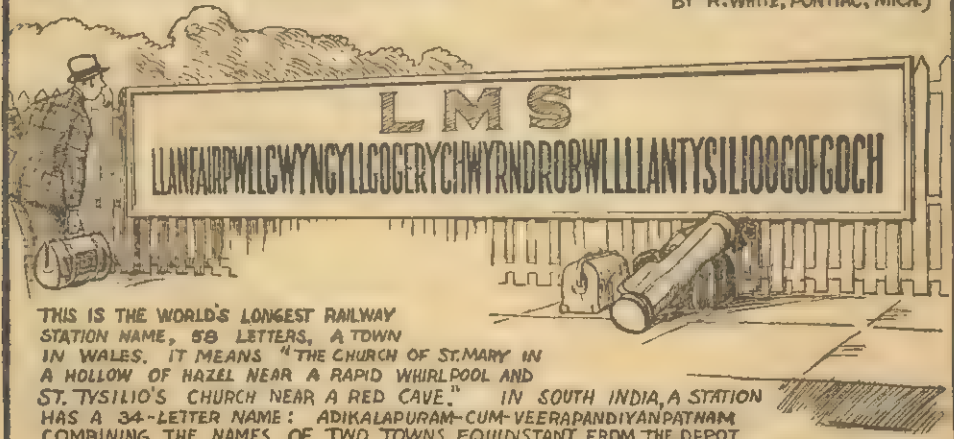

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Rio Grande

The Greedy River Was More Than a Torrent of Water— It Was Their Future, Their Fortune, Their Destiny

By ED SAMPLES

Author of "Link and Pin," "Brotherhood Man," Etc.

A HUNDRED miles south of Albuquerque, the Mesa thrusts gray-whiskered lava cliffs halfway across the valley of the Rio Grande and forces the river out through a bottle neck toward El Paso. In a flat valley above the neck the *conquistadores* had established the settlement of San Marcial, in what is now New Mexico.

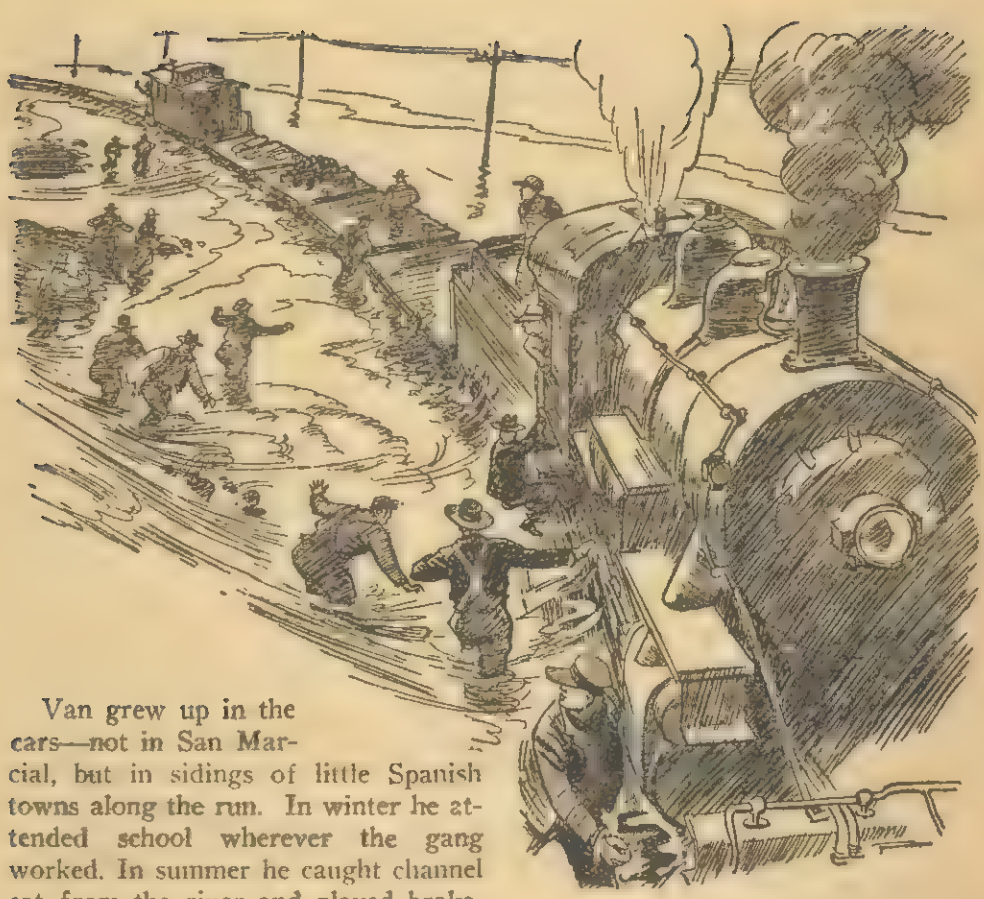
Then in 1880 a railway came out of the north, the Santa Fe Railway. It split the valley in twain, drove straight toward the foot of the Mesa, bridged the Rio Grande at its bend, and cut south on the old Spanish *Jornada del Muerte* (Journey of Death) to Rincon.

Santa Fe officials made San Marcial a division headquarters. Santa Fe engineers threw up a long dike between track and river. Behind the dike, on the flat valley to the west, they built yards, shops, roundhouse, and division offices. Beyond these, toward the low sand hills, homes and stores were spread.

The town boomed. Native settlers rejoiced. Railroad men paid big prices for produce. No longer must *rancheros* drive herds and haul wool long distances to market. No longer must they live in fear of the Apache. *El ferrocarril* had come. The padres blessed the railroad, and everybody was glad.

But Old Man River was not glad. A railroad dike fenced him out from his natural playground. No longer could he flood the pleasant valley, leaving a fertile film of soil to pay the damage.

In a boarding car on a spur siding behind the dikes of San Marcial, a boy named Van Zant Harding was born during a flood just about the turn of the century. Dad Harding was a bridge gang laborer. Mom Harding cooked for the crew.



Van grew up in the cars—not in San Marcial, but in sidings of little Spanish towns along the run. In winter he attended school wherever the gang worked. In summer he caught channel cat from the river and played brakeman about rip-rap cars. At eighteen he cast his lot with the railroad and went braking out of San Marcial.

IT was May, 1920. Waters thick with red mud from the hills of the Jemez, with yellow mud from the mountains of the Chama, with brown mud churned to a froth in the gorge of the Rio Grande—all were charging madly toward the Gulf.

Two days ago they had swept out the dike at Albuquerque, had snatched fences, stock and houses from Atrisco and fled southward. Yesterday they had undermined the tracks at La Joya and had sent No. 808 catapulting into the river. Today they were hammering at the dike behind San Marcial.

Van Harding had been called out on work train early that morning. All day he shifted up and down the ten miles of track to the north, protecting against "southward extras" while trackmen unloaded tons of sandbags and rip-rap at every point where the river threatened to plunge over the dike.

In early twilight the train returned to San Marcial. Conductor Hull left the trip report lying open on his table and started toward the office.

"Will they relieve us," queried Van, "or hold us on duty all night?"

"No telling," the conductor answered. "There's only three crews here this evening. They're apt to hold us. Stick around till I come back."

Van was a handsome lad of twenty.

He was tall and erect, with curly brown hair, mischievous blue eyes, and that audacious mouth about which women dream and, dreaming, smile.

Like most young brakemen, Van was out for a good time. He knew the baseball team was raising funds to buy new uniforms; for tonight they advertised a box social and dance. He laid off his regular run in order to be on hand for the affair, but had been called for emergency service today on the work train.

After his talk with Hull, Van sauntered up to the smoky end, where the fireman and head brakeman were gloomily surveying the outlook. He said: "Looks like we miss out on this box supper after all."

"Yeah!" the fireman growled. "Railroad man loses out on everything."

"They'll probably call it off anyhow," consoled the head brakeman. "They surely wouldn't pull a box supper with this river up like it is."

"Don't see why not," Van jested. "We might as well eat, drink and raise cain tonight, for tomorrow we may all be lodged on a mesquite limb."

His companions laughed in the forced, nervous way of men who realize that within the hour the jest may become reality.

After a while the conductor and engineer returned from the office. They were very grave.

"What's the news?" Van inquired.

"He's holding us for emergency," said the conductor.

"Oh, damn it!" growled the young brakeman. "I wanted to go to that box supper."

The engineer was an elderly man. He said: "It's a helluva time to be thinkin' about box suppers with that river—"

"You *may* get to go yet, Harding," his conductor interrupted. "Dispatcher said he could couple into the short track. Said he might need us and he might not. Said if we wanted to loaf around a little, it would be all right, provided we stuck together and stayed where he could find us without lookin' all over—"

"He can sure find me," Van called breezily. "I aim to be right down there eating supper between two of the keenest dames—"

Van and his dames were the joke of the division. Some fellows were a trifle jealous. The fireman asked caustically: "What two dames?"

"Who cares what two?" Van shot back. "Let's tie the hog and crummy into that string of rip-rap, and go get a piece of pie and a cup of Java to stay our stomachs till the ladies want to eat."

They coupled onto six flat cars: one car of old ties, four of rocks, and another loaded with sandbags—old grain sacks, gunnysacks, cement sacks, anything that would hold together and carry its load of sand.

Then Van slipped out of overalls, put on a coat, adjusted his tie, left the markers out and the caboose light burning, locked the door and went up to the Harvey House.

AFTER eating a light lunch he stood on the platform. A hush lay on the village. Men patrolled the river. In the light of flaring torch and flitting lantern they were keeping watch for that trickle which foretold the break in the dike. In tense, anxious voices they called each to the other, every word coming clear above the muttering of the turgid stream.

Van watched the lights, listened to the voices. The dikes were manned. The railroad was on guard.

Down by the Mesa, as the river had aggraded his bed, the railroad had built a breakwater into the valley to check and divert the current in time of flood so it would not destroy the bridge at the bend.

This breakwater, some were now saying, was checking the flow of the current and forcing the water higher up on the dike. With the breakwater out of the way, they thought the river would recede. In order to save the town, they were murmuring, the railroad should blast out its breakwater, even though the bridge might be destroyed.

A group of business men—heavy investors in the town behind the railroad dike—came down the platform. Stern, grim, anxious faces set dead ahead, they approached the railroad group.

Their leader was Seymour Dawn. Mr. Dawn was one of the largest property holders in San Marcial. He was a portly individual in his late fifties. Tonight he was chewing the end of a dead stogie. Removing it, he spat contemptuously upon the platform and addressed the chief official in the group.

"We have come to demand, suh," he said with all the importance of a Kentucky colonel addressing a Yankee carpet-bagger, "that you blast out your breakwatah down theah and let this flood go by."

"That will be unnecessary, Mr. Dawn," the official replied firmly. "Reports indicate that the crest of the flood is now passing—"

"And before it has passed," Mr. Dawn cut in, "every dollah invested in San Marcial may be swept away."

"The railroad has the biggest stake in this town, mister. We are considering the odds. If our engineers—"

"Damn the odds, suh! The Santa Fe Company has no right to imperil life and property of private citizens in ordah to save its bridge over the Rio Grande."

"The railroad did not ask private citizens to invest in San Marcial property," said the official. "If the people are afraid to stay, the road is open for them to get out."

The man of wealth was angry: "Then you refuse to blast out that breakwatah?"

"I most certainly do, sir. It would be foolish and useless—"

Mr. Dawn did not argue the matter. He made no threats nor promises. He returned to his general store. Other business men went in with him. His two Mexican helpers were already in there. He locked the doors and pulled down the blinds. Neither he nor anyone else was seen to come out again that night.

WHEN the flood arrived, the baseball committee debated whether to postpone their box supper or to carry on with it as advertised. Some argued that with so many men on the dike, they would not raise enough to pay for the lights. They finally decided the town might as well spend the night in merrymaking instead of waiting in darkness for a break which might not come. So they held the supper as originally scheduled.

Tonight Van urged the rest of the train crew to accompany him. Leaving word with the caller where they could be found, they went to the affair in a body.

The hall was rapidly filling when they entered. With that courage which carries crowds through crises, they were laughing and jesting as if nothing threatened their homes. Everyone there knew that once the dike broke and sent the water down the old channel

next to the hills they would be cut off from escape except by motor boats. Still, men in serge and women in silk came streaming in.

Among the late arrivals were two ladies dressed in black taffeta. Van spotted them at once. Their escort, a Spanish youth of twenty, gave the usher their supper boxes. One was done in white, the other in lavender. The two ladies walked sedately down the aisle and seated themselves apart from the crowd.

Van scarcely noticed the elder one, a queenly matron of forty. His interest was in the younger. He saw eyes like black diamonds shining in a face smooth as white velvet. He noticed about her shoulders a Spanish shawl, the like of which he had seldom seen even in Albuquerque or El Paso.

The young brakeman had been bantering with a Harvey House girl whose boy friend was on the dike. When the newcomers arrived he whispered: "Who's that?"

A mischievous twinkle was in the Harvey girl's eyes. "That, suh," she said, mimicking the accent of a Kentucky colonel, "is Miss Dixie Dawn and her mothah."

"Seymour Dawn's daughter?"

"Sure!" said the waitress. "The old folks were afraid to let Dixie grow up here among all these terrible railroaders. They sent her away to boarding school—"

"I don't care where they sent her. That girl's going to feed me my supper tonight."

"Bet a dollar she doesn't."

"Called!" Van flipped a silver coin into the lap of the waitress.

She flipped it back with the words: "Don't be a fool, brakie. You get along all right with beanery belles and stenographers, but you'd better not go playing around with Miss Dawn. You're not in her class."

"Oh, yeah?" Van was already on his feet, heading for the front where ushers were receiving boxes which the women or their escorts were bringing in. He scarcely heard the murmured warning:

"That dame wouldn't wipe her feet on you, big boy. She's been taught that railroad men are worthless . . ."

LAUGHING gaily, Van hurried on to make sure which box Miss Dawn had brought in. He reckoned that people who brought boxes to informal suppers such as this would consider introduction and credentials unnecessary.

Good looks, good clothes, dash and vigor had gotten him through the public dances of Albuquerque and El Paso, had even won him bids to more exclusive ones. Van Harding did not expect to find here in this little inland town of San Marcial a young lady who would fail to respond to his masculine charms.

By nine o'clock the crowd had gathered. A fast-talking yardmaster came out to auction off the boxes. Sixty of them, decorated in every color of the rainbow, were stacked up on counters at the platform. Before beginning, he stood up on a chair and lifted a hand.

The confusion stilled. The yardmaster peered out over the filled room and uttered the one word: "Listen!"

Silence became oppressive. Into it came the surly mutter of the river, of the Rio Grande gnawing at banks of sand behind which water piled in rushing rolling billows far higher than their heads. A moment later the yardmaster was saying:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you all know why we are here. We're proud of our baseball team. Six of its fifteen members are out there tonight fighting

the flood. When they've licked Old Man River they're going to fight just as hard to bring home runs to San Marcial. Let's show these boys that we're behind 'em to the last man and the last dollar. Fellows, don't let these nice boxes of food go for a nickel apiece. Run 'em up!"

They did "run 'em up." By the time half the sixty boxes were sold, it was apparent that the baseball team, if they so desired, could play in silk this season.

When Dixie Dawn's box came up, however, there was a lull. Always her father had looked upon the railroad as a personal convenience. He felt that its dikes had been made to protect his property, its employees to fatten the profits of his store.

Mr. Dawn was a Southerner of the old school. The railroad had been built partly with Boston capital. For that reason he held the line in contempt and refused to associate with railroaders, even the officials, as his equals.

And his daughter, tutored by a scornful father and proud mother, was generally regarded as a snob. Some of the fellows were surprised that she had condescended to attend this humble auctioning of lunch boxes. They all seemed to know which box was hers, but even loyalty to their team did not induce them immediately to begin bidding.

Then the silence was broken by the clear voice of Van Harding.

"Five dollars!" he called.

The yardmaster gasped. In the spirited bidding which had preceded the highest first bid had been $2.50. Although taken off guard for a moment, he soon came alive to his opportunity.

Van Harding was known to be a free spender. The yardmaster began talking.

He expressed his opinion of a young gentleman who would offer only *five dollars* for the privilege of eating such a supper as this box contained, with a young lady of such exquisite taste as to decorate and adorn it as this one was adorned.

And although—so he said—he did not know who that young lady was, he was certain she had rare beauty and charm. "Five dollars!" he cried. "Make it ten!"

BACK in the crowd, railroaders passed the wink. A voice sang out: "Ten! Ten dollars!"

"Ten! Ten! Make it fifteen!"

Van nodded. "Fifteen."

"Fifteen I have!" the yardmaster shouted. "Who'll make it twenty?"

So the bidding ran. Wise ones shot significant glances from Van Harding to Dixie Dawn. Van's face was cracked with a devilish smile. His eyes were alive with the vim of a man drunk on new wine.

La Señora's proud face wore a look of holy horror. On Dixie's cheeks two spots of crimson shone, and above them eyes looked down with shame as if she herself were up at auction. At length Van marched forward, planked down three ten-dollar bills on the table, and shot the girl a bold, triumphant look. Then he strode back to his seat. Dixie did not even look at him.

The last supper box was sold. Men were seeking their partners. Van Harding sought Miss Dawn. She was still sitting as she had sat for thirty minutes, looking very much insulted. Van paused before her. His voice trembled ever so slightly.

"Miss Dawn?" he queried.

Black eyes came up; crimson spots on the cheeks grew larger. "Yes, sir," she answered coldly.

"I believe I have the honor . . ."

She arose and started pulling the folds of the Spanish shawl about shapely shoulders. Van threw a quick glance of victory at the Harvey waitress. He thought Dixie was going to follow him meekly to the curtained nook which he had selected, just as any other girl would have done. Van was mistaken.

This girl was speaking with an effort at control. She was saying: "Please take it and go away. I have no desire . . ."

The look of triumph left the young brakeman's face. There came one of bewilderment. But railroad men think quickly. Before either Dixie or her queenly mother could walk away, Van was holding the box to her, murmuring:

"I beg your pardon, Miss. I will not further annoy you. Please accept this as a favor from me."

Something, perhaps the courtesy with which he was giving her the box she had refused to share with him—the box which had cost him almost a week's wages—caused the proud young lady to lift her head. Their eyes met. Hers widened ever so little. The crimson spots left her face.

Dumbly she was reaching for the box in its soft, lavender wrapping. She opened her mouth as if to beg his pardon; but before she could speak, the call boy came hurrying into the room, dodging through the crowd and shouting:

"Hull—Harding—wanted at once!"

The Secret Flame

VAN shoved the box into her nerveless hand and strode toward the door. Seconds ago he was a rejected lover, smarting under the lash of a woman's scorn. Now he was a railroad man answering the call of duty. He ran to the railroad yard. The conductor dashed into the office. The engineer had the train already in motion. Van caught the caboose as it came on. A moment later the conductor was beside him, keyed up for battle.

"What is it?" Van queried.

"Break in the dike above the milepost."

"Serious?"

"Any break in a dike made of loose sand by the Rio Grande on the rampage is serious, kid."

The youth changed quickly into work clothes and climbed into the cupola. His gaze was on the night and the swaying cars, but his mind was back in San Marcial. Among stars gleaming in a cloudless sky, eyes were flitting: laughing eyes of the Harvey girl who had warned him, hot black eyes of Dixie Dawn, burning with pride and resentment above crimson cheeks.

"Nasty little snob!" he growled. "Too good to eat with a brakeman, huh? Well, she can go jump in the river and forget to come out."

Thus Van sought to dismiss from mind the girl who, two hours ago, had held him as with a spell of desert magic; but even while he uttered the words he was aware that deep within her image was burning itself into his soul.

He came down from the cupola. The conductor was on the rear platform. Van held out his light and looked down on the water. It was running like a mill race, almost up to the rails.

"Look like it's good-by San Marcial," he said. His tone was deadly serious.

"You can't tell, Harding," responded the older man. "I've seen some mighty bad breaks plugged up

Before the Echoes Died, a Giant Wave Came Crashing Down from Above

since I've been runnin' a train down this valley."

In silence they watched a half-mile of water race toward San Marcial, red of the markers reflected from its surface. The engineer answered a signal, slowed down and chugged along at ten miles an hour.

Soon they heard the guttural growl of water rushing out through the break. It sounded as if the whole river had cut through.

The train stopped. Off to the right, men had been slowly yielding to the river. Their last sandbag had been used. Before the wheels quit turning, the roadmaster was aboard. He issued curt orders. Eager hands grabbed sandbags from the train and passed them quickly toward the break in the dike.

The track men worked heroically. Their homes, their savings of a lifetime, were at stake. Wading through water to their armpits, some hustled those heavy bags as if they had been filled with feathers; others drove heavy stakes into the flood spilling down as from a sluiceway, others still heaved and grunted bringing huge rocks across to fill the gap which the water had gnawed away.

Returning to the caboose, Van took his flagging equipment down the track to protect against trains which did not exist. At every moment he expected to hear a roar announcing the victory of the river.

BUT the roar did not come. That night, from up the river, up toward the Mesa and the breakwater Van heard a long-drawn *booooooom!* The earth rocked and bumpers rattled from the jar of explosion.

Yardmaster and conductor had come up to within ten feet of him. All three turned to stare blankly up the valley. Not a light was visible.

"Do you suppose—" the yardmaster began.

His sentence was cut short by another *booooooom,* another rocking of the earth, a new rattle of bumpers.

Before its echoes died, a giant wave came crashing down from above. It struck the bridge. Water swished over the timbers. Water licked at their feet. Men steering timbers came up with startled cries.

The yardmaster whirled and leaped toward a car of stone. "Quick!" he ordered. "Tie down brakes on this string of cars. We've got to let 'em stay here. Some dirty cuss has dynamited that breakwater. This bridge may go down any minute!"

The bridge did *not* go down. Night wore through. Water fell away from the crest. Whether dynamiting the breakwater had saved San Marcial for another flood was—and still is—a moot question. At any rate, the flood subsided by morning and quiet reigned.

The railroad company made elaborate investigations. The breakwater was not rebuilt, but who blew it up still remains a mystery. Maybe it was Seymour Dawn and maybe it wasn't.

Van Harding did not worry about it. He went to bed at daylight and awoke at noon. Flood peril gone, everybody was gay. Van's friends, remembering the box supper, were asking if he would let "Mr. Dawn's little señorita" spit on him and rub it in.

Van pretended to pass the matter as a joke. But he did not forget. Fate would not let him forget, for from that day the ways of Van and Dixie swirled together like cross currents.

The girl unexpectedly took a job teaching in the village school. Maybe it was this teaching which wrought the change in her, maybe it was something else, a something from within; but she was changed.

Always she had held herself aloof from railroad men and their problems. Now she became interested in them. She visited "my children" in railroad homes. She walked along the tracks with other teachers, or joined the high school pupils who made the station platform at train-time their meeting point after classes.

Van used to watch her covertly. About her was a certain quiet dignity, even an air of meekness, as if some secret flame were melting her proud spirit. The brakeman's heart told him what that flame was, but recalling vividly that night when she had scorned him, he refused to face the situation.

Once they met face to face. Van was braking on passenger north. Dixie was on the train. Leaving Socorro, she beckoned him to open a window. Gravely he came to perform the service. Their hands came together on the ledge.

Dixie did not withdraw hers. She looked up, her soul in her eyes. Mumbling a word of apology, Van quickly removed his hand. The girl flushed, let fall her head, and Van hurried toward the rear.

YEARS went by. The bridge gang had come to San Marcial. Dad Harding still worked on the gang and Mom ran the boarding car. When Van was in he always came down to spend off hours with them.

He had come into town that morning on a drag from the north, had eaten breakfast, and had gone to sleep as usual in the bunk car.

When the slanting rays of the sun were crawling under the west shade, his mother tiptoed in from the kitchen car. She stood a long while gazing fondly at his face and curly brown hair.

"Poor boy!" she murmured. "A shame to wake him, but—Van! Van!"

"Yes, mother!" He flung back the covers.

"Four thirty, son. Men will be coming in to supper soon."

"Okay, mom. Be right out."

The brakeman sat up and yawned. He was wide awake now. For a month he had been trying to make San Marcial at an hour when he and his father could go fishing for channel cat. Tonight was the night.

Dressing hurriedly, he went into the kitchen car. He sniffed appetizing odor of roast beef, potatoes smothered in onions, cherry pie fresh from the oven.

Van stood in the open door while he watched the yard goat shuffle cars of rip-rap at the upper end of the lead, two women came from behind the Harvey House and started down the tracks toward the boarding cars. Van squinted at them. A gleam came into his blue eyes.

"Who's that, mom?" he asked.

Mom Harding's neck stiffened. "Mr. Dawn's daughter—and a friend of hers, a teacher from Montreal. They go down to the bridge nearly every evening. Sometimes they stay till pitch dark."

Van did not comment. The girls came toward the cars. Van eyed Dixie critically. He noted the neat dress, the perfectly rounded figure. He watched dainty feet, shod in kid of highest quality, each step falling with marked precision on the ballasted track.

As they drew nearer, he became aware of crimson spots on full cheeks, and knew that sparkling eyes above them had seen him. Deliberately he turned and stared down toward the bridge.

The teachers were aware of mother and son standing in the open door of the boarding car. They looked up, smiled and nodded. "Good evening, Mrs. Harding!"

Mrs. Harding returned their greeting. Often they had stopped to chat with her, but this time they passed on.

Van stared after them until they became pygmies fading toward the bridge over the Rio Grande. He sighed heavily. A sad light came over his bronzed face.

Mom touched his arm. "She *is* sweet, isn't she?"

"Who?" Van growled the question, flushed and looked confused.

Teachers disappeared beyond the bridge. The men came from work. Van watched his father swing up into the tool car. Dad Harding was low and squat. He had a kindly mouth, above which grew a closely cropped gray mustache, and blue eyes which at sixty-one twinkled with the light of youth.

"Still want to go cat-fishin' tonight, son?" he queried.

"Sure," Van replied. "Got a pail of minnows, and have the lines on the poles all ready to go."

THEY did not tarry long at supper. When cherry pie had been swallowed, father and son took fishing poles

from under the eaves of the bunk car, pick up their pail of minnows from a pool of backwater, and walked together toward the bridge.

They did not go all the way. Below the town, a levee had been built to hold the backwater out of the streets. Above this levee was the town's territory. Below it, where mesquite and cottonwood grew singly and in clumps, was the river's playground—*and the hobo jungle.*

Fishing was good that night. The river was alive with channel cat which had come up from the head of the lake. When the old bridge builder pulled out his third one and hooked a live minnow for another try, he spoke to his son with a cautious chuckle.

"The Gov'ment," he said, "probably sealed the doom of San Marcial when they built that Elephant Butte Dam, but they sure did improve the fishin'."

Van admitted they had, and pulled out another fifteen-inch channel cat. While he was baiting again, he heard the snap of a twig from somewhere upstream. He paused with hook and minnow in hand and peered through the brush.

Two men were cautiously picking their way down the scarcely discernible path. Van watched them closely.

One had a broken nose, a cauliflower ear, and five gold front teeth. He wore an old blue sweater and a slouch hat. The other was a rat-faced runt in filthy checkered trousers and gray vest over a dirty flannel shirt. Van recognized them immediately as a pair who had ridden an empty box car down from Albuquerque on his drag this morning.

At sight of him, they stopped and talked in guarded tones. After a brief pause, they came on by, grunted a surly "Howdy," left the river and cut across the tracks toward the hobo jungle.

"Wonder what those bums are up to?" Van muttered, half to himself.

"Huntin' a place to cook a mulligan stew," returned his father casually.

"They look plenty tough."

"I'd hate to meet 'em in the alley after midnight— Look out, you got a bite there!"

Van landed another channel cat. That was his last one. Instead of watching his line, he kept looking at his watch and peering over his shoulder toward the hobo jungle. He could not help wondering if those two lady teachers needed a bodyguard.

AT sundown, though he himself did not catch another fish, they had two dozen nice ones staked out in the gunnysack under the bank.

In the early twilight the southbound passenger pulled out toward El Paso. When its echoes had faded into the whisper of the river, Van arose and untied his line from the long cane pole.

"Ain't quittin', are you, Son?" his father asked in a tone of disappointment.

"Yeah. Think I've had about enough."

"You didn't usta ever get enough cat fishin'."

"I know, but I've got to get back to the car and get another nap. Probably be called out around midnight."

"Wait till I catch this one," said Dad. "That'll make us twenty-five."

"Oh, all right."

Van did not wait long. Within five minutes his father caught a three-pounder. While Dad was taking down his outfit Van divided the fish. Twenty he put into the gunnysack for the old man to take to the car. Five he dropped into the minnow bucket, intending to carry them on the caboose that night and cook a midnight meal for the crew.

When they were halfway to the tracks a startled scream split the twilight. It was stifled, followed quickly by another—and silence.

The men tensed, listening.

"Good gosh!" Van gasped.

"What's that?" Dad whispered.

"A woman," Van answered. "Sounded like she was out there on the tracks."

"Reckon them bums—"

Van did not wait for him to finish. He dropped gunnysack and fishing poles. He leaped through the brush. Off to the west, toward the hobo jungle, two struggling, kicking, masses were moving toward the darkness.

Van did not need a crystal gazer to tell him what had happened nor what he should do. He guessed that Dixie Dawn and her companion, having stayed too late at the bridge, had staged a cornfield meet with trouble on their way home. A moment more and they would be into the jungle, where God alone could help them.

Forgotten was old resentment. In one split second, memory of that insult at the box supper years ago was wiped out.

Three strides took him down the embankment. The thug with the broken nose and the cauliflower ear had the Dawn girl in his clutches, head under his right arm, his dirty hand over her mouth.

Van seized him by the collar. The fellow, until then unaware of his existence, uttered a startled grunt, let go his captive, and whirled.

Van's right fist smashed full into his ugly distorted face. It crashed and came away bleeding. The thug staggered, shook his head, recovered, and came back.

Van was no match for this bruiser. A hairy fist found his face. Stars sprinkled down; the world went spinning.

God's Handwriting

DIXIE DAWN, released from her choking grasp, had fallen to her knees. She had come up sobbing with humiliation and shame.

Then came blind rage. When the thug followed Van she followed the thug. When he lunged for Van she lunged for him, hurled herself upon him, clawing, kicking, biting like a tigress.

Van blinked the star dust out of his eyes, and waded in. He brought a right to the point of the jaw. The bull neck snapped back. He planted a left on the spinning head just behind the ear, and the thug fell like a sandbag thrown from a flat car.

Van had forgotten the little rat-faced runt, the teacher from Montreal, and his father. He had forgotten almost everything but a broken nose, a cauliflower ear, and a girl whose lovely face was white with terror.

A spurt of flame, a sharp report, and the tug of a leaden pellet at his left sleeve reminded him. He turned quickly. In the deepening dusk, he saw the Canadian girl sprawled on the grass. He saw the rat-faced runt sneaking toward him, taking cold deliberate aim.

He knew that at ten paces, dark though it was, there was not a chance to miss—*and the ten paces had already narrowed to eight.*

Van saw one chance, and determined to take it. He moved one step backward as if retreating. He intended to take another step, and tackle at the shoe

strings. The little thug was coming on, screeching: "Horn in on our party again, will ya? Ya damned—"

DAD HARDING had followed his son up from the river. Instead of leaping the fence he had crawled through it. He had come up the embankment, still carrying his pail of fish.

Through the darkness he had seen Van wade into the big thug and send him winding. He had seen the thug came back. He had seen Dixie's furious attack, and seen his son deliver the knockout. He started to chuckle.

The chuckle froze in his throat. He saw the stab of flame, saw the stooped shadow of the runt creeping, creeping forward on his unarmed son. Dad did not cry out. He moved. Sixty-one though he was, he moved quickly.

He leaped once, swinging the pail of catfish backward. The second leap, he swung it forward, hurled it straight at the head of the runt with the gun.

Gun and pail crashed together. The gun went down. The pail rolled into the grass, spilled flapping fish at the feet of three. Van stepped over a catfish and caught Dixie Dawn, who was swaying toward him with outstretched arms.

Then and there Van applied for the job as bodyguard to Dixie and her companion—and got it.

Later, although he had always preferred running on through freight to flagging on work train, he suddenly changed his mind, applied for a job braking on work train out of San Marcial—and got it.

Every evening when he came in from work he dolled up and accompanied the two ladies down to the bridge. They sat by the hour at the foot of the Mesa with the starry curtain closing down around the three of them.

In course of time three became a crowd, and the girl from Montreal tactfully sought other friends, leaving Van and Dixie to go out alone.

Mom warned Van before he had been going down a week that he was riding for a fall, that Mr. Dawn would never let his daughter marry a common brakeman.

"That old codger's proud as a peacock," said Mrs. Harding. "He thinks he's better than us railroad folks. His wife's worse than he is. Her name's Juanita something-or-other. She claims her ancestors were Spanish royalty."

But for a while Mr. and Mrs. Dawn were loud in their protestations of gratitude. The merchant was filled with the hospitality of the old South, his wife with the hospitality of New Spain. They welcomed Van warmly, greeted him cordially, treated him as a conquering hero—for a time.

MONTHS went by. Evident as it was to outsiders how matters stood between Van and Dixie, the Dawns must have known it too. The parental ardor cooled. Van sensed the change. Dreading interference, he urged the girl to marry him at once.

The brakeman did not think he was asking too much. Although he was not wealthy like Mr. Dawn, he could furnish a comfortable home. Thanks to the Brotherhoods, young railroaders were no longer forced to lead their brides to a life of poverty in some hovel on the outskirts of the city. Van urged and Dixie consented.

But Fate had not yet done playing with them. Often the couple had discussed the two thugs who had brought them together. Dixie worried about them, feared they might come sneaking back for revenge.

Van did not worry. He assured her:

"We'll never see those two boys again. They got more than they were looking for that night, and believe me they'll give San Marcial a wide berth from this time on."

But Van was mistaken. One spring evening he saw a hobo drop off a string of empties coming from Mexico. Van knew him at once for the runt who had pulled a gun and had gotten the pail of live catfish in his face. The bum disappeared behind a string of standing cars. Van, not seeing him again, reckoned the fellow had gone.

Trucks and tonnage were biting heavily into railroad seniority. When a through freight crew was pulled off a few days later, the conductor "bumped" Van from his work train job and the youth had to go on through freight, riding the "smoky end." He howled about it, because it kept him away from Dixie. Sometimes he did not see her for days—but that, as it soon proved, was not the worst calamity which the change of runs brought about.

When snow water had raised the Rio Grande almost to flood stage, Van was called south one night on an extra. There were five cars of coal next the engine. Behind the coal was a high car marked "Automobiles" for Socorro. Behind the auto car were twenty loads of cattle going to their summer pasture in old Mexico.

Van noted this high car. Any man who has been much around a railroad knows that brakemen always *notice* those high cars and *use* them. From the top of a high car the wise brakeman knows that he can read and pass signals more readily between front and rear.

Leaving Belen, Van saw several bums catch the train just behind this high car. He did not pay any attenion to them. He never did. Big-hearted like most of the railroad men, he believed in letting "the poor devils ride"—provided, of course, they minded their own business and did not make themselves too conspicuous running through towns. These riders did not make themselves conspicuous. A few times he saw them dodging out of sight when he came down looking over his train, but that was all.

The brakeman did not, however, see all that went on aboard his train that night. He did not see the rat-faced runt who had spent a month loafing about Belen, slip forward to the high car when they stopped at San Acacia to meet No. 14.

He did not hear the cautious *tap-tap-tap* of a ball-peen hammer on the head of a cold chisel, nor the click of the crescent wrench as a stealthy hand worked with bolts which held the grab-irons on the forward ladder to the wall. Van was down by the switch then, ready to let his engine through when No. 14 had run.

ALTHOUGH he was unaware that a passenger who had come to San Acacia with him did not leave, Van did not catch the car again until he reached Socorro. While they were running into town, Conductor Hull came over the tops to help him do the switching.

"We want to get rid of this car down here in a hurry, Van," he said. "We want to go in ahead of Number Thirteen. If the house track's clear, you line the switches, I'll cut it off to you, and you can set a brake on it."

Van told him: "Okay, Charlie."

The house track was clear. Both brakeman and conductor dropped off before the train had stopped. Van cut behind it. The conductor cut the air ahead of it and bled off the brake as the engineer snatched it away.

Van rode the brake beam out. The conductor caught the rear ladder. Neither of them knew that one bolt was gone from each of the two bottom grab-irons in the ladder at the front.

Van lined the switches. He remained at the derail. The conductor caught the coal car ahead of the set-out. When he reached back to lift the coupling lever, he should have noticed the missing bolts. He did not.

He was not looking for them. He was kicking a car back to his brakeman. Hull swung his lantern in a mad blur, signal to the engineer to "kick it hard!"

The hoghead "kicked it." Van stood confidently by the derail. They never got running too fast in a siding for him to catch. This one was coming so slowly that he disdained even to run beside it. He reached for the grab-irons with two stout hands, for the stirrup with a stout right foot.

Foot and hands found their irons. The foot held but the hands did not. The grab irons bent out, pulled loose and sent him head down into the ballast.

If Van had fallen free he would only have taken a nasty spill, maybe have gotten a skinned nose and some bruises. But he did not fall free. His foot slipped on through the stirrup. The car rolled back up the track, dragging him with it, his head and shoulders striking the rail and ties as it slowed, and battering him to unconsciousness.

Down at the head end, Hull saw his light go out. The conductor shouted, swung a wild stop sign, came racing back to see what had happened. He found Van lying across a rail, a two-inch cut in his head, a leg dangling, his eyes closed, and groans coming from bloody lips.

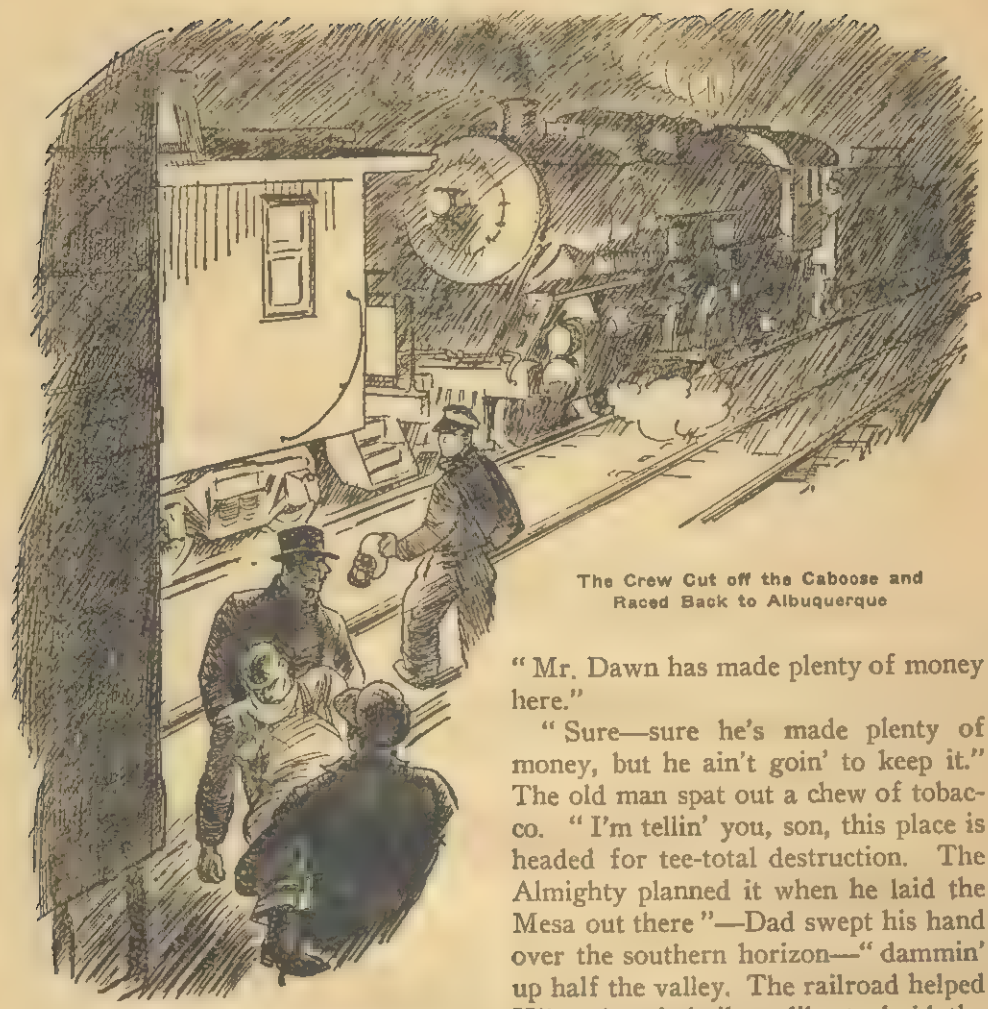
The crew cut off the caboose and raced back to Albuquerque, rushing him to the hospital. The head cut was not serious. It was only a scalp wound; but the broken leg, and a serious spinal injury which showed up under the X-ray kept him in all summer and fall, and kept him off the road until spring.

Dixie paid him a weekly visit until he had almost recovered. A few days before he was to be released from the hospital, her mother died. That was a crushing blow to both her and her father; for Juanita Dawn had been a woman of strong character and sterling worth. From the day of her death, home duties kept Van and Dixie apart until he returned to San Marcial in December.

BECAUSE investigation found the grab-iron with bolts out then, and because investigation did not show that the bolts had been removed after the car left terminal, both the Santa Fe Railway and an insurance company gave liberal settlement. When Van Harding returned to San Marcial he had more money in the bank than he had ever before owned at one time.

Afraid of losing it in a bank crash, the youth began looking for safe and profitable investment. He sought advice from Seymour Dawn. After much hemming and hawing and after many closeted conferences with Dixie, the old merchant magnanimously invited him to become partner in the mercantile and real estate business in San Marcial.

Van felt flattered. His first impulse was to take the offer, resign his railroad job, and go into the store. But Van was a railroad man, not a storekeeper. When he began to think of the long years ahead, of trains rolling into and pulling out of San Marcial with him a spectator, barred forever from the feel of clacking caboose and careening engine, he witheld decision.



The Crew Cut off the Caboose and Raced Back to Albuquerque

He talked the matter over with his father. Although Dad Harding was only a bridge gang laborer, with little education, Van had confidence in his judgment—a confidence which was justified by the fact that from his meager earnings, Dad had managed to lay by a comfortable bit for the last long run.

"What would you do?" Van asked.

"It's your money, son," Dad told him. "You use it as you like, but if it was mine I'd never put a dollar in property in this town."

"But why not?" the son persisted. "Mr. Dawn has made plenty of money here."

"Sure—sure he's made plenty of money, but he ain't goin' to keep it." The old man spat out a chew of tobacco. "I'm tellin' you, son, this place is headed for tee-total destruction. The Almighty planned it when he laid the Mesa out there"—Dad swept his hand over the southern horizon—"dammin' up half the valley. The railroad helped Him when it built a dike to hold the river off half the other half. The Gov'-ment finished fixin' things when it made that dam down by Hot Springs and backed the water up so the river had to drop its load of sand right here by the Mesa. Walk down to the bridge with me . . ."

Through the late afternoon they walked together to the bridge across the Rio Grande. The old man pointed down into the channel.

"I helped build this bridge here, boy, when I was a lot younger'n I am now. It was all of fifteen foot down to the water then. Look at it now."

Van looked. The river bed was almost within arm's reach of the rails, the thread of red water wandering across the wide reach of sand.

"That dirt," the old fellow continued, "has all been washed in here since this bridge was built. It ain't stopped fillin' yet; an' it won't stop fillin' till the Almighty sends His last destruction. It's just goin' to come up and up.

"Already when the flood comes, there's water runnin' behind this dike higher than the roofs of some of Seymour Dawn's houses. When it breaks over, it's goin' to wipe this town off the face of the map. I tell you, I can see God's handwritin' on the wall.

"If you put your money in with Dawn, you might jist as well fetch it down here an' throw it off the bridge, for you'll lose every dollar! You'd better do like I done, Van; watch your chance in El Paso or Albuquerque and buy property in the Heights. Watch for bargains an' snap 'em up. You'll come out ahead in the end."

Van remembered what the river had done in 1920. The more he considered the matter, the more he became convinced Dad was right. He determined not to tie up his money in San Marcial. His father's argument was too logical for him to disregard.

This decision offended both Dixie and her father. The old merchant thought he had made a real concession when he invited Van to become a partner in the venerable concern, a concession such as he had never offered to another.

For a time Mr. Dawn refused to speak to Van, and Dixie was cold and formal. Even when the first bitterness wore off, the young brakeman sensed that things had changed. Although their engagement was not broken off, their marriage was postponed . . . while the years slipped by and other floods rolled down the Rio Grande.

The Last Train

SAN MARCIAL clung to the brittle thread of life. Rumors drifted. Van heard vague reports that the town was to be abandoned, that the terminal was to be built at Lava on the hills to the south. Another rumor said the Diamand-M cattle company would not permit the building of a new terminal, that they already had one railroad town too many in their boundaries.

There was growing uneasiness. Some people sold their property and moved to El Paso, Rincon or Albuquerque. Others, confident in the future, bought and improved. Right up to the very last, Mr. Dawn held that the railroad would protect its holdings, that they would not permit the village to be destroyed. He bought whatever was for sale. He scoffed at Van, and said the brakeman was a fool to invest elsewhere when such bargains were going in San Marcial.

Dixie, who was still teaching school, sided with her father. When Van tried to set a date for their marriage she pleaded with him to sell his holdings in Albuquerque and invest in San Marcial.

"It's the only way to get married with father's blessing," she said earnestly. "His whole soul is wrapped up in this town and its future. Outside of me, it's all he has to live for, since mother's gone. He's getting old now—Oh, Van, what *shall* I do?"

"Do?" said the brakeman impatiently. "It's time we were double-heading,

that's what. The years are creeping up on us, too."

"I know, my dear." The black eyes were shining. "I *do* want to marry you—right away. But Dad—it would make him feel like a helpless old man. I can't bear to hurt him. Please, Van, for my sake, buy a couple of lots in San Marcial—just to please Dad!"

"I can't, Dixie," Van told her firmly. "Whatever is invested in this town is lost. When the time comes, the last dollars your father has will be swept away. For your sake, I can't risk being left with only an uncertain rail job between us and the bread line."

"That's only stubbornness, Van," she said. "I know, and you know, that with all the money the Santa Fe Railway has invested here, the river will never take this town. The line cannot be abandoned. Their engineers will find a way to protect it."

Van answered quietly: "There are things, my darling, which even railway engineers cannot do. One of them is to save this town of San Marcial when God lets the river take it. The place was doomed to destruction a million years before the *padres* blessed it. When the Mesa had thrust itself out, damming up half the valley—"

"I've heard all that before," the girl interrupted bitterly. "Your father, I believe, invented the idea."

"Dad is no fool," said Van, "even if he does work on a bridge gang . . ."

SO Dixie remained with her father. She and Van drifted farther apart. They met occasionally at dances or in the street, but that was about all. A feud had grown up between them.

Then, suddenly, on a night in August, 1929, Old Man River staged his first onslaught in the last great battle.

Cloudbursts in the mountains above Alamosa, Colorado, sent torrents raging down the gorge and out into the broader valley below Chamita. Other cloudbursts on the hills to the west of Albuquerque and Belen whipped other torrents down the Rio Puerco and the Rio Solado to join the Rio Grande near San Acacia, fifty miles north of San Marcial.

Swollen streams, uniting, swept out dikes and melted adobe houses. San Acacia became piles of mud and twisted timbers. Triumphant, victorious, the river bore down on San Marcial!

Superintendent West organized his forces for the battle. All through the night of the 13th they fought with rocks and sandbags. It appeared for a while that the whole town would be wiped out.

At one time, only the railway station and the Harvey House, which stood on a little rise, were above the water. But by 10.30 on Wednesday the 14th, the crest of the flood had gone, and by midnight the plucky superintendent had washouts repaired and trains moving north toward Albuquerque.

Again the railroad had won, had beaten back the fierce attack of the river; but ruined homes, drenched stocks of merchandise, and streets whose only mode of travel was by rowboat foretold the end.

Families moved. Mr. Dawn remained. He still clung to the belief that the Santa Fe Railway would protect the town, and the new victory strengthened his conviction. He bought more property and still more, for it was selling cheaply.

The railroad did come up fighting, fighting for life. An army of workmen were on the job. Van Harding was out with work trains from sunrise till darkness repairing trackage, raising and strengthening dikes, piling heaps of

sandbags and trainloads of stone into gashes gnawed almost through the thin rind of the embankment.

But before the railroad could repair its breastwork, the river struck again, struck with that deadly determination which knows not defeat. Beginning September 20th, heavy rains poured out upon the Rockies. Again the Rio Grande, heavily reinforced, came charging down.

As if Fate itself had joined the river, it so happened that at this moment the Santa Fe was building a new bridge just above the old one. The forms were set for the piers, thus blocking the current and piling the waters even higher.

BY midnight of the 22nd it became apparent that with the slightest miscalculation, the least slackening of vigilance, the least scarcity of material —whose supply was already depleted from the flood less than twenty days ago—the town was doomed.

The railroad sent out its warning. It ordered all women and all men who could be spared from work to abandon their homes and seek safety in El Paso.

Van Harding was on work train then. He heard of the warning. He knew many were going south on the special train at midnight of the 22nd, taking with them what few belongings they could carry. He knew that others were fleeing to the sand hills. He knew that Mr. Dawn and Dixie had refused to go.

Throughout that Tuesday the waters gathered. Near San Acacia a passenger train running through the flood came upon a washout. The crew, starting to back up, were horrified to discover that the track which moments ago they had crossed, was gone from behind them, leaving them marooned in the middle of the rushing Rio Grande!

Boats came. Mail clerks and trainmen remained heroically at their posts until the last life and the last letter had been rescued.

The thirty-eight railroad men who own Congressional Medals are not the only railroad heroes of America. From division superintendent on the Santa Fe to the humblest workman, acts of heroic courage were performed those days which have all gone by unnoticed.

The superintendent, a man stout of build and stouter still in courage, strode the dikes, defending this town which the railroad had fostered. Where threatened breaks occurred, there was he, crying: "On, boys! Come on! Let's head it off!" Not sending his men, but leading them.

The Harvey House crew, led by their courageous manager, labored overtime to cook food and serve those who toiled upon the dikes. The station agent and his force of operators down in the railway depot were sitting at tables, telling the world how the fight was going.

Men and women were aware that a scant hundred feet away the Rio Grande —its surface higher than their heads, higher than the level of the second-story floors of Harvey House and station—was thundering at the dike, *barely six inches from its top,* gnawing at its bases, threatening every moment to break through and sweep them down to eternity.

Coffee, sandwiches, telegraph keys—these might win the battle.

Van was out on work train. He came in Wednesday morning. Water, backing in from below, through the opening cut to drain the August flood, was again two or three feet deep in the streets at the southwest portion of the city. Although the town was again flooded, the dikes were still holding. Two hundred men were manning them.

At nine o'clock, the crest of the flood went down. Some hoped the town might be spared again, but Van admitted that this hope was vague.

EVERY piece of rolling stock, every engine not in use was dispatched to higher ground. Van's crew was ordered south for 10.30. When his train was ready to leave, the brakeman stood waiting on the platform. He looked toward town.

The door of Seymour Dawn's store was open. On the front porch, leaning against a column, was the forlorn figure of Dixie Dawn. Van lifted a hand in mute farewell. She answered his signal.

Conflicting emotions surged within. He knew that aside from workmen on the dikes, the Harvey House and station forces, and a few business men and railroad women who refused to surrender, not a soul was remaining in the village.

When this train left, no other would go until the dikes had broken. If the dikes broke, this last train might never leave. If it failed, every soul in San Marcial might do down with the flood.

Van knew it, knew that whoever chose to stay might choose death instead of life. He determined to make one more effort to rescue the woman he loved.

Striding through mud and slush, he went to the store. Dixie had gone inside. She and her father were huddled together on two stools in the little office. Van strode in and confronted the desperate old man.

"You would be wise, sir," he advised, "to go out with this train. Little short of a miracle could save San Marcial another twenty-four hours. The current has undercut banks weakened in the August flood. Those banks are worn thin. At any moment, in any one of a hundred places, the water may come through. If it does, not a soul will be left alive . . ."

The old merchant straightened the stooped shoulders. The Good Book truly says, "Where a man's treasure is, there will his heart be also." Seymour Dawn's treasure, his wealth, his home, the grave of the woman whom he had loved, everything he held worth while in life and death were in San Marcial.

Mr. Dawn shook his head with its thin fringe of gray, and the light of defiance gleamed in his eyes.

"When I leave San Marcial, suh," he declared proudly, "I'll be carried out feet first."

"I'm afraid," there was a tinge of bitterness in Van's voice, "that time is not far off, Mr. Dawn."

Hot tears were in the daughter's black eyes and streaming down her cheeks, still fresh with the bloom of youth.

"I believe you'd be glad," she began fiercely. "It would prove—"

Her father interrupted to answer the brakeman's argument.

"It will be far off enough for me, suh," he said gravely. "I still believe the railroad will find a way. It has too much at stake in this town to let the river win."

"The railroad is powerless, sir," Van answered quietly. "It has used its last resource. If the dike breaks now, San Marcial will go."

The old Southerner arose with a gesture of finality. "When it goes, I go with it."

Van turned to the daughter. Her eyes were still misty.

"I'll stay with father," she said bravely.

"You run along, Dixie," the old man urged. "I'll stay here alone."

"Never!" Dixie bit her quivering lips. "Good-by, Van! We'll be all right. May God bless you—"

OUT in the yard, Van's train was ready to leave. The engineer was whistling a highball, calling for his signal.

Van held out his hand in pleading gesture, but the girl shook her head. He dashed a hand across his eyes; and whirling around, he darted out through mud and slush.

In the few seconds required for the run to the railway tracks, Van's quick mind tried to find a way whereby he might remain in San Marcial.

This girl—more than life to him—remaining out of duty to a father whom she loved—must not be left alone in her bitter hour, even though she had refused him again and again.

When he reached the platform, another brakeman, an extra man who had been held for emergency, was there. Van ran to the fellow, gripped him by the shoulder, said rapidly:

"Jenkins, you take my place on this trip out. You hop my caboose and go on to Rincon, or wherever they send you—"

"What—"

The train was already moving. Van shoved him toward the platform, cried, "Don't ask questions. Hop this caboose and go."

The extra man went. Van remained. The flood rolled on. The last work train stood ready to pull out. In the early afternoon a hurry call came from up by the milepost. The river was about to break through!

Van, operators off duty, workmen held for relief, all dashed aboard and the crew raced north with stone and sand. When they came in sight, they could see water seeping through. Men, worn and wet and weary, sprang to work.

For long they struggled on. When they thought this break was all but plugged, the dike gave way! The whole embankment crumbled. The river came pouring through.

The trainmaster gave a "back up" sign; the conductor gave a "go ahead"; the engineer stood still and held down the whistle cord, for that was the signal which had been agreed upon, the last call to those who would not die—*the signal that at last the river had won the victory!*

Old Man River

MEN tumbled aboard. The train raced back toward town. Along the right-of-way stagnant water had come alive. The railroad right-of-way had become the channel of the Rio Grande.

Down in town, those still remaining heard the whistle—the cry for which all day they had listened yet had hoped they might not hear. By the time the train stopped at the station, many had already gathered. They were hurrying now to take this last train out to safety. It was their only chance.

Sob and tear and lamentation were there. Men and women, old or in the prime of life, had the savings of a lifetime here behind this dike. They realized that when they boarded this train out, they were bidding good-by to the last dime of their earthly possession. Homeless, penniless, heartbroken, yet they must go or die.

Only Harvey crew and station forces yet had duty in the town. An operator

Actual Scene on the Main Street of San Marcial When the Flood Was Rising

went quietly into the station asked the agent:

"Are we going to abandon?"

"I'm staying," the agent replied. "You boys"—he indicated the force of operators who had stood by him through three days and nights of battle—"can do as you please. I won't leave till the station goes."

Upon the decision those operators reached, might hinge the fate of life or death. To a man they chose to stay.

As with the station force, so with the Harvey House crew. The manager had records and equipment. He would not leave. His force stayed on with him, cooks, waitresses, hoping all that the buildings would withstand the flood.

They were not confused. They acted with a certain quiet dignity, but on the platform were hurry and confusion. A gambler dashed into the Harvey office. He seized the manager by the sleeve and held out a bag, crying:

"Keep this for me, sir. It's got six thousand dollars. I don't dare try to take it out with me. Put it in your safe and keep it for me till the flood goes down."

The Harvey man complied, locked the money in his safe, and watched the flood.

Water was rising rapidly—to the platform, to the tracks, to the floor boards, to the shoe mouth. The engineer was calling for a signal, for he knew that the bridge might go down, or another break come to block him. While the whistle still was ringing* the break came directly across from the Harvey House. A whole section of the dike wall seemed to fall outward, and the river came racing through. The engineer saw it. He whistled two short blasts. The train started moving.

The hearts of those who had chosen to stay went down to the shoe sole. Instead of the town filling slowly from the break above, the whole river itself was pouring in upon them. Maybe if they had known . . .

** Author's note: For fictional reasons a few slight changes have been made in actual order of events in the San Marcial flood.*

IT was too late now. The train was already moving. When it clicked over the first rail joint, a brakeman's wife clad in overalls came splitting through the water. She was crying "Wait! Wait!" But the engineer could not hear her. The brakeman dared not pull the air. A moment and it might be too late to go.

The woman chased the train. A little way from the Harvey House she overtook it. She could not get aboard. The man on the caboose platform reached down for her, reached down and seized her hand.

As he seized it the caboose wheels went down, went down and came up. The caboose wobbled. She fell upon the platform. The caboose righted itself and rolled toward the bridge, toward *Jornada del Muerte* and safety.

Sixty-one people had, for one reason or another, chosen to remain in San Marcial after the last train had gone. Before the current stopped the movement of marooned citizens between the places, twenty-nine men and two women had gone into the upper story of the Harvey House, where the manager had previously stored food sufficient to withstand a siege.

Twenty-six men and one woman had chosen the station, where the Santa Fe agent had stored food, and whither he now removed his instruments and his records to protect them from the water.

While the flood poured in from this new break, Van Harding watched them go. His place was not with them.

Across the rolling sea of yellow water, the pathetic figure of Seymour Dawn stood on the porch of his store with one arm about his daughter. Too late, now, he was staring toward the Harvey House, and toward the wreath of smoke of the train pulling toward the hills.

Van knew the water was deep and swift. Nevertheless, leaving the crowd behind, he struck for the store to be with *her*.

A friend from the upper story of the station shouted the warning: "Harding, you fool! Stay here! That doby store will melt. You'll be drowned . . ."

Another cried: "Come back, Van! You can't make it through that current!"

But Van did not come back. He made it through the current. How, he never quite knew, but he made it.

Dixie was crying. The old merchant was trying to comfort her. "We'll get along somehow, daughtah," he was saying. "We'll take what's heah"—he tapped an oblong box he held—"and start life ovah."

They did not fall on Van's neck. They clung to each other. The brakeman did not cry or cling. He headed toward a little balcony which jutted out of the store at its highest point, half pushing and half leading Dixie. Her aged father trailed in the rear, trembling but still proud.

Van feared the walls would cave in. He knew that within a few hours the adobe, soaked through, would crumble and sink into the river. Unless some unknown agent of rescue arrived, they were doomed. But now it was too late to reach the railway depot, built of material which would not crumble.

THE afternoon wore on. Higher, higher climbed the water. The river was cutting deeper and deeper through the dikes. It was triumphantly marching over the flats from which, for forty years, the railroad dike had hedged it.

The trio said little. Seymour Dawn did not let the oblong box out of his grasp. Van had the feeling that both the man and his daughter were blaming

him because the flood was sweeping through the town. He felt like an intruder, an uninvited guest at a strange party. In utter silence he peered across the flood.

Wherever he looked were ruin and desolation. Water was ten to fifteen feet deep in the streets. Roofs which still jutted from it were houseboats drifting on a river. Over there were the Harvey House and the railway station, with water up to their second story. Nearer was "The Crow's Nest," where gay youth had spent idle hours.

The store building was shaking to its foundations, hammered by the water. Van heard a crash within. He turned quickly, thinking the walls were already falling, but they were not. It was only the rear door of the store burst open.

He watched the racing water, now higher than the counters. Borne on this current, he saw leaves, sticks, scraps of board, bark and paper. A dead chicken floated by, and behind it a child's straw hat.

Twilight came, and darkness. The two-thirds moon rode through a sky of deepest azure flecked with stars. In the heaven was no cloud to mar its beauty.

Below, beneath moon and stars and sky, was the relentless Rio Grande. Evil lights glinted from its seething, frothing surface. Tonight was Old Man River's night.

Sounds came. Swish of the swirling current, guttural growl of the water sucking through doorways and eddying out in whirlpools. At long intervals the crash and splash of a toppling wall, the hollow boom of a roof caving in as the water gnawed away adobe walls supporting it.

After the toppling of each wall, Van would see the beam of a flashlight from the Harvey House, playing out across the water, friends anxiously watching

This Photo Was Taken Near the Railroad Tracks at San Marcial, N. M., on September 27, 1929, Before the Waters of the Rio Grande Receded

to see if the store had yet caved in.

Soon after dark the brakeman became aware of another sound, much nearer. Again and again he heard it: the gentle splash of plaster falling into water. There was a splash and then its echoes, fading through the deserted store room. As the hours dragged by, the sound came louder and more often.

Seymour Dawn heard it, too. Each time it came he cleared his throat, paced the balcony, looked at Van and at Dixie, and sat down again. If the girl knew, she did not show it. She sat staring gloomily at lights playing from the windows of Harvey House and station.

A Night of Terror

AT 11.50 P.M. the roof was trembling. The iron rods which held the balcony were rattling. Then came a splash and roar. Van drew the girl to him, started toward the window to go back into the store. He did not go.

Dixie cried: "Look! Look!"

The brakeman looked. Where a moment since had been the darkness of a blank wall now was light, moonlight, starlight on the water, and the lights from fires of the refugees in the sandhills.

Van blinked uncertainly, until he knew what had happened. The whole building was not yet caving in. Only a corner had gone down.

Mr. Dawn broke the silence. "We've got to—to get out of here!" he quavered.

"Out where?" Van asked hollowly.

There was no answer. Only silence. Silence and the splash of falling plaster.

Van debated whether to try to take his charges to the railroad depot. He knew the current would be strong against them. While he considered the odds, the girl's fingers closed once more upon his arms and she asked, almost in a whisper: "Will—will stone walls fall down like adobe?"

"Not if they're supported. Why?"

"There's a vault at the rear," Dixie said hesitantly. "It's built of steel and concrete."

Van's shoulders straightened. Why not seek refuge in the room above the vault? If only they could reach it!

A humbled Seymour Dawn assured him: "Our only chance, my son. You take Dixie. Keep to the wall. Watch out while crossing that current at the back door."

"Take father first," the girl urged.

"No, *suh!*" The merchant's tone was decisive. "You go on. I'll follow. Hurry! These walls may cave in!"

"Give me the box!" the girl demanded. "I'll carry it."

"No, *suh!*" His tone was still decisive. "It's all we've got left in the world. I'll carry it myself."

Van knew the water would be above Dixie's black head. He made her climb upon his shoulders, then started down the stairway, Mr. Dawn a step or two behind. Down, down, down into the muddy, swirling current. The water came to Van's waist, to his chest, to his shoulders.

The girl gasped: "Oh! Oh!"

"Hold tight!" Van cautioned. "Don't get scared. I've got to use both hands to keep from drifting."

On the floor his feet sank ankle-deep into slush and sand. Slowly, slowly, he turned right around the stairway, moved toward the wall, toward protruding shelves.

Dixie held a flashlight. She played

Photo by the Author
Ruins of the Roundhouse and Other Railroad Buildings at San Marcial as They Look Today

it ahead of him. It revealed the walls and shelving, but it did not reveal those shifting cases of canned goods which were at his feet. He stumbled, almost fell.

"Be careful!" the merchant shouted.

At last Van reached the wall, found hand-hold on the wood. It was quivering. The girl turned to play the flashlight behind her.

"Coming, father?" she asked.

"Coming, daughtah!" he answered.

Mr. Dawn came to the wall, holding the precious box above the water in his left hand, supporting himself with the right. The water was now up to the tip of his gray goatee. It was streaming from his wrinkled face where the fringe of bedraggled hair showed white.

WHILE they rested before continuing, another section of wall caved in, sending its backlash to wash above their shoulders.

"On!" the old man urged. "Go on!"

Van moved ahead. Foot by foot, he edged his way along the wall, holding to the shelving for support. He reached the turn and started toward the open door. He knew they had come to the crisis.

Water was pouring in here with terrific force. Four feet from the opening it almost swept his feet from under him. Van hugged the wall more closely, came to the door itself.

Holding to the door, he went through, intending to get on the porch, swing up a little, and take the advantage of the current swinging across the six foot sluiceway. As he went under the wide lintel, Dixie reached up and caught it.

"Now!" she cried. "Now we can make it. I'll reach forward and hold on here. You leap across. Father!" She turned the flashlight back and shouted loudly. "Father, you stay where you are till Van gets back. He'll come and help you over."

The old man nodded. He was standing in water up to his goatee, clutching the door with one hand and holding aloft his precious box in the other.

Van's feet were almost swept from under him but he made it through. As he turned to go back and help Mr. Dawn across, a startled gulp came out of the darkness.

He plunged toward the door. Dixie flashed the light through it. They saw Seymour Dawn's fringe of gray go down, down beneath the water.

Van did not lose his head. He cried

to Dixie: "You stay here and hold the light. I'll get him."

He leaped squarely into the racing current. The light was playing on its surface.

Half swimming, half jumping, he darted down to get below the man and rescue him. As he passed, he heard and felt the churning waters. He dived down, down to scoop the floor—and then he felt IT: something alive, something not human, something which had hair, and which churned those muddy waters like a whale.

His mind, a trifle dazed at first, said, "Fish!" Then he realized no fish that big was in the Rio Grande nor did a fish have hair.

Before he knew what was happening, he found himself beneath the thing. Then he was riding it. Again it was on top, hammering at his face, at his body. He fought with it, come once more to the surface, sputtering, gasping. Mouth full of muddy water, he went down again, and again came up.

For ages they fought—Van, Mr. Dawn, and that other thing, that living thing with hair. Nearer they came to the hole in the wall, where the river was racing out. Nearer and ever nearer, churning the ugly water.

The tide was neck deep here; beyond the floor it was ten feet deep and over. Once swept out into that whirlpool they would be lost.

Van's senses reeled. He dodged below to let the thing pass over him. He clutched Seymour Dawn's suspenders. The two came up together.

AS the brakeman found his feet, he looked out into the whirlpool into which he had almost been swept. The beam of Dixie's flashlight played upon a living thing. It rose to the surface, hung a split second fighting for life.

Van saw it clearly then, saw the head and horns of a full-grown yearling which had been swept down with the current. An instant only it remained in sight. He saw it go down, down beneath the waters; and he knew it would not rise again. Shuddering, he turned back to Mr. Dawn.

The merchant was a hard old boy. He was cursing and spitting: "That damn infernal thing, suh! What was it?" Van told him.

In the moment when Death had held them in its grasp, all had forgotten the oblong box. It was not until they were safely upstairs that Dixie asked:

"The box, father? What became of the box of money?"

The old man's mouth flew open. "The box! The money! Oh, My God! I've lost it!" He dropped helplessly upon a case of old bill books and sobbed like a baby.

Dixie tried to console her father; so did Van. Van said he had money enough for all three of them, but the old man did not seem to hear.

The weary night dragged through. Other walls melted; other roofs caved in. With each new echo of destruction, the old man would only groan and mutter: "Gone! All gone!"

As the sun was creeping over the rim of the Mesa the side wall of the store building gave way. With a thunderous splash, the roof went into the flood and was borne down on the current.

The three of them were left marooned in a little penthouse above the vault, sitting there among no-good accounts and old papers, reminders all of the day when Mr. Dawn had been the lord of San Marcial, and when his daughter had been a little snob, too good to eat supper with a railroad brakeman.

When the golden ball crept up the sky, they saw denizens of the depot come out to sit astride the station roof like alligators basking in the sun. At noon a motor boat came up from Elephant Butte. It came chugging across the mile of muddy water.

This time Mr. Dawn did not argue. He did not say the railroad would save San Marcial. He held to his daughter. His daughter held to Van Harding. The three went into the boat, and rode out to the sand hills.

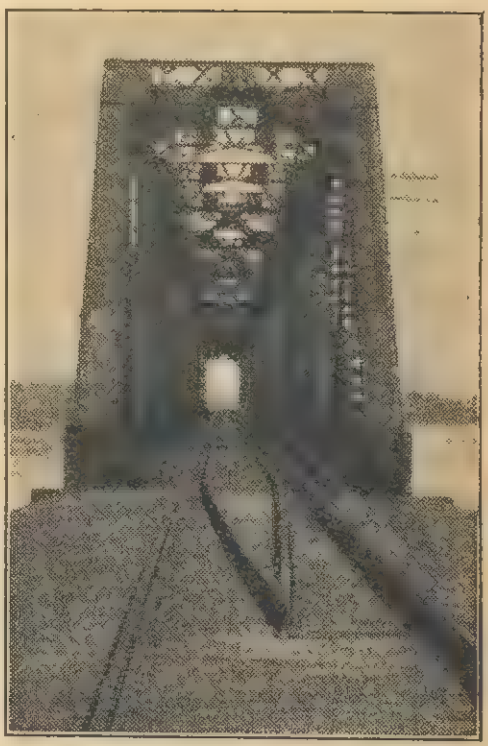
THE Santa Fe Railway rebuilt its fifty miles of washed-out tracks, but did not rebuild San Marcial. Little now remains of the once proud village.

One may still see a water tank on the ruins of the old Harvey House. Wild ducks are quacking in the marshes a scant gunshot away. Mesquite and tamarack, growing in deserted streets, shoot branches heavenward between whitewashed walls of shop and roundhouse—roofless all, floors covered head deep in silt and sand.

Just beyond the dikes, built up as a new breastwork, the river mutters fiercely during flood. On spur sidings the Santa Fe keeps flat cars piled high with white rocks, defiant challenge to the river—eternal notice, that although the railroad has surrendered San Marcial it will hold its tracks against those onslaughts which, from June until October, the Rio Grande hurls against it.

Ruin, desolation—that is San Marcial. In forty years the railroad made the town. In one night Old Man River destroyed it.

SEYMOUR DAWN at first refused to leave. Here, he declared, he had made and spent his life; here his wife, Juanita, lay beneath her marble slab; here he would stay.



The Bridge at San Marcial, on Which the Santa Fe Crosses the Rio Grande. It Was Under Construction When the Flood Came

Dixie refused to go away without her father. Van Harding pleaded. Life was passing by, and they were not living. The dead, he told the man, were beyond the power of human hand to make happy; the living must be now considered. At length the old fellow consented.

Van helped him to salvage the trifling remnant of his once comfortable fortune. The three boarded the train for El Paso and stood on the rear platform as it pulled away from town. Mr. Dawn's eyes were glistening.

"Good-by, Juanita," he said huskily.

He turned and went inside. Van and Dixie stood together upon the platform.

"It all seems like a horrid nightmare, now," she murmured. "Years—struggle—shattered hopes—flood and destruction."

They passed the string of boarding cars on the siding where smoke curled up from the kitchen range, where a gray-haired mother stood in the door waving a clean apron in fond farewell. At quickening speed, they crashed by the end of the levee, where the thugs that night had staged their vicious attack on Dixie and the teacher from Montreal.

Van was smiling dreamily. His mind went back through the cross currents of life. He remembered how his father had delivered the knockout blow with a pail of live catfish. Yes, and how Dad's prophecy about San Marcial had been fulfilled. He was looking forward, too—picturing the tile stucco nest he had planned for himself and Dixie in the heights of Albuquerque.

The dusk, the bridge and the Mesa shut the old site from view, and with a softly whispered, "Good-by, San Marcial," they too turned their backs upon the ruin and moved forward to a new hope and a fresh life in a new setting.

A Speed Record for Bridge Building

NOT being a good sport, A. B. Harding, general superintendent for J. H. Terry & Co., contractors, is out of pocket $50. Paddy Martin, river man, offered to bet $50 against Harding's $25 that the bridge on the Delaware River between the New Jersey shore and Petty's Island could not be replaced in less than two weeks. Harding refused to bet.

You see, the old bridge, 500 feet long, which had taken three months to build, was destroyed by fire. On the island was a million-dollar oil refinery employing 500 men. The refinery had only oil enough to keep going for two weeks, and the management did not want to shut down. Flood-lights and flares were installed for night work. Then the contractors got very busy. First they removed the wreckage and pulled up 1,000 piles of the old bridge to make room for new piles. More than 400 men toiled on the job. Plans were drawn on the spot while other work was going on. Cars on floats carried steel to the bridge site and a crane with a 100-foot boom lifted it into place, piece by piece.

The steel was laid in eleven hours. Then the trackmen started in. Less than twelve hours later, the first train pulled across. That is, it started across, but the engineer stopped. A block signal untouched by the fire was burning red and the engineer refused to pass that red signal without special orders. Even with this delay, traffic was resumed across the bridge in nine days and ten hours after the contract was signed. The 500 men working on the island did not lose a minute.—H. E. Fredericks, 828 N. Fifth St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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PROBAK JUNIOR

2 R

Photo by M. B. Cooke, 350 Princeton Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

Minneapolis & St. Louis Local Passenger Train, Hauled by 4-6-0 Type No. 222, Snapped at Mason City, Ia., 6 Years Ago. The M. & St. L. No Longer Operates Steam Passenger Trains, but Uses Gas-Electric Cars

"Misery & Short Life"

By JIM HOLDEN

Author of "Railroad Pipe Dreams," etc.

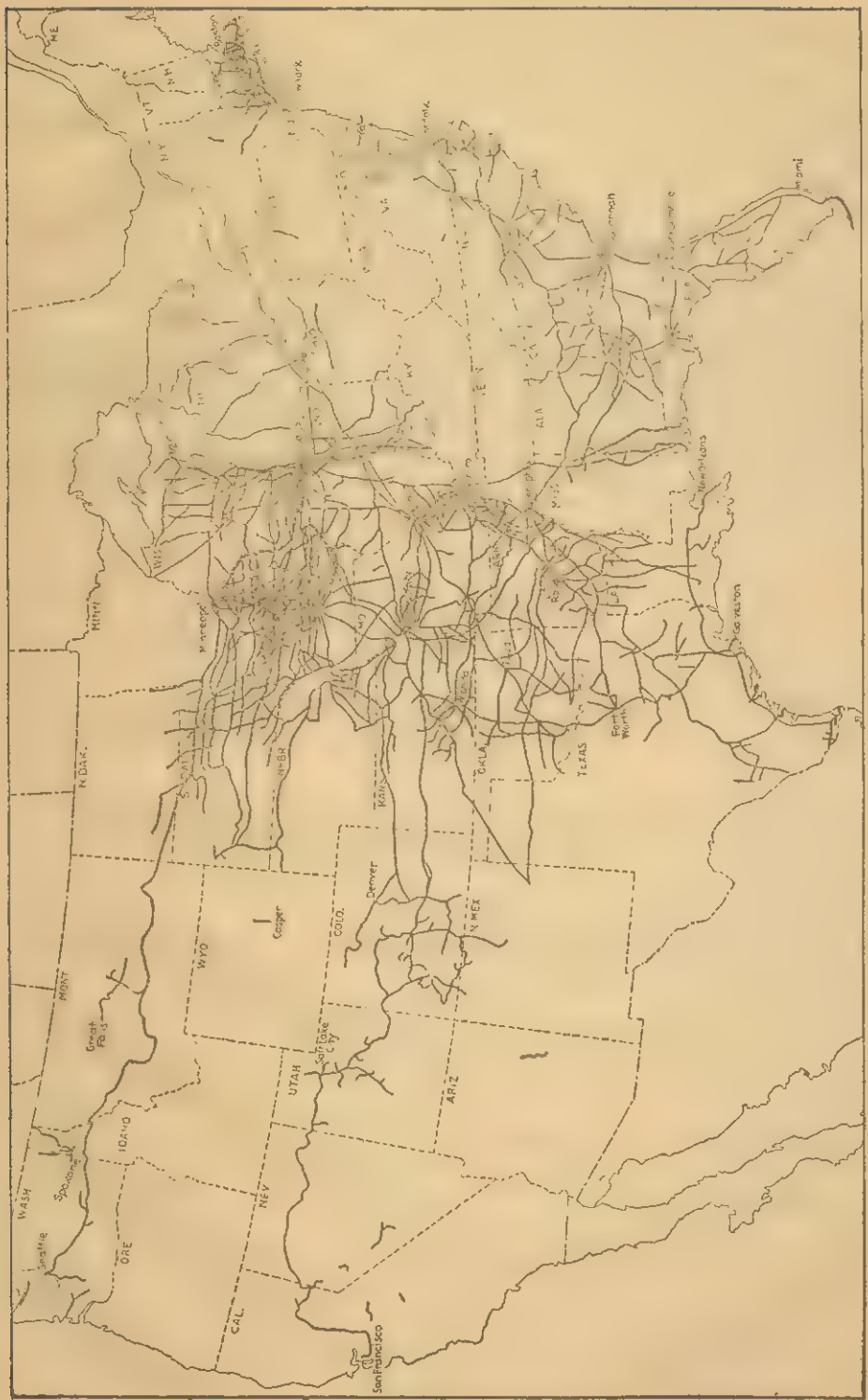
THE financial history of a railroad is sometimes full of thrills. At times the millions pour in so fast that the board of directors hardly knows what to do with all the money. More often, however, the millions go rushing out. There are hasty, perspiring meetings at which all sorts of plans are discussed for raising more money, more money. That is very frequent.

Once in a while the losses are so heavy that to stop them is like trying to raise a bridge on quicksand. In order to pay interest on money borrowed last year it is necessary to borrow again. This makes next year's interest still higher, which, in turn, means more borrowing. Every cent the line can clear goes into interest. Rolling stock wears out, ballast washes away from the track. Still the interest rolls up at 5 or 6%. It can be compared to a fire out of control.

One of the most exciting stories of railroad finance is that of the Minneapolis & St. Louis, a Z-shaped line connecting Peoria (its own tracks begin at Iowa Junction, Illinois) with most of Iowa, with St. Paul-Minneapolis and shooting west into South Dakota. This is not only one of the longest lines to go into receivership lately (1,514 miles owned, trackage rights on 114 more), but it is now in its 13th year of receivership, an unusually lengthy spell.

Early in its career some of the home folks dubbed it the "Misery & Short Life." The nickname, alas, seems not so funny as appropriate. Misery has been its lot; and now it has at least one foot in the grave.

Not a direct line between two important centers, it rambles through coal mining and corn country, some of it rich but a lot of



From "Railway Age." Courtesy of L. F. Loree

By Way of Unpleasant Though Educational Diversion, Take a Look at This Map, the Heavy Lines on Which Represent Railroads Now in Receivership, and Note Well That the Territory Through Which the Minneapolis & St. Louis Runs Boasts More of Them Per Square Mile Than Any Other Part of the Union

it just grass. Fitted up out of a dozen small segments, put together like a miniature railway, the Minneapolis & St. Louis made money in a modest way during the 70's and 80's, went broke and was sold under foreclosure in 1894, and returned to normal in a year or two.

With coal and lead from Iowa, oil, cattle, corn and some passenger travel between Peoria and Minneapolis, it justified itself all through the Nineties, the Tens and up to the War—but never showed those occasional huge profits which gave some lines much to talk about.

In annual reports there are items designated "net income after charges" and "profit or loss" (or "surplus"). These tell whether the railroad is making money or losing it. During the last five years of the nineteenth century the M. & St. L. showed modest but useful surpluses.

Until 1911 the figures were much the same; after that they ran somewhat higher. A few years showed deficits, but surpluses were the rule. Its best year was 1916, with net income of $639,471, paying almost 3% on the common stock, and a surplus of $750,118, including the $289,681 surplus carried over from preceding years.

THERE came a change when as a war measure the Federal Government chose to handle all railroads. The first year of this management (1918) the Minneapolis & St. Louis's surplus changed to a deficit. The coincidence, it must be admitted, was not particularly significant. However, in 1920 *operating* costs alone were two-thirds of a million greater than *operating* income—to say nothing of taxes, interest, and so on.

The guiding spirit of the road was its president, William Hepburn Bremner, a fighting Iowan, one-time football player, engineer, lawyer, and railroad clerk. Bremner was respected as a leader, resourceful and intelligent, but when he accepted the presidency of the line in 1916 he was biting off enough for any man.

With a sinking heart President Bremner saw the decline in profits. Then skies cleared. With peace really here, Congress blessed the Minneapolis & St. Louis and gave it back. Business flourished.

Early in 1920 there was still spring in the air. People were spending; they were buying things they had wanted during the war. Over the land rang the familiar chant of the optimists: "It's a new era!"

The M. & St. L. brass hats forgot their worries and looked over their rolling stock and motive power. They were flat-wheeled, and their plumbing was full of leaks.

"We ought to have new freight locomotives to handle this business," the motive power chief might have been heard saying to Bremner. "About how many would you say we can afford? We need twenty."

"Oh, about a dozen," Bremner might have answered. "Remember, the Brooks Works is building us five Pacifics."

Word went to locomotive manufacturers, and salesmen came beaming and bearing catalogs. Orders were placed for fifteen 2-8-2 type locomotives. They would be numbered from 620 to 634, and would have dimensions similar to the 20 Mikados they already owned, Nos. 600 to 619.

"Now about money," someone must have mused as the papers were in preparation, "we've been reballasting, laying heavier rails, replacing bridges and fitting over the shops. Naturally we're a little short of cash. . . ."

For 15 sparkling new locomotives the president signed notes to the amount of $975,000. It was not a large bill for rolling stock, but no sooner had the locomotives been ordered than business dropped. Farmers left their crops in the fields rather than take the prices offered. Factories canceled orders for coal. Some of the shippers were using their own trucks. At the close of 1921 President Bremner took a firm grip on his pen and wrote a report full of woe.

There had been too much government dictation of freight charges. Also, it had been necessary to take care of that item of 15 locomotives and also to discover a means of dishing out $1,382,000 as interest on some bonds. For the year 1921

he most regretfully reported a deficit. The amount was $1,836,222.83.

After that the M. & St. L. never came back. In 1922 the net loss was $1,161,924. "It was a year filled with vicissitudes," the same unhappy official was obliged to explain. There had been a coal strike, and "the effect was to cause an increase in the price of coal . . . and thereby to reduce our revenues." Furthermore, "Your own mechanical forces went out on strike." He closed with a note of foreboding: "There is every indication that many members of the next Congress are fully resolved upon a program of even more drastic regulation." This referred to freight rates.

Before the next Congress, however, the M. & St. L. had hit the toboggan. In the first seven months of 1923 net loss was $1,864,843. Interest on the funded debt of $46,880,784 was mounting so fast it required a special bookkeeper. The yearly interest was more than two million dollars.

This could not go on. When creditors asked for a receivership the officials accepted the plan with a sigh of relief. The court appointed Bremner as receiver.

MIGHT there not be hope? Bremner's first report as receiver was brisk and cheery. The next year's report was also a peppy one. Five hundred freight cars and 65 gondolas had been rebuilt. He wrote: "Fundamentally conditions are much improved. The farmers received very good prices for their small grain."

Less encouraging was the balance sheet, with a deficit for the year which fell a little short of three millions. The figure was $2,996,391.05. This was a record.

Thereafter the *annual* deficit hovered around the two million mark, being under one million only in the boom year of 1929. In 1932 it was nearly 3½ millions—almost five times as much as the railroad had ever made in a year. This deficit brought up the total deficit carried over from past years to $25,824,522. It was not as bad as it seems, however, for most of this crushing load was unpaid interest on bonds and notes issued to cover earlier losses.

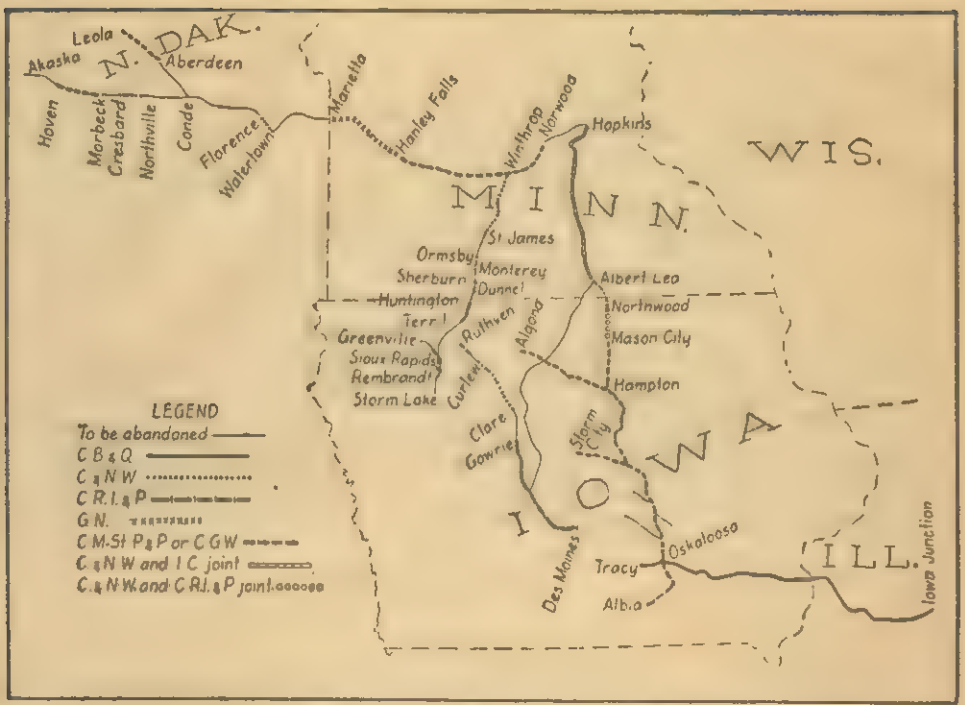
It was a melancholy plunge for Bremner. He had hoped to see the line pull out of receivership; and he was still hoping when he died in December, 1934.

Can it be said that anyone was to blame? Hardly. If President Bremner made one large purchase of locomotives at an inconvenient time, it was only to keep traffic moving. Without traffic things could only have been worse. Did Wall Street swallow the railroad?

It is true that 5 to 6% was stiff interest for this line to pay—but neither was the road a good risk. It is true that for only one of its several refinancing plans—the

Photo by Robert Graham, 872 Union St., St. Paul, Minn.

Here Is No. 501, One of the Five Neat Little Pacifics Built by Brooks for the M. & St. L. in 1921. The Complete Locomotive Roster of the Road, Incidentally, Appeared in the March '35 Issue of This Magazine



One of the Neatest Little Butchering Jobs in Railroad History Is the Project to Hack Up the M. & St. L., and This Map Shows Just How Its Friendly Neighbors Propose to Do It. The Soo Line Isn't Listed Because It Is Claiming an Interest Only in the Minneapolis Terminal Property

marketing of $4,530,200 worth of bonds—the Wall Street firms of Hayden, Stone & Co. and J. S. Bache & Co. had charged $90,604. Such service came high, but we must remember the task of raising money was not an easy one, and undoubtedly it must have been somewhere nearly worth the price. The irony of money lending is that those who can least afford it always must pay the most.

The real trouble is deeper. When the M. & St. L. was assembled in its modern form (1916) it had already cost too much. In good years the line could take care of its interest; in lean years there was always danger of an upset. There was no practical monopoly of anything; there were no oil fields to mention, no great growth of population—no source of wealth which could be compared to a water supply and used to fight such a blaze as the M. & St. L.'s debts became.

When a factory gets in such a position it usually closes. Eventually the machinery is scrapped and the buildings are sold for what they will bring. Sometimes they merely fall apart. Railroads have no such privilege. Without permission from the Interstate Commerce Commission to close they are supposed to keep on running.

Things got no better. In 1928 there was talk of a merger with Chicago & North Western, but this fell through, for which you can't blame the C. & N. W. There was talk of dividing the line into three parts, but Federal courts would not allow this. It was decided that nothing could be done but foreclose and sell at auction.

LONG before the details could be worked out, however, the receiver had gone to Reconstruction Finance Corporation for money, and had been lent $2,698,630. In 1934 the receiver went again to R. F. C., hat in hand. Under the New Deal R. F. C. had been reorganized, with hard-boiled Jesse Jones as chairman. Chairman Jones looked over the balance

Photo by Railroad Photographs, 47 Royal St., Allston, Mass.

One of the Fifteen Last Locomotives the M. & St. L. Has Bought: No. 626, Mikado Type, Built by Brooks in 1921

sheets, if balance there was, considered the modest earnings of the M. & St. L. in its happiest days, and grunted:

"I don't know whether you could give your line away, but you might be able to throw it away."

Having relieved himself thus, Mr. Jones started in motion a novel scheme for salvage of the investment, a plan which stirred up many a hornets' nest. It was this:

You should chop the 1,514-mile Minneapolis & St. Louis into 43 pieces, discard 19 of these, and divide the other 24 among eight railroads—the Chicago & North Western; the Illinois Central; the Burlington; the Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific; the Chicago Great Western; the Rock Island; the Great Northern; and the Soo Line.

No segment under this plan would be longer than 145 miles. The shortest would be two miles. And 507 miles would be abandoned: 284 of them in Iowa, 168 in South Dakota, 55 in Minnesota. Within six weeks it would be impossible to recognize the M. & St. L. The R. F. C. would lend these roads money to buy these segments, and the M. & St. L. creditors would get a little something on the dollar—but not much, since the maximum cost to the A. R. C. would be $7,200,000, plus whatever the line still owed for equipment.

The plan holds some charm for these eight railroads, who in Chicago have formed the Associated Railways Company, the purpose of which is to acquire the M. & St. L. and dismember it. It has applied to the I. C. C. for permission to do this.

There is no doubt that the Minneapolis & St. Louis is for sale. It was offered at auction last July. Nothing happened, however, for no buyers showed up. In October it was offered, and in December, and again on February 14, 1936. Still nobody wanted to spend good money for it.

Mr. Jones's plan for blowing the line into bits is not exactly popular in the Midwest. When it first was announced, knots of men and women formed in towns along the line, towns that made their living from the railroad, where the whistle was their symphony and the lanterns their footlights, and so on.

"They want to chop the system all to hell," people explained to their neighbors. "The government wants to sell off ten miles to the Great Northern and fifteen to the C. B. & Q. They want to abandon a third of it. What'll we do for jobs?"

THE M. & St. L. really has a place in the hearts of Midwesterners. If it has not been so spectacular as the U. P., at least it is nearly as old. The first-built section of today's system was the 23-mile branch from Albia to Oskaloosa, Iowa, originally a coal line, later a part of the Iowa Central, which merged with the M. & St. L. This branch dates from 1865. First stretch of main line—Eldora to Ackley, Iowa, dates from 1866. These were joined three years later.

In 1870 the Minneapolis & St. Louis, miles to the north, laid 15 miles of track out of Minneapolis to start things going.

Within three years the M. & St. L. owned 4 locomotives, 3 passenger coaches, 2 baggage and express cars, 41 freight cars and 7 service cars. It was the pride of Minneapolis. It had a debt of $700,000 at 7%, payable in gold. By 1877 it reached south to the edge of Iowa and had reported a deficit for the year of $23,926.23. But usually its balance sheet was easier to read. Like a vine, it grew south and west, patiently, comfortably.

In 1894 came a foreclosure sale and a reorganization; in 1900 it bought out the Iowa Central; in 1916 the two were made over into the present company, whose receivership dates from 1923. Such was the gentle growth of the system. Though it aspired to the Pacific, it stayed home.

At its peak the M. & St. L. employed about 5,000. Drastic efficiency and lack of business cut the number down to about 3,250. This means bread and butter to 10,000 or more Midwesterners. They and their railroad brotherhoods, their chambers of commerce, the Northwestern Lumbermen's Association, the Northwest Retail Coal Dealers' Association and similar bands will fight tooth and claw to keep eight railroads from chewing up the "Misery & Short Life."

But relief may come from an unexpected quarter. While the long fight against its dismemberment is being waged—a Congressional investigation has been talked of by Congressman Hildebrandt of Watertown, S. D.—the road may pull itself up by its own boot straps.

"Officially the receivers are neutral," the New York representatives have told us. But the receivers themselves, L. C. Sprague and J. Junell, both honest-to-gosh railroaders, are working hard. They have cut expenses to the skeleton, and even knocked a few bones off it; and they have gone after business in a hard-hitting way.

Well, anything may happen. By the time Congress gets done investigating it, or by the time prosperity is back again and we all have three cars in every garage and a billion-dollar highway construction bill waiting for our children to pay, even the poor old "Misery & Short Life" may be able to earn its board and room.

In the meantime, if you have several millions jangling loose in your pockets, the road is yours for the asking. And if you're a genius, and your head is swollen with magnificent ideas that can't help but work, you may make a go of the old pike again.

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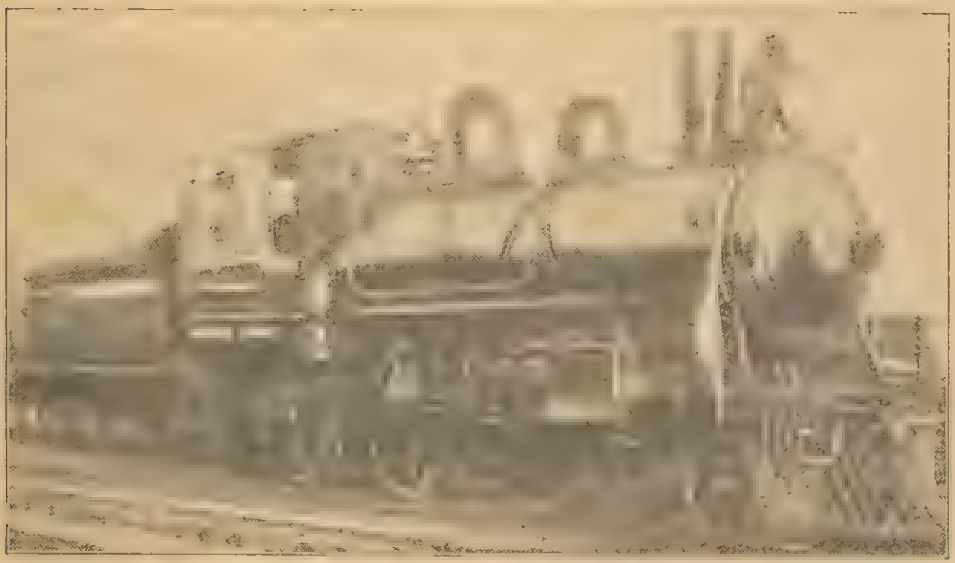


Forty Years Ago This Well-Proportioned Mogul Was Hauling the New Haven's Heaviest Freight Trains. Constructed by the Rhode Island Works, She Was Typical in All Details of the Builder's Practice at That Time

Here Is One of the 2-6-0's William Buchanan Ordered for the New York Central & Hudson River (Now Just New York Central) to Take the Place of the Lighter Eight-Wheelers. Capable of Hauling 60 Loads and a Caboose on the Level Tracks Along the Hudson River, These Moguls Boasted Three Times the Capacity of the Eight-Wheelers

© Republic Steel Corp.

The First True Mogul, Built in 1863 by the Rogers Works of Paterson, N. J.

The Mogul

By ARTHUR CURRAN

Author of "The Eight-Wheeler," "Hump-backed Hogs," etc.

TO the Rogers Locomotive Works belongs the honor of building the first Mogul of the style long familiar on American railroads. This engine was built in 1863 for the New Jersey Railroad & Transportation Company. Earlier engines of the 2-6-0 wheel arrangement incorporated crudities and peculiarities which bar them from recognition as Moguls, and this one was the first 2-6-0 which used a two-wheel swing bolster truck equalized with the forward drivers.

How the type acquired the title of an Oriental potentate is anybody's guess. The name itself was an instantaneous hit, and was widely and erroneously applied to any large and impressive engine.

The Mogul was a very useful and handy type. After serving as freight engines for many years, numbers of them were assigned to local passenger runs and to mixed trains in outlying districts. In these services they rounded out their mileage; and, at retirement, owed nothing to anybody.

When Cy Warman was writing railroad prose and verse, the Mogul typified romance and rugged power. At any rate, the man in the street thought of the Mogul in such terms, and his view was found in almost every newspaper shop in the country. For this reason the type enjoyed great prominence in the literature of its day.

Although the first one had a straight stack, many later examples had diamond or sunflower stacks. These were very popular in the West, on account of the character of the coal used there.

A good example of the Mogul type, as found almost anywhere half a century or more ago, is presented by the *Merchants Despatch* of the Fall Brook Coal Company. This engine (page 40) was built at the Schenectady Works, and had 19 x 24-inch cylinders, 58-inch drivers and weight of 100,000 lbs.

New York, New Haven & Hartford No. 1001 (page 42) was formerly New York

This Low-Built 2-6-0 Was Originally No. 101 of the New York & New England, and Later No. 1001 of the N. Y., N. H. & H., Which Took Over the N. Y. & N. E.

& New England No. 101, built at Rhode Island Works in 1883 with 19 x 24-inch cylinders, 57-inch drivers and weight of 100,000 lbs. She was changed in some details after she was acquired by the New Haven.

New York, New Haven & Hartford No. 275 (page 40) was built at Rhode Island Works in 1894, and she had 20 x 26-inch cylinders, 63-inch drivers and weight of 124,950 lbs. This class was typical of the builder's practice at the time in all details.

For many years prior to 1889 the New York Central had used 4-4-0 engines in freight service. Weights and details varied, but the drivers were 64 inches in diameter. These little engines could handle 20 loads and a caboose. That was not enough to suit William Buchanan, the super of motive power, but the boys liked the tiny engines and got plenty of jobs as a result of their use.

The boss, however, decided to get some Moguls; so he gave orders for them to four plants: Brooks, Rome, Rogers and Schenectady. The builders were allowed some latitude in details, but the main dimensions called for 19 x 26-inch cylinders, 64-inch drivers and weight of 122,000 lbs. These engines could handle 60 loads and a doghouse, and thus had practically three times the capacity of the 4-4-0 engines. One of the Schenectady Moguls, No. 529, is shown on page 40. She had a boot-leg stack which was later replaced by a straight one.

Of course, the new deal of 1889 was not so hot with the stove-pipe committee; but it prevailed in the end, as such things do. It is only fair to admit that the road could not be expected to continue with small freight power when other roads used what they liked.

The further development of the Mogul was mainly in the direction of greater weight. Compounding was tried, as a matter of course; but the greatest efforts centered upon increased size.

Eventually the type evolved into something very much like Grand Trunk No. 1222, which was built by Baldwin with 20 x 26 inch cylinders, 63-inch drivers and

Engine Very Much Like Those Pictured Below, No. [illegible], Built by Baldwin for the Grand Trunk

Photos from J. Lester, 176 Washington St., E. Orange, N. J.

A Couple of Old Rogers-Built 2-6-0's: (Upper) No. 26 of the Denver, Texas & Ft. Worth, Now Colorado & Southern; (Lower) No. 324 of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba, Now Great Northern

Similar to the Grand Trunk Engine on Top of the Page, No. 545 of the M-K-T (the Missouri, Kansas & Texas in Those Days), Built by Baldwin in 1904

Photo by J. T. Granfors, 209 39th Ave. E., Superior, Wis.

Constructed by Baldwin in 1882 for the Duluth & Iron Range, This Mogul is Now on Exhibition Near the D. & I. R. Offices in Two Harbors, Minn.

weight of 169,160 lbs. With a tank capacity of 6,000 gallons of water and 10 tons of coal, this baby was some how-do-ye-do in her day. In all important respects her design conformed to the accepted practice of the time, and typified what might be found on a number of railroads.

The foregoing is intended merely as an outline of the development of the Mogul. It is not concerned with exceptional or unusual examples, but only with those which are representative. No doubt, some very remarkable engines could be dug up, but they would not afford the reader any more essential information than he has.

It may be added, however, that some roads attempted to get more hauling capacity out of this type by returning to the use of smaller drivers. This experiment was not successful because it reduced speed and caused pounding and other difficulties of maintenance. The diameter of 63 inches or thereabouts has not been abandoned on any freight engines. On the contrary, the tendency of modern practice is to increase wheel diameter to around 70 inches, even for heavy freight service.

Indeed, this aspect of the matter has an important bearing upon the fate of other types. For as soon as a type had succeeded at the job for which it originally was intended, some bright boy tried to give it a wider range of usefulness. That this scheme could not get by must be obvious upon examination of the limitations of each type, with special reference to profiles of the roads on which they were in use. From this it becomes easy to understand that various factors are involved in the design of successful locomotives, and that all of them must be taken into consideration. Failure in this means failure of design.

The Engineers' Brotherhood

By CHARLES F. CARTER
Author of "When Railroads Were New"

Courtesy of Locomotive Engineers Journal

(Above) William D. Robinson, of the Michigan Central, Who Founded the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. (Left) Peter M. Arthur, of the N. Y. Central, Who Piloted the Organization for 29 Years

SEVERAL Michigan Central engineers were resting (i.e., packing pistons, valve stems, pumps, cleaning headlights and filling lamps, etc.,) during their layover at Marshall, Mich., 106 miles west of Detroit, one Sunday in April, 1863. After a while they gathered at a sunny work bench in the roundhouse to resume discussion of a matter which concerned them deeply; to wit, the constant encroachment of management on their pay and accustomed privileges. Seeing the master mechanic listening, an engineer named W. D. Robinson proposed that they go to his house, where they could talk freely. Since conditions on the Michigan Central were typical it was decided to correspond with engineers on other roads entering Detroit with a view to forming an organization to protect mutual rights.

The result was a meeting in Detroit May 5, 1863. Three days later twelve engineers standing in a circle clasped hands and repeated the obligation drafted for "the Brotherhood of the Footboard," a labor union which was a secret order. Its constitution, they announced, was based on the Golden Rule.

By-laws were drafted to promote a high standard of ability as engineers and of character as men and thus entitled them to liberal compensation which they planned to insist upon by all legitimate means. The idea caught on so quickly that divisions were formed on all roads entering Detroit. These divisions elected delegates to a convention in that city Aug. 17, 1863, at which the first grand division was created and W. D. Robinson, "Father of the Brotherhood," was elected first grand chief engineer. In the following year the name was changed to Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. Headquarters were established in Cleveland in 1870.

In November, 1873, the engineers found that all the railroads in the country had combined to reduce their wages for the reason that earnings had allegedly declined. The real reason appeared to be a deter-

mination to crush the Brotherhood. Members immediately got busy. One important road was induced to abandon the attack, others to postpone it.

In spite of a written agreement with the Brotherhood, the Pennsylvania Railroad and leased lines, including the "Panhandle," announced a ten per cent cut in pay on 24 hours' notice. Quickly the engineers struck. Charles Wilson, grand chief engineer, declared the strike illegal, as the laws of the organization had not been complied with, and he denounced his organization in the newspapers.

A special convention was called in Cleveland, Feb. 24, 1874. Wilson's resignation was demanded and given. In his place Peter M. Arthur, who had been an active and useful member of the Brotherhood from its inception, was elected grand chief engineer, a post which he held uninterruptedly until he dropped dead 29 years later while addressing a Winnipeg meeting.

When the constitution was revised in 1904 the Golden Rule stayed put; for the Brotherhood had tried it and found it good.

BY heeding another scriptural admonition about not letting the right hand know what the left hand does the Brotherhood was working out its destiny without attracting attention from those who judge by outward show. Not to put it too strong, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers had undoubtedly done more for its membership than any other labor union. While there may be workmen who earn a higher rate per hour while actually employed, the annual income of the average locomotive engineer is larger than that of practically any other man who works with both his hands and head.

The locomotive engineer holds his job for life or during good behavior, like justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. He can obtain leave of absence for almost any length of time and on returning he can begin exactly where he left off. This enviable position has been accomplished by methods which, judged by accepted ideas of union procedure, seem revolutionary.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers comprises 90 per cent of all the locomotive engineers on every railroad system of importance on the continent, under contracts governing rates, wages, hours and conditions of service. Rates and conditions specified in those contracts govern the movements of every train that turns a wheel in North America; for nonmembers get the benefit of everything gained by the Brotherhood.

No other labor union ever accomplished so much because no other union ever had the courage to expel, without hesitation, members who violated its contract, or to revoke the charter of an entire sub-division as the local unions, or lodges, are called, for the same offense. The B. L. E. does that very thing. For instance, it revoked the charter of the sub-division in New York City and summarily expelled its 393 members for violating their contract by participating in a strike called by another labor organization on the subway and elevated lines in 1905.

Being neither omniscient nor omnipotent, the Brotherhood sometimes makes an unsatisfactory contract; but a bargain is a bargain in the eyes of its officers, even if it is a bad one, and its terms are scrupulously fulfilled.

The Brotherhood does not allow its members to belong to any other labor organization and never engages in sympathetic strikes. Being thus free to attend to its own affairs in its own way and that way being always to concede as well as to insist on strict adherence to contracts, since 1888 the Brotherhood has had no strikes, save a few trifling affairs involving a few men.

While the B. L. E. could not have attained its enviable position without brilliant leadership, it is also true that no leaders, however able, could have achieved so much had not the membership been made up of exceptional men. Every engineer is a living exemplification of the survival of the fittest. No man can be an engineer who has not served a long apprenticeship as a fireman. It is an unusually lucky man who is "set up" after two years, while the average fire-

Pennsy Train Crossing the Delaware River at Trenton, N. J., Sixty Years Ago.

man serves four to five years and from that up to twelve years, or even more in exceptional cases.

Firemen themselves are picked men. Applicants must undergo a physical examination which weeds out weaklings; for it takes muscle and stamina to maintain one's balance on a pitching, jerking steel deck while shoveling 15 to 25 tons of coal into a roaring furnace in 8 to 12 hours. The glare from the white-hot fire is so trying to the eyes that when firemen come up for a second physical examination no less than 17 per cent of them fail to qualify for promotion on account of defective vision. Records show that of each hundred men who start firing only 17 become engineers, and of these only six ever attain the highest goal of the engineer's ambition, a passenger run. So much for physical selection which he must overcome.

The test for courage is no less severe. A man who has railroaded long enough to be promoted from the left to the right side of the cab knows he is assuming a responsibility greater than falls to the lot of any other class of men, not even excepting sea captains. Engineers are far from being blameworthy for all that goes wrong, but, at the same time, all the safeguards a railroad company can provide and all the care a dispatcher can exercise count for nothing if the man at the throttle fails. Upon his vigilance and care the safety of scores, perhaps of hundreds, of lives depends.

WITH responsibility goes peril. Brotherhood records show that many locomotive engineers were killed while on duty. Their average age was 39 years. The safety movement so vigorously conducted on every railroad of importance has materially reduced fatal accidents. Mortuary rolls published by the Brotherhood show that as many members now die of pneumonia as in railroad accidents.

Often death comes so swiftly the engineer scarcely has a glimpse of the cause before he is hurled into eternity, as in the case of an engineer on a limited train speeding at 70 miles an hour when a negligent towerman threw a cross-over switch barely 100 feet ahead of him. In many another case on record the engineer has time to realize what he is doing, yet lays his life on the altar of duty with a calm deliberation that is sublime.

One historic case still remembered was that of F. W. Clow, engineer on a Northern Pacific through passenger train. On the night of May 7, 1907, Clow suddenly found a masked bandit standing beside him holding a cocked revolver at his head. Another guarded the fireman.

Alvanley Johnston, Present Leader of the Mighty Brotherhood, and International Headquarters, the Engineers Building, Cleveland, Ohio. Brother Johnston Began His Railroad Career as Wiper and Call Boy on the Great Northern at Grand Forks, N. D.

Clow was ordered to stop at a certain spot where the rest of the gang lay in ambush. He had time to consider. It was not likely that any one would be killed, or even hurt, if he obeyed orders; but the passengers probably would be robbed and the express car certainly would be. If he didn't do as he was told he knew he would be killed. He roared past the rendezvous at 50 miles an hour and tumbled from his seat box with a bullet through his brain.

Thus Clow died a martyr to duty, as many others have died before and since.

There was not even a question of protecting passengers' valuables when a deadhead train of empty sleepers ran away down the East slope of the Selkirks one August night a few years ago with a member of the B. L. E. at the throttle. To jump was dangerous, though there was some possibility of escape, while to remain on board was certain death. In the hope of saving a few thousand dollars' worth of property the engineer stuck to his post until the engine and train plunged down an embankment, crushing him and the fireman.

Moral fiber is as essential to members of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as physical vigor and courage. Good character of an applicant must be vouched for by three members before he is even voted on. Once elected, the new member must live up to the high character given him by his sponsors, conducting himself like "an officer and a gentleman," to borrow a military phrase that fits the case. There is never any question about the expulsion of a member who misbehaves, for if he isn't expelled the charter of the subdivision that harbors him is revoked. As many as 36 members have been expelled for "unbecoming conduct" in a single year.

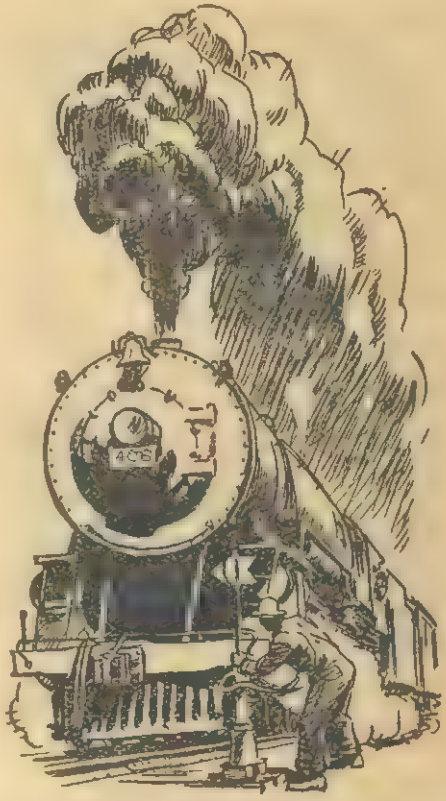
One thing the Brotherhood most strenuously insists upon is that its members shall not drink. When a member has been expelled for drunkenness, this fact, too, is published to all the world. Even this is not enough to satisfy Brotherhood requirements. Lives of members are not risked by permitting tipplers to run an engine.

Last but not least, to the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers a dead beat is abhorrent. A member who refuses to pay his debts is summarily expelled.

A MAN may have a giant's strength, intrepid courage and a most exemplary character; he may fire the allotted time and get his engine yet still be ineligible for membership in this exclusive order. The fact that the master mechanic considers a man competent to run an engine has no weight with the Brotherhood. The newly promoted one must run an engine for a year as a practical demonstration of his skill and intelligence before his application for membership will be considered. A Brotherhood traveling card is an unequivocal guarantee that its possessor is a fully qualified engineer who is also a self-respecting, law-abiding citizen.

In view of these facts, it was not surprising to find railroads (before the depression struck) sending to Brotherhood headquarters when requiring more engineers than could be obtained safely by promotion; nor was it strange to find such requests go begging because Brotherhood men had satisfactory jobs. But those days are gone now. Also it is easy to understand why some railroads, instead of disciplining offenders, simply report the facts to the Brotherhood and leave the culprits to the stern justice of their fellow members.

For the benefit of Brotherhood members and their dependents, the Locomotive Engineers Mutual Life and Accident Insurance Association was organized in 1867 to furnish life, disability and accident insurance to members at actual cost. The Insurance Association was incorporated under the laws of Ohio in 1894, and operated on the assessment plan until 1933, when it was reorganized on an adequate reserve basis.



That Association now issues standard life insurance policies to members of the Brotherhood up to age sixty. Policies are issued in multiples of $500 up to $5,000. The Association also issues disability insurance payable for the loss of a hand or foot or the sight of an eye. Accident insurance is furnished at actual cost.

The Insurance Association has placed the required reserves behind all adequate reserve policies in force as of December 31, 1935. In addition it has surplus funds available for contingencies in a sum exceeding $500,000.

Reserve and surplus funds of the Insurance Association may be invested only in high grade securities. It now has more than $3,000,000 invested in bonds issued by the principal provinces of Canada, and states, counties, cities and school districts of the United States. During 1935 the Association promptly paid claims resulting from the deaths of 998 members amounting to $1,418,985.

A Great Labor Statesman: Warren S. Stone, Grand Chief Engineer of the Brotherhood for 22 Years

Benevolent work of the Brotherhood does not stop at insurance. No member in good standing is ever allowed, through sickness or misfortune, to become a public charge. A fun for indigents is maintained. Also B. of L. E. is one of three railroad organizations which jointly maintain at Highland Park, Ill., a home for disabled railroad men, capable of caring for 110, where homeless and helpless railroad men may end their days in peace.

Even this is not all. At every triennial convention from $30,000 to $75,000 from the surplus funds of the order is distributed among needy dependents of dead members.

All this is a great deal to credit to one organization, but even yet the catalogue of Brotherhood activities is not exhausted. It publishes an excellently edited, well illustrated magazine, The Locomotive Engineers Journal, which keeps its members informed on latest developments in railroading. The editor, Paul M. Smith, is a locomotive engineer. And there is a women's auxiliary, composed of wives and daughters of members of the B. of L. E.

Triennial conventions made up of delegates from every sub-division are the law-making bodies. Between conventions the grand chief engineer is the supreme authority, from whose rulings there is no appeal save in prescribed form to the convention.

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers is a great business organization with a substantial surplus. Good management enabled it to dedicate its own office building in Cleveland, Ohio, in May, 1910. The building, fourteen stories high, contains an auditorium seating 1,500, and saves the headquarters of the order with enough rental space to pay for the building in ten years.

Grand Chief Engineer Charles Wilson, at the convention in 1867, was first to propose a "substantial block of buildings in some city" as a safer investment than any other for funds of widows and orphans. Nobody paid attention to this proposal for years. Then Warren Sanford Stone, engineer on a Rock Island freight train in Iowa, read it in an old report. The idea struck in, obsessed him. It was his favorite day dream for years, until he found an opportunity to submit it to a biennial convention. It was turned down cold. At the next biennial Stone's pet dream was again submitted and again rejected. Two years later it was resubmitted and accepted by the convention; for by this time Stone was grand chief engineer, with enough pull to get what he wanted.

Warren Sanford Stone was born Feb. 1, 1860, on a farm near Ainsworth, Iowa, through which the Rock Island Railroad ran. He worked his passage through Washington Academy and started in Western College. His dad wanted him to be a lawyer. "San," as everybody called him, preferred to become a surgeon. To earn money to finish in college he got a job as fireman on the Rock Island. As might have been expected, his system absorbed so many railroad bacilli that he forgot about surgery and everything else but railroading.

His introduction to his chosen profession was a bit raw. The first trip was with an engineer with a reputation as a holy terror. In fact, he had used a knife on his fireman on the preceding trip. As Stone told the story years ago, Mr. Engineer started right in " riding " the greenhorn fireman. Also he worked his engine down in the corner and wide open. No fireman could keep her hot under those conditions, which gave an excuse for wilder abuse.

Finally Stone jerked the engineer down off his seat box and started in to give him what he needed. The engineer drew his trusty knife. Stone took it away from him and threw it through the cab window. After that Stone slammed the terror back on his seat box, delivered a few well-chosen remarks and put in another fire.

Everything was lovely for the rest of that trip. Stone returned with another engineer. The terror lived down his reputation and became a model citizen. Stone attended to his business, was " set up " April 12, 1884, after firing less than five years. In due time he got the Rock Island Limited, crack train on the road, a run he held for five years. He read every book on locomotive design and operation to be had, never had an accident, often was on duty in freight service from 30 to 56 hours at a stretch.

From the first Stone was recognized as a man of unusual gifts. As soon as he was eligible he was made chairman of the general committee of adjustment (" grievance committee ") of the Rock Island system. His sound common sense in discharging his duties in this position so impressed A. B. Youngson, assistant grand chief engineer, that he often spoke of the engineer in Iowa to his associates on the advisory board of the order. Youngson's praise so impressed the board that when Grand Chief Engineer Arthur dropped dead when making a speech in Winnipeg in August, 1903, and Youngson lay dying in Cleveland, the board wired Stone offering him the position of grand chief engineer for the rest of Arthur's term, though not one of the board had ever seen him.

Stone had just finished mowing his lawn during his layover in Eldon, Iowa, one day when his wife called attention to an approaching messenger, who delivered the board's offer. Stone told the messenger to wait while he penciled an acceptance and followed on the next train East.

Affairs of the Brotherhood were at sixes and sevens; for while Arthur was a great leader in some respects, he was no hand for details. Stone had the rare faculty of mastering details without losing sight of essentials. Under his hand the order flourished mightily.

CONDITIONS confronting the Brotherhood were far from satisfactory, but they did not stay that way long after Stone got on the job. When he set out to obtain more pay for his men he was met with the smiling assurance by each railroad that it was paying as much as its neighbors. If he could find any one paying more they would see what could be done. When Stone proposed a conference between representatives of the order and of the railroads he was laughed at, but when he prepared to call a strike on half a dozen roads the situation ceased to be funny.

On second thought the general managers decided maybe they could spare a few moments for this annoying person. The minutes stretched into a fourteen-day session in which managements and engineers of 42 Eastern railroads grappled in debate in which Stone demonstrated that he knew more about railroads than the general managers did. Point by point Stone won until he had gained $8,000,000 a year in pay for engineers on Eastern lines. On that basis contracts were signed.

The same treatment for the Southeastern lines brought the same results, but that was only the beginning of a continuous battle for higher pay, better working conditions, and fairer treatment for locomotive engineers which came to a climax in 1912. By that time railroad management realized that this Stone person would have to be shown right where to get off.

He was shown in a wage movement in-

volving 52 railroads in Eastern territory backed by the big New York bankers. Instead of getting off, Stone prepared to call a strike. You see, the only argument some people can understand is that of a policeman's club.

Eventually the Federal Government manifested so much interest that an arbitration committee was appointed. The Pennsylvania and the Erie were very snooty, refusing access to their books by the Brotherhood and submitting obviously distorted statements to the arbitration committee. Stone showed these up, along with similar "information" prepared by the B. & O. From the ensuing flood of printer's ink the railroads and their pals, the bankers, emerged somewhat the worse for wear. Stone got only half of what he asked for, but he got it; and since he had established the principle of group agreements he knew he could secure further gains, and he did.

Warren S. Stone, a resourceful and successful negotiator, performed magnificent service for the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers. It is said that he never lost his temper and always kept his word. Mr. Stone was a great labor statesman. Not even his opponents denied that.

He worked steadily. In the midst of a letter he was dictating one evening he was obliged to stop from illness. The stenographer called his long-time assistant, Fehr, who hurried Stone into a cab and started for a hospital. He arrived there in a state of coma that lasted two days and recovered consciousness only to die on June 12, 1925.

Five days later the advisory board named Alvanley Johnston grand chief engineer, advancing him from the post of assistant. When Johnston was 17 years old he got a job as wiper and call boy on the Great Northern at Grand Forks, North Dakota.

While resting he studied stenography and read books on locomotive design and operation, as Stone had done, until Tommy Adams, the master mechanic, took him to act as clerk and stenographer. He went firing in 1894, at the age of 19, was set up September 7, 1897, and joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as soon as regulations permitted. He became chairman of the local committee of adjustment, and then general chairman of the Great Northern committee of adjustment. Like Stone, he attracted so much favorable attention that he was summoned to headquarters in Cleveland as assistant grand chief engineer.

Upon Mr. Stone's death, Mr. Johnston was advanced to the position of grand chief engineer, which position he holds today. Brotherhood officials say that through his resourcefulness and foresight the organization has been relieved of many of the difficulties which existed when he assumed office. The B. of L. E. is now, as it always has been, a mighty force for safety, stability and fair dealing in the railroad industry.

SPRING SHOWERS QUICKLY COME AND GO. ABOUT THIS TIME OF YEAR
WE'VE HAD OUR ALKA-SELTZER AND OF COLDS WE'VE NOT A FEAR
COLDS
THE STORM IS O'ER AND WHAT IS MORE THE SUN'S OUT BRIGHT AND GAY
THAT'S JUST HOW ALKA-SELTZER SCARES MY OLD HEADACHES AWAY
HEADACHE
LET'S EAT! I THINK THIS SPRINGY AIR GIVES US AN APPETITE
THEN WE'LL TAKE ALKA-SELTZER JUST TO KEEP US FEELING RIGHT
ACID INDIGESTION
Be Wise— Alkalize
Alka-Seltzer
Makes a sparkling alkalizing solution containing an analgesic (acetyl salicylate). You drink it and it gives prompt, pleasant relief for Headaches, Sour Stomach, Distress after Meals, Colds and other minor Aches and Pains.
Alkalize with Alka-Seltzer
30-60
NATIONAL BARN DANCE SATURDAY NIGHT

"One of the Most Disgraceful Accidents"

NO. 822, eastbound Northern Pacific way freight from Helena to Bozeman, Montana, was nearing the end of its run one summer afternoon several years ago. The crew, weary of a long day of pick-ups, set-outs, "spots," and wrestling merchandise, were on overtime, as usual, and greatly relieved to find themselves at Story, a blind siding only four or five miles west of the home terminal. Here the last work of the day would be done.

The train halted upon the main track and the engine was promptly cut off. Pulling over the east switch, they backed into the siding and into the spur, which runs parallel to the siding for several car lengths before losing itself in a pile of earth. Instructions were to pick up a car of peas for movement to Bozeman and spot an empty, or empties, on the spur in place of it. The empty cars stood between the locomotive and the load of peas. To expedite the move, both empties and load were pulled above the spur switch, then, with a gentle kick, the loaded car was uncoupled and allowed to roll into the side track. Under direction of the conductor and head brakeman the engine finally shoved the empty cars into the spur.

The swing brakeman caught the load as it rolled over the spur switch and swarmed up the ladder, club in hand, to stop the car a short distance in the clear. Spinning the slack from the brakewheel, he inserted his club and bore back upon it. But, though he cinched and cinched, the headway of the car did not lessen! To the contrary, the speed increased, and when it had reached twenty or twenty-five miles an hour the brakeman descended the ladder and jumped. The car lurched out through the west switch of the siding, splitting the points, and pounded off down the main track into the gathering darkness. The brakeman, somewhat bruised, raced back up the siding and informed the conductor of what had happened, and the conductor rushed to the telephone booth to notify the dispatcher.

The old main line from Logan to Bozeman, twenty-five miles, lies on a steadily ascending grade, eastbound, with the exception of a sag between Manhattan and Central Park. So severe and steady is this gradient that an alternate main line was built from Logan to Bozeman for eastward tonnage trains. This line leaves the old main at the east end of Logan yard, follows a circuitous route, and crosses the old main line at grade at BR tower, some three miles west of Story.

The second trick towerman at BR, noting that it was growing dark, decided it was time to eat. No trains were within miles of the interlocking plant save No. 822, which had passed eastbound a short time before. The old main line, having been the last route used through the plant, was clear. No derails forbade use of the track, though signals were at stop position in both directions.

The towerman had just hoisted his feet to the lever bank, and opened his mouth to insert a sandwich, when something without headlight or markers shot across the diamond, westbound, and was swallowed by the darkness. The towerman, doubting his senses, leaped to his feet, snapped on the headset and told the dispatcher.

And at about that instant, the conductor of No. 822 succeeded in unlocking the door of the Story phone booth and breathlessly broke in on the wire with the true facts. The train dispatcher's stomach described a flip-flop. Then he assured himself there was nothing out of Logan, eastbound, on the old main line, with which the runaway could collide. But there was an eastbound tonnage train standing in the Logan yard, which would at any moment whistle off and pull out across the old main line into the low grade route. This train would be directly in the path of the carload of peas!

Employees commandeered a handy speeder, rushed to the east end of Logan yard and lined up the switches from the main line into the quarry spur. The heavily loaded runaway came pounding down through the reverse curve into the yard at breakneck speed, struck the turnout, roared in upon the quarry track, and with a terrific crash brought up on the rocks at its end, twenty miles from the scene of the escape. There it burst open like an over-ripe melon, sowing peas over many square feet of ground.

There was an investigation, of course. Severe discipline was meted out to the guilty ones. And down in St. Paul, a high official of the company wrote, in part: "One of the most disgraceful accidents ever brought to my attention."—Chick Bliss, N.P. telegrapher.

TRUE TALES *of the* RAILS

Actual Happenings Told by Eye Witnesses

Boomers in the Tropics

With a Snarl He Crossed the Track and Entered the Jungle

By R. H. ("TURKEY") MOORE

FOLLOWING railroading for a living, I quite naturally missed much of the thrills which fall to the lot of a real soldier of fortune, but from the cab of my locomotive I nevertheless witnessed exciting scenes and interesting events.

Thirty years ago I was running an engine on the "Alligator" division of the Mexican Central Railroad. This division derives its name from the fact that many wild animals infest the jungles around its tracks—a circumstance which caused many rear-end collisions, for it was difficult to get the native brakemen to go back far enough at night to protect the rear end of their trains when they stopped on the main line. After a rear-end accident the trainmaster always inquired, of course, why the train had not been properly protected, and the answer was invariably the same: "There are too many tigers there."

One morning about four o'clock I stopped at Mendez tank to take water. I had just spotted the engine and was

preparing to drop a little oil on the guides and eccentrics when out of the jungle on the right hand side slid an enormous tiger. With a snarl he crossed the track and entered the jungle on the opposite side. I went back on the engine. I had seen many of the smaller tigers, but this one measured twelve feet from tip to tip. As he was in no particular hurry, I had an excellent view of him, but still I was mystified as to how such an animal could be a native of Mexico.

Upon arrival in Cardenas I told some of the men of having seen this beast and was informed by them that a couple of years before a circus train had been wrecked in that vicinity and that a number of animals had escaped, among which were some Bengal tigers. It was possible that this was one of the escaped animals.

In the July, '34, issue of RAILROAD STORIES, in an article called "The Sawdust Trail," the author mentioned the fact that a circus train was wrecked near Pachuca, Mexico, many years before and that a number of tigers had escaped. It is possible that the tremendous tiger I saw was either one of these original animals or a descendant.

MANY adventurers, some of whom left the States to escape legal punishment, found their way to Latin-America. Most of them, since they kept themselves pretty well charged with cheap native liquor much of the time, had an exaggerated idea of their own bravery, and made themselves rather disagreeable, swaggering around trying to impress the natives and the respectable class of foreign residents with their importance as bad men.

Usually they continued their hi-jinks and imposed upon some apparently inoffensive goat until he surprised them and the rest of the people in that section by a little bad man stuff of his own. This very thing happened to Walt Jackson, a friend of mine who was known from Mexico to Panama by the affectionate nickname "Peon."

Jackson was a mighty good-natured man; it is difficult to understand why anyone should have any trouble with him. But strange things happen.

Peon had been working in Panama for nine years when the United States entered the world war. He gave up a job paying $275 a month, joined the army and went to France, where he ran an engine for $30 a month all during the war. Discharged from the army, he returned to Panama to find that construction was finished and he was laid off. After short periods of work in Mexico, Cuba and Guatemala he landed in Honduras, where he obtained work as an extra engineer-conductor, working on whichever end of the train he was needed.

In Honduras there flourished a so-called soldier of fortune known by sundry soubriquets, among them *El Tigre* (The Tiger) and *Cabello Blanco* (White Horse). He had been active in revolutionary activities, and had killed several men. At this time he was employed by the railway company as a civil engineer. Taking a great dislike to Jackson, on several occasions he tried to get a fight out of him.

One afternoon Peon was dead-heading on a passenger train out of Tela to the end of the line. He sat in the first-class coach talking to the wife of a farm superintendent when into the coach came *El Tigre* and challenged him to a fight.

Peon told him that he had no gun, and therefore could not fight him. Whereupon Mr. White Horse took off his gun and, throwing it into Jackson's

lap, sneered, " Here, take mine; I'll get another and come back and kill you."

Going to the baggage car, he took from his suitcase a .22 rifle and waited there until the train made a station stop. Then, running alongside of the train, he shoved the rifle barrel through the coach window at Jackson. The lady who was sitting next to the window screamed, and Jackson ducked.

About that time the train started up. The bad man ran and sprang on the steps of the coach. Looking in through the door, he invited Jackson to come to the platform and fight it out. Jackson refused.

Said *El Tigre:* " Well, you so-and-so, I'll just kill you where you are."

But before he could pull the trigger Jackson fired. The bullet struck *El Tigre* in the neck; it ranged downward along the spine; and he toppled to the ground.

Almost immediately the train was stopped. Passengers went back to where the wounded man lay. As Jackson approached, Mr. White Horse tried to get his rifle, which had fallen beyond his reach. Paralyzed from the waist down, he was helpless.

" Well, go ahead and finish me up, that's what I would do to you if I could," he told Jackson.

But he was taken to Tela and placed in the hospital, where he lived forty-five days before he died. Jackson was arrested and placed in jail.

Shortly after his arrest a bad native had come to town. This fellow was a revolutionist and had a bad record as a killer. The police were frankly afraid of him. Colonel Hernandez, *commandante* of the district, had great respect for the nerve of " gringo " Jackson; he asked him to go and arrest this bad man, giving him two Colt's .45's and two policemen to accompany him.

Jackson left the two police at a corner *cantina,* going alone to the house where the bad man was said to stay. Knocking upon the door, he heard a voice call out, " Who is it?"

Jackson replied who he was, and the fellow told him to enter. When he went in Jackson found himself facing two guns. He laughed.

" Put your guns down, *hombre.* I myself am an outlaw; just escaped jail and on my way out of the country," he told the bad man.

The fellow had heard of Jackson's trouble, and considering him a fellow criminal, welcomed him. After talking for a short while, Jackson invited him to go out for a drink. At first the fellow demurred. But Jackson told him the two of them could run all the police out of town. Egotism predominated; the bad man agreed and they walked to the corner saloon. When near the *cantina* Jackson grabbed the fellow, pinning his arms against his sides, and the police who had been left waiting helped him to truss up the bad man.

For this act of bravery Jackson was appointed chief of police of Tela, at a salary of forty pesos a month! He held the job until his trial, at which he was found not guilty by reason of justifiable homicide. I dare say this is the only case on record where a prisoner was appointed chief of police while under arrest, and allowed full liberty while technically a prisoner.

SHORTLY after I went to Mexico I was walking down a street in San Luis Potosi when I stumbled across an engineer named Higgins whom I had known when he was running an engine on the H. & T. C.

Having met with an accident, he had been discharged, and had gone to Mexico where he hired out on the Mexican

Central, which assigned him to a helper engine on Villar mountain. This being an outlying point from which terminal runs were seldom made, minor repair work was expected to be performed by the engineers.

The engine was double-crewed, and each engine crew worked a twelve-hour shift. The other engineer assigned to this engine was Paul Thompson; a tall, sinewy fellow apparently inferior physically to Higgins, who was a powerfully-built man. But when argument regarding the repair work came up between them, a fight resulted in which Thompson won.

His defeat rankled in Higgins' chest, and purposely he picked another fight; but again Thompson won.

News of these battles soon traveled over the entire division. Higgins was much chagrined at the comments made by his fellow railroad men, and a third time he picked a fight with Thompson. But this time he had prepared himself. When Thompson was getting the best of him, Higgins backed off, pulled his gun, and shot and killed Thompson.

Thompson had been an exceedingly popular man with his fellow workers. Higgins, too, had his friends. When trial came up several months after this killing, partisanship developed between the different employees which almost resulted in serious disorder.

Walter Rogers, one of the most popular engineers on the San Luis Potosi division, was a personal friend of Higgins and attended the trial.

Generally recognized as one of the most perfect gentlemen on the division, Walter also bore a reputation of being absolutely unafraid of anything living, and many men who knew him well would have done all within reason to avoid his displeasure.

Buck Limperly, a conductor, was likewise greatly interested, for he belonged to the Thompson faction. He was a great hulk of a man, exceedingly pugnacious and overbearing; yet he inspired neither the fear nor respect that Rogers commanded.

While the trial was at its height a number of railroad men were returning to San Luis Potosi after listening to the evidence all day, and among those in the caboose were Walter Rogers and Buck Limperly. The entire conversation concerned the trial, and while some were outspoken, the majority kept a still tongue for fear of setting off smoldering fire.

Finally someone made a remark that incensed Rogers; he challenged any man in the group to defend himself in any manner he chose. Come singly or together, he would whip or kill any or all. No one, alas, accepted his challenge, and he grew so violent over the matter that he struck his fist completely through the inner wall of the caboose!

The verdict, which sentenced Higgins to five years in the penitentiary, was pronounced by most as satisfactory, considering Mexico law.

One day the pumping system in the "big house" got out of order, and prison mechanics could not effect repairs. Higgins was familiar with pumps, so he made a helpful suggestion, and he was offered the job of keeping the pumps in order. His excellent mechanical work thereafter won him friends among the officials, and he was made a trusty and allowed many privileges which were unusual.

The day I met him on the street he was out until evening; so he and I spent the afternoon playing pool and recalling events of the past. I frequently met him up town during my stay there, and the last two years of his imprisonment he was practically a free man, coming

and going as he liked. It was with regret that prison officials bade him goodby when the governor pardoned him before his sentence had expired.

ONE time Bill Mayberry, a long, slim Texan who was running an engine out of San Luis Potosi, had an altercation on the road with Conductor Buck Limperly. Limperly stomped to the head end and became very abusive. As I have pointed out, he was mean to those physically his inferior; he seemed to delight in mistreating a young promoted man, and then, when the man resented it, beating him up.

When Mayberry arrived in San Luis Potosi he went to see the *Jefe Politico* (judge), to whom he explained the matter fully and asked permission to carry a gun for his personal protection.

After listening carefully, the judge said: "Señor Mayberry, it is with much pleasure that I give you this permit. In fact, I will do even better than that. This paper will permit you to kill Señor Limperly on sight, and you will not be punished for it, provided you first notify him what you intend to do."

I was sitting at the lunch counter in the eating house when in walked Bill Mayberry. Buck Limperly was at the counter also. As cool as if he were going to order ham and eggs, Mayberry walked up to Limperly.

"Buck," he said, "you read Spanish, don't you?"

"Certainly I do," was the reply.

"Well," said Mayberry, "read this."

He threw the permit on the counter.

Buck read it and turned white. "What do you mean, Bill?" he asked.

Mayberry replied: "I mean just what that order says. Now, let me give you fair warning. The first time I see you after this I am going to kill you. If you come into the same restaurant, walk on the same side of the street, or in any way come near me, I will sure as hell kill you."

He picked up the order and walked out.

Needless to say, it was never necessary for Mayberry to kill Limperly, for although both remained there for a couple of years longer, whenever Limperly saw Mayberry he suddenly remembered that he had business elsewhere. And Buck Limperly developed into quite a decent fellow to work with after that.

SO much in evidence was gun play that it was not taken very seriously among the men or even by the officials. A good example was the case of one Tommie Davis.

Tommie Davis, whose name appeared in my story "The Boomer Trail" (Oct. '35 issue) as Tommie Davidson, was an engineer on the main line out of Aguascalientes.

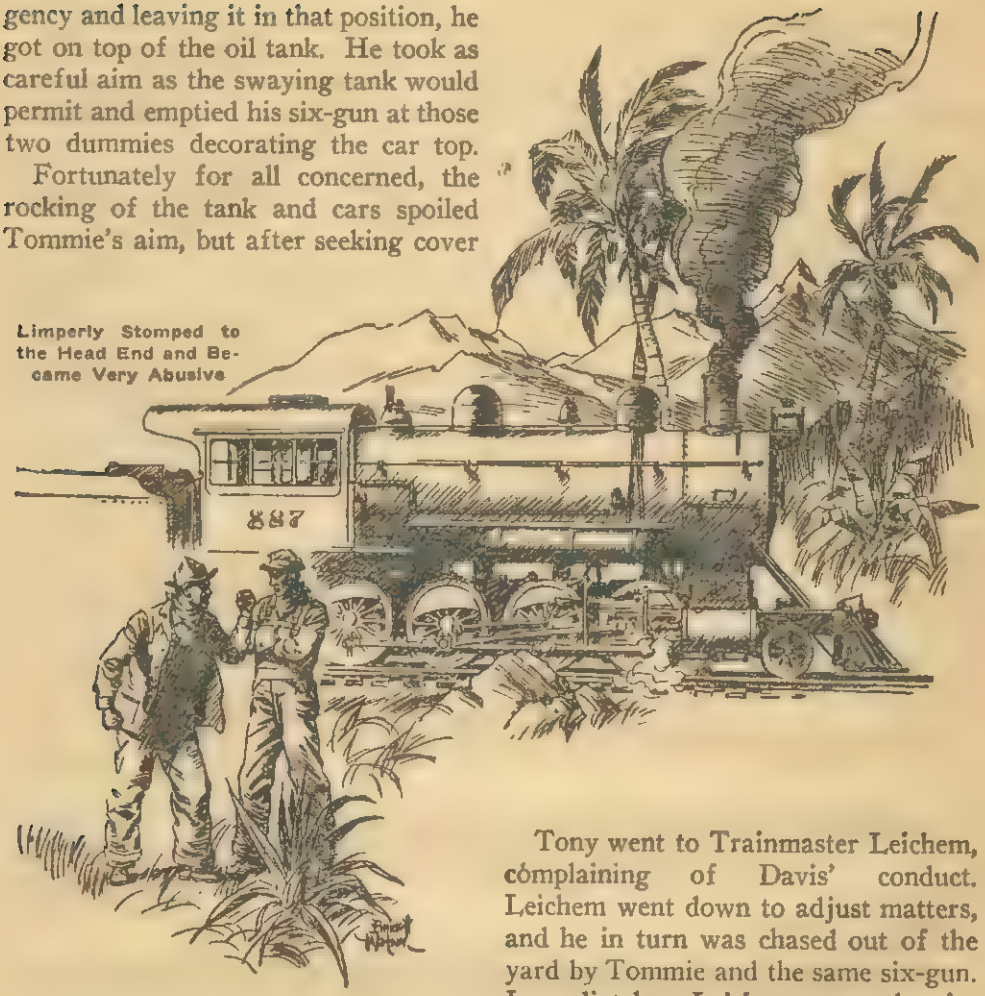
Business was rushing and every siding and yard on the system was blocked. It was almost impossible to find a clear track into which one could head after reaching his terminal.

One day Tommie was dropping down Zacatecas mountain with a solid train of ore. Trains such as this were hard to hold; and as the braking power on this train was below the average, Tommie was having trouble. He called for brakes, but received no response from the brakemen. He called the second time, and looking back, saw both brakemen sitting on the cars with their legs dangling over the sides, paying absolutely no attention to Tommie's wails for help.

The train was racing down the mountain and around those curves like a bat out of hell, and Tommie was mad. Slamming his brake valve into emer-

gency and leaving it in that position, he got on top of the oil tank. He took as careful aim as the swaying tank would permit and emptied his six-gun at those two dummies decorating the car top.

Fortunately for all concerned, the rocking of the tank and cars spoiled Tommie's aim, but after seeking cover



Limperly Stomped to the Head End and Became Very Abusive

while the target practice was on, those two boys got busy and tied that train down so tight that Tommie had to help 'em over the flat spots.

All this did not improve Tommie's temper any, and when he pulled into Aguascalientes and found a clear track, he headed into it. The yardmaster, who was a fat Mexican named Tony, informed Tommie that he would have to back out, since he had just cleared that track for the purpose of doing some switching. Tommie did not reply, but unhitched his gun and ran Tony out of the yard.

Tony went to Trainmaster Leichem, complaining of Davis' conduct. Leichem went down to adjust matters, and he in turn was chased out of the yard by Tommie and the same six-gun. Immediately, Leichem, greatly incensed, made a written complaint to Superintendent J. H. Clegg.

Clegg filed an official report to the superintendent of motive power which went like this:

Ben Johnson, Sup't of M.P.&M.
Aguascalientes

Dear Sir:

Attached herewith complaint from trainmaster, Leichem. Kindly instruct Engineer Davis in the future not to abuse the trainmaster any more than necessary.

J. H. CLEGG,
Superintendent.

Ben Johnson had other troubles. He simply took a lead pencil and wrote

upon the bottom of the superintendent's letter:

"Engineer Davis:—Please be governed accordingly.—B. J."

NOT all the gun-play went on between the boomers, however. Sometimes reason arose to pull Old Betsy on the Chinese who conducted most of the railroad eating houses in Mexico at that time.

As a usual thing these Chinese were quite agreeable until "hopped up," but then they were mighty unpleasant. Nobody knows the truth of that statement better than Jim Edwards, a friend of mine who ran an engine on the Mexican National out of San Luis Potosi.

One Sunday morning he and his fireman, who also was an American, strolled into the eating house for breakfast. They had slept rather late, and the regular breakfast hour had already passed. The Chinese were mucking out the joint, so they paid no attention to these fellows as they sat at the table waiting to be served.

The boss entered, and the fireman yelled: "Hey, Charlie; catchum bleakfast."

This familiarity seemed to infuriate the big Chinese, who, grabbing a butcher knife, rushed towards the two Americans and replied: "You my bleakfast this morning!"

As he advanced, followed by several other jabbering Chinese, powerful Jim Edwards swung with his chair. The fireman did likewise.

They succeeded in knocking down several Chinese, but being greatly outnumbered, they were soon felled. While on the floor with a broken arm, Edwards succeeded in getting his gun out and began blazing away.

When Jim began wrapping smoke around them it was too much for the Chinese, and they beat a hasty retreat. But when the smoke cleared up it was found that one Chinese had joined his ancestors, while several others were hit and more or less seriously hurt.

Jim was arrested and held for trial, which came up seventeen months later. At his trial he was found not guilty, but in the meantime it had cost him just two thousand pesos in lawyers' fees and court costs. Each of the Chinese was fined ten pesos, including the dead one, who had been sent back to China. His was one particular fine the Mexican Government has never been able to collect!

When Jim was released he came to Aguascalientes, where he went to work on the Mexican Central, and he and I roomed together.

One day we were talking about this case and I asked: "Jim, how did you manage to come out even as easy as you did?"

He laughed and said: "Well, I pleaded that it was an accident. I had never shot at anything before in my life and hit it, so the fact that I hit a few Chinamen was a pure accident. The judge accepted my plea."

Yes, gun play was frequent in the good old days; yet during the many years which I spent in the tropics, I never faced a gun but once, and even then it was not nearly so serious as it could have been.

I had been working out of San Luis Potosi and had been transferred to Aguascalientes. While working out of San Luis Potosi I had formed a friendship with a young lady whose father happened to be a hogger on the National out of there.

There was never any serious intentions between us, nor was any wrong done. So when I wrote her a letter from Aguascalientes telling her that I

would be over to San Luis Potosi the following week, I thought nothing of it. She met me according to schedule, and we spent a pleasant afternoon at a resort nearby.

Upon returning home with her that evening, I met her father, a hard-boiled old rough-neck. I extended my hand in greeting, and he, too, extended his; but not in quite so friendly a manner, for in his tough fist was a Colt's .45.

There was nothing to do but wiggle out. Thinking more quickly than I ever had in my life before, I persuaded that old fool that the home was no place to discuss matters of a delicate nature, but that the corner *cantina* was better. Knowing his fondness for *tequila*, I knew if I ever got him into this nose-paint parlor I had him hooked.

After the fourth his tongue grew thick and his eyes bleary and I knew that I was safe. Two more shots put him where he enjoyed being most, and I excused myself for a moment, walked out of a side door, and was gone.

I am no coward, but I did not go back to San Luis Potosi for a year.

The Trolley Racket

By JAMES DEEGAN

NOT a few years ago I hired out as a motorman on a street car line in an up-and-coming Midwestern metropolis. I'll say right off the bat that it was something to write home about—but not because it was good. For example, although I had to report for work every morning at 4.50, I was never sure of getting a run, and I often waited around all day without pay. Again, in cold or rainy weather, I was likely to be grabbed and forced to do a double shift in the place of some guy who hadn't shown up.

One morning I was called for a trip. Everything worked smoothly until the last trip, when the power suddenly went off. The trolley was all right, no fuses were burned out, and the lights would not light, so the conductor and myself were completely mystified.

I opened the controller and cut out both sets of motors in succession, felt of the wire connections, and did everything I could think of to find the trouble. You see, none of the other cars were affected. Behind us was a string of trolleys a mile long, waiting for us to get going.

While carrying a drawbar to the rear end, one of the men from another car stumbled and, to save himself from falling, grabbed the trolley rope and pulled the trolley off the wire. Naturally he put it on again. But when he did so, lo and behold, the car had power, the lights flared on, and the air pump began working.

What had happened was simple—after you were told about it. In passing under a scaffold the trolley pole had caught in one of the guy ropes, which pulled it off. The trolley rope retriever had caught the rope and held the pole about a half inch from the wire, so that while the trolley looked as though it was where it should have been, it actually was not.

About the time my fame as a result

Who's Who in the Crew

by Stookie Allen

BORN IN LIVERPOOL, ENG., JUNE 12, 1865. BEGAN RAILROADING IN CHICAGO AS ENGINE WIPER ON THE GRAND TRUNK, CHRISTMAS DAY, 1880. PROMOTED TO FIREMAN 5 MONTHS LATER. THEN FIRED 3 YEARS ON THE ALTON AND 3 YEARS ON THE CHI. & ATLANTIC (ERIE). PROMOTED TO RUNNING IN 1887. RESIGNED IN JULY, 1894, TO HELP EUGENE V. DEBS ORGANIZE AMERICAN RY. UNION AND TAKE PART IN PULLMAN STRIKE.

BLACKLISTED, HE DRIFTED SOUTH. WORKED ON MEXICAN CENTRAL 4 TIMES, S.P. 17 TIMES, D.&R.G. 3 TIMES. ALSO N.P., MILWAUKEE, G.N., WABASH, U.P., PENNSY, AND MANY OTHER ROADS, 30 IN ALL, INCLUDING CHICAGO EL BEFORE IT WAS ELECTRIFIED.

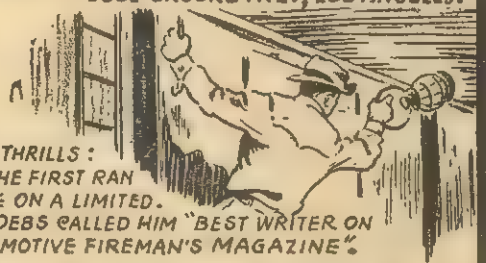
James J. Deegan

BESIDES ENGINE SERVICE HE WORKED AS SECTION HAND, BRAKEMAN, SWITCHMAN, AIR-BRAKE INSPECTOR, MACHINIST, BOILER-MAKER, HOSTLER, ROUNDHOUSE FOREMAN, ETC. INVENTED AND PATENTED DEVICE FOR FIREBOXES. LAST RAIL JOB WAS WESTERN PACIFIC ENGINE WATCHMAN IN 1930. PRESENT ADDRESS:— 1851 BROOKS AVE., LOS ANGELES.

THE LATE

Eugene V. Debs

President of the A.R.U.



BIGGEST THRILLS:
(1) WHEN HE FIRST RAN AN ENGINE ON A LIMITED.
(2) WHEN DEBS CALLED HIM "BEST WRITER ON STAFF OF LOCOMOTIVE FIREMAN'S MAGAZINE".

HAD 3 BROTHERS IN I.C. ENGINE SERVICE. MARRIED A C.&N.W. RAILROADER'S DAUGHTER IN 1891. TWO CHILDREN SURVIVE, ANNIE AND PAUL. HAS BEEN WRITING FOR "RAILROAD STORIES" 4 YEARS. DEEGAN FIRED ON THE SANTA FE OUT OF SAN MARCIAL, N.M., BEFORE THE FLOOD DESCRIBED IN ED SAMPLES' NOVELETTE IN THIS ISSUE. IN '99 HE RAN A HELPER ENGINE OUT OF CARDENAS, MEXICO, WITH STOOKIE ALLEN AS FIREMAN. (ARTIST'S NOTE: SOME OTHER MAN WITH MY NAME. DOES ANYBODY KNOW IF HE IS STILL LIVING?)

Next Month—Wm. J. Parry, Canadian National Hoghead

of this mortifying incident began to die down, I got a chance for something different in the street car business. It was the job of professional witness, and though it sounded a little queer to me, I took it.

The policy of the company, like the policy of almost any large company since time began, was to pay nobody for damages if it could help doing so. Therefore it maintained a corps of "private detectives" as an auxiliary to the general counsel's office. The first thing members of this corps would do after an accident was to find out the victim's financial standing. Then, if he had a lot of money, he was handled with care; but if he did not, he was ignored.

Very often, therefore, some poor boob would start suit against the company. To help take care of such suits the job of professional witness was set up. The function, duty, and life-work of this honored employee was simple; he appeared at every appropriate damage suit as the motorman of the particular car involved. It always was a few years from the date of the accident to the date of the trial, and in that time everyone had forgotten what the motorman looked like. Moreover, the company always had a good supply of witnesses who were willing to swear that the motorman was the right one. Last, but not least, a man in a uniform is hard to distinguish, in memory, from another man with the same uniform.

The job was interesting for a while, but after a day's testimony in which my appearance killed an old man's chances for recovering damages, I asked for a change.

Well, I got the change. My assignment was to report for what the super called the "Banshee" job. When I asked what it was, he only laughed and told me to report at his office the next morning at nine, and to be sure and have my uniform on.

When I duly reported, I was given a seat in a closed room. Shortly afterward an irate female barged into the office raised particular hell.

"Is the superintendent in?" she yelled.

"Yes, ma'am; I am he," said one of the clerks, politely bowing low. "What can I do for you today?"

"One of your dirty motormen insulted me," she stormed. "I was trying to get on the front end of the car, when he slammed the door in my face and told me to try the other end."

"Is it possible?" groaned the clerk. Then he rang a bell for an attendant and thundered to him: "Bring that man in here at once."

About two minutes later I was ushered into the office. The clerk gave me an unmerciful tongue lashing, and wound up by telling me I was discharged.

"Get your time at once," he roared. "Remove yourself from company property; never set foot on it again."

Then we waited for the next complaint, and so I was discharged ten or fifteen times a day after that. This method saved the employees from losing time by calling at the office, satisfied the lady patrons, and was a snap for me.

But all good things come to an end, and so did this. Old Man Depression hit town and picked on me right at the start. My seniority expired and I was bumped by an older man. After a couple more bumps I was hanging on the extra board by my little finger, and soon I had to let go with that.

In a way I was glad, for I had been itching to get back on the boomer trail, back to good old steam railroading.

The Taming of Wisehead

By CLIFFORD FUNKHOUSER

A FEW days after I hired at Midway on the Chicago & California, the division drew a new superintendent. Formerly a division engineer elsewhere on the system, he came to Midway a determined believer in the notion that trainmen and enginemen were brainless nincompoops. His attitude toward the men was that of sneering, semi-amused contempt, and his discipline was meted out with a "Why in the hell, or what in the hell." His ignorance of rules and operating practices would have been funny, had it not been so tragic for the old-timers who bore the brunt of his pigheaded meanness.

I didn't give one hoot about the job, and used it only as a fill-in until the wheat rush would tear loose. I held rights on a southern road that needed me only half the time. I would have preferred being call boy there to a job running train on the C. & C. under this super. And so I didn't escape "Wisehead's" malevolent eye for long.

I got called for the head end of a fruit train. Halfway over the district the fireman folded up. Something he ate, no doubt. As I had a date for a dance that evening, I didn't relish lying around three or four hours waiting for a man to be deadheaded out to us. I fired the engine into the terminal and drew twenty brownies, four days later, for failure to be out on the cars. Brownies meant nothing in my sweet young life, but I resented it, and resolved the next time such an emergency arose, the fruit could rot before I shoveled an ounce of coal.

A few weeks later I caught the Indiana Harbor Belt Connection, which was the road's real hot shot. It left Kansas City at 11 P.M., and was due at the Belt Line, just west of Chicago, by 3.45 P.M. the next day, or else hell was to pay and no pitch hot.

As he took water thirty miles up the line, the ash cat fell off the tank, and was then and there *hors de combat*. The O. R. C.,* a dried up little runt, couldn't have lifted a scoop, let alone fire one of those big engines with a firebox the size of a dining room. Our rear man was no better bet as a fireman. It looked as though I was elected.

The contract provided the brakemen did not have to even shove down coal, not to mention jumping in as a relief man, every time some bakehead fizzled.

The dispatcher asked the O. R. C. if I would fire. I said no. Then the dispatcher talked to me on the phone. I told him I was satisfied with two seventy-eight a hundred, and if the three seventy-five a bakehead got appealed to me I'd be on the fireman's board.

Wisehead was lurking around the office and got on the phone. He profanely demanded that I get on the engine, shut up, and come on to town.

"You send me a message ordering me to, so I'll have something to show, and I'll give you an answer quick," I told him.

"Call the operator," he growled.

I got my message and filed a one-word answer: No. We laid there until 6 A.M., when No. 5 and a fireman arrived. It was nearly 10 A.M. when we clanked into Midway Yards. The yardmaster told me I was fired—to take my company plunder to the office and get my money. I did; my letter read: "Discharged for insubordination."

I had about a hundred bucks coming, and didn't care much, anyhow. I was hanging around the "Y" when a young

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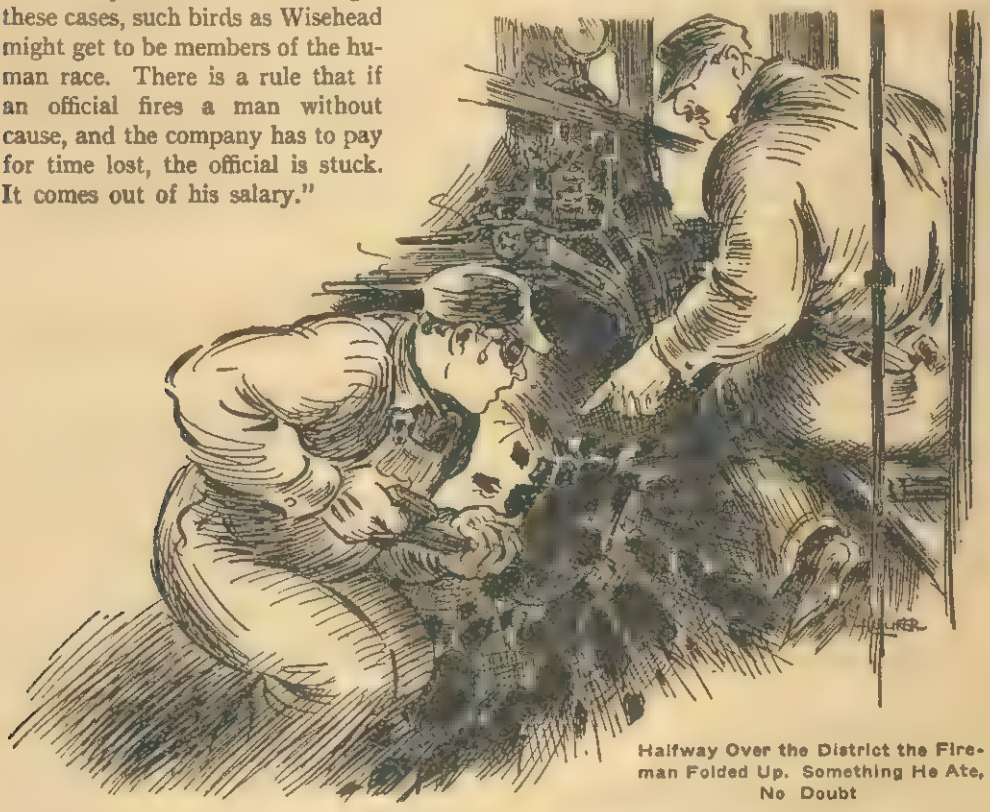
**O. R. C.: Order of Railway Conductors. Members are often referred to as O. R. C.'s.*

conductor, who was the stinger griever, came to me.

"Listen, brother, that wall-eyed dope is rawhiding the hell out of everybody. Instead of running out, why not file a grievance? If you boomers would fight these cases, such birds as Wisehead might get to be members of the human race. There is a rule that if an official fires a man without cause, and the company has to pay for time lost, the official is stuck. It comes out of his salary."



Halfway Over the District the Fireman Folded Up. Something He Ate, No Doubt

This put a new light on the subject. We got written statements from the crew of the train I had fired in a month before. I hunted through my junk and found the letter giving me the twenty marks.

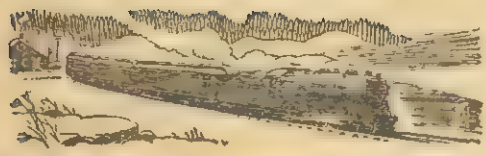
The griever put my case in the general chairman's hands, who took it up with the G. M. I was reinstated with pay and the twenty brownies wiped out. It cost Wisehead a hundred and sixty dollars!

I WAS his pet peeve now. He laid for me. I drew forty-five brownies, five at a time, for every offense in the book. Among them, five were for diffidence, whatever violation of the rules that might be. As sixty brownies automatically discharged, it was obvious what Wisehead had in mind. A month had passed when Wisehead nailed me down the second time.

The weather was hot. The flagman on No. 9, due out of Carptown, the other end of the division, fainted just as his train showed up. I was laying off, and was planning to go to Kansas City on No. 9 for a spree. I was togged in my best bib and tucker, a palm beach suit and harmonizing fixtures.

The op asked the dispatcher why I couldn't "work down" and save delay. Ready to oblige, I took the flagging equipment and piled on, still dressed in my best.

Sixty miles down the line we stopped for water. Wisehead caught the observation car as we pulled out and climbed over the rail. He glared around and demanded: "Where's the brakeman?" I confessed I was it. He started a tirade about my lack of a uniform.



I reached over and grabbed his coat lapel and said: "Listen, you miserable cur, where I come from they don't talk to white folks that way. You can fire me or not, just as you damn please, but shut up. I don't have to take your abuse; you might talk that way to these homeguards around here and get away with it; but pipe down, now, or I'll break you of your bad manners."

"I'll have you relieved at Midway," he fairly shrieked.

"O. K., but shut up about it, or they'll need someone to relieve you, too."

Wisehead jerked out a notebook and wrote a message which he dropped off at Hardy, the next station. He sat and glared at me all the way to Midway. When we got there, I said: "You meant that about firing me?"

"Yes, get off the train."

I went up the street to a restaurant to get some supper. A few minutes later Wisehead dashed in.

"Go get back on Nine," he ordered.

"I thought I was fired."

"I didn't know the circumstances. You are reinstated; go on back to work."

"Sorry, but I can't do it. You can fire me, but the contract provides that the general manager is the only one who shall have power to reinstate. I'll make out my grievance in the usual manner and present it to the lodge Sunday morning."

This was the last thing he wanted. He had his tail in a wringer and knew it. But I was adamant, and Nine was laid out an hour or more while another brakeman was dug up.

I surmised the message he dropped off at Hardy wasn't seen by the op, which accounted for the fact no one was at Midway depot to relieve me. Early the next morning I rode a drag over to Hardy and searched up and down the track for an hour. I finally found his message. It asked for a brakeman to relieve me on arrival at Midway.

My service letter this time read: "Fired for deserting passenger train, thereby delaying it one hour and twenty minutes. Services and conduct exceedingly unsatisfactory."

Don't gather that I was the only one he picked on. He neglected no one. At least thirty brakemen, ten conductors, a dozen firemen, and five or six engineers got it. He even invoked the lousiest of all rules—Rule F,* and he fired folks right and left under it.

His arrogant profanity got him a beating from one boomer whom he called a damn liar. A trained nurse explained to Wisehead the next day that the California Flyer *hadn't* hit him. Wisehead had the boomer arrested; his brotherhood bailed the man out, and he gave Wisehead another beating before skipping. I heard no complaint about the fifty-dollar bond he burned the lodge for.

The chairman told me that my case, which made Wisehead a plain liar, helped to spike his guns. I collected again, getting a hundred and fifty dollars.

THE conductors finally got rid of him. Most of the passenger men had been there since 1888, when the road was built. It took the general manager to fire one of those old heads. Wisehead got into the habit of hopping on them every time one came upstairs to register and to get orders at Midway. He jumped on Biddy Pines one night and aired him out for thirty minutes.

Meanwhile, Number Four, the crack limited of the road, stood downstairs. Pines turned in a delay report: "Delayed thirty minutes because superintendent elected to criticize me for error of one number in making out 'transportation honored, but

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** Rule F: Accidents, failure in the supply of water or fuel, defects in track, bridges, signals, or any unusual conditions which may affect the movement of trains, must be promptly reported by wire to the proper authority.*

not lifted,' report, while I was upstairs at Midway, registering."

A carbon was mailed the general manager. A half dozen such instances as this were thus turned in. Wisehead lost his head completely. He removed the oldest conductor and three others from his train at Midway, claiming the old fellow had doctored up an error in a clearance card.

What Wisehead had done was go down the line a few stations. To trap conductors, he planned to have the operator hand up a " 19 " order addressed, say, to train No. 6, with a clearance for train No. 2.

Four passenger trains went east within three hours: No. 10, No. 6, No. 4 and No. 2. It was Wisehead's idea to trap the whole bunch. The operator, however, double-crossed Wisehead and put out the orders as they should have been issued.

Wisehead figured he'd beat it in on No. 18, a local, and catch the conductors. He gloated in glee as the dispatchers told him none of these trains stopped at Means Lake, leading Wisehead to believe his trick had worked. He had four conductors called to relieve the " offenders," and he met each conductor as he came up for orders at Midway and told him he was fired and relieved then and there.

It so happened the first one was old Si Evening, the O. R. C. griever, and a wise old owl. Si hung around, kept his mouth shut and saw three other O. R. C.'s get it in a row.

Calling them all in, Wisehead demanded to see the orders they had received at Means Lake. Imagine his consternation when each one's orders and clearance card checked correctly. He sputtered and subsided in his chair like a punctured balloon.

The conductors kept their mouths shut and walked out. Wisehead was a mess! Sure he had the goods on these old boys, he had overstepped his authority and had pulled men out of service on a groundless charge.

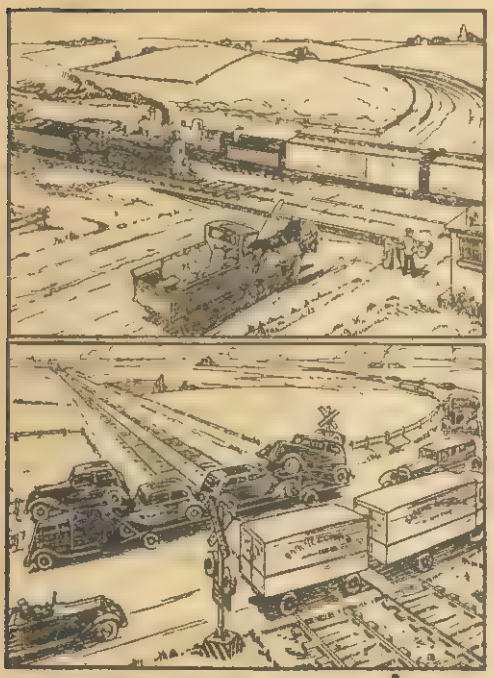
The O. R. C. general chairman went to the general offices the next morning and what he told the general manager was not fit to print. He wound up by telling the officials that unless he removed the super at once he'd wire the grand lodge for authority to take a strike vote, and that the other three brotherhoods would be tickled to take similar action.

The general manager went to Midway on No. 8. By noon Wisehead was explaining to his wife he used to work for the railroad. I got reinstated and so did twenty-five or thirty others. When I came back for my money I made a few trips and quit. My service letter read: " Resigned of own accord, services and conduct satisfactory."

In 1926, ten years afterward, while working on a road in the Texas Panhandle, where a branch was being built to a new oil field, I ran into Wisehead. He was running a transit for the contractor who had the job for building the branch. He recognized me, but merely glared at me sullenly.

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale or delivery in any state or community where the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

The Sunny Side of the Track



From The Mutual Magazine (P R.R.)
Grade Crossing—In 1896 and In 1936

* * *

CLEAN SOCKS FOR THE OP

SOME years ago when I was braking on the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, we went into a siding at Neola, Ia., to meet westbound passenger train No. 7, and we gathered in the depot office. A lady came into the waiting room. The op asked if she wanted something.

"Why, yes," she replied. "My boy is working in the Oklahoma oil fields and I'd like to send him a brand new pair of socks by wire."

"You sure can," says the op, taking the clean socks she handed him, "but you'll have to wait a few minutes for an answer." Then he went out of sight, switched the clean socks for his dirty ones and returned with his "reply." He said the boy had received the clean socks and was sending his dirty ones to her to be washed.

The woman smiled. "Yes, my boy never would change. I always have to remind him to send me his dirty socks."—H. C. Shaw, P. O. Box 297, Klamath Falls, Ore.

AT A RAILROAD JUNCTION

[This old poem, dug up by M. Langhans, of Brooklyn, N. Y., refers to South Berwick Jct., Me. It refers to the early 1870's, when the "war" between the Eastern R.R. and the Boston & Maine was at its height. The Eastern, controlling the Portland, Saco & Portsmouth R.R., refused to wait for B. & M. trains at South Berwick Jct. unless "they were in sight or whistle heard." This caused many delays to the indignant travelers. Newspapers teemed with letters of protest.]

LO, here am I at Junction Town,
At slow and woeful Junction Town,
Where devils laugh and angels frown
To see a traveler set down;
Where trains run only with a view
To help a restaurant or two;
Where rusty rails and barren boards
Are all the point-of-view affords.

What shall I do at Junction Town?
At drear and weary Junction Town?
The martyr's cross without the crown
Awaits the stranger here set down.

Oh, one may wait and wait and wait,
Or one may rail against his fate,
Or eyes and ears may strain and strain,
As later, later, grows the train,
The while the lagging minutes mock
His witless watching of the clock;
Or one may watch the station clerk
Performing his relentless work.
Oh, wretched man, of wretched function,
Existing at this Railroad Junction!

I only pray there be no Resurrection Day;
For think of Gabriel coming down
And finding one at Junction Town!

—Edmund Vance Cooke.

* * *

A BAGGAGE CAR MYSTERY

USUALLY railroad men are "pretty fly," as an old saying goes, and not easily scared. But an incident on the La Crosse Division of the St. Paul Road some time ago caused a good deal of hair to stand on end.

On the run east from St. Paul to La Crosse, a coffin was placed in the baggage car at St. Paul; and at Lake City a parrot in a cage was added. Before the train got to Winona other baggage was piled on top so the coffin only showed one end, while the parrot cage was out of sight in a safe spot behind a trunk near a water barrel.

At La Crosse the hands were changed. A hush settled over the new men as they viewed the coffin. When Conductor Fred Barnes came back into the car he kidded the men along and told them not to let a corpse get their nerve.. Cheerfully he sat down to count his tickets.

When the train reached a tunnel near Greenfield the baggagemaster was drinking from the water barrel. Suddenly a sepulchral voice that seemed to come from the coffin said:

"Dammit, let me out!"

The poor baggagemaster nearly collapsed. Barnes grabbed his lantern to look at the coffin. "Who's trying to be funny?" he demanded. "I'm an old traveler, so don't try any ventriloquism on me, boys."

By this time the baggagemaster had his breath back and swore that the corpse was alive and wanted to get out.

After the train left Greenfield the train crew gathered at a respectful distance from the casket. Barnes thought they were off their heads.

"You fellows are overworked and nervous. You need a vacation."

Just then a voice said clearly: "Oh, how I suffer!" In less than four seconds the coffin and parrot were the sole occupants of the car. When the train crew met later in the passenger coach, the conductor said: "That fellow must be gotten out of there. There's a doctor from Milwaukee in the sleeper. I'll go find him. You boys get screw drivers and lift the coffin lid."

As the men were lifting a big trunk off the casket a voice shrieked: "Glory Hallelujah! Go easy!"

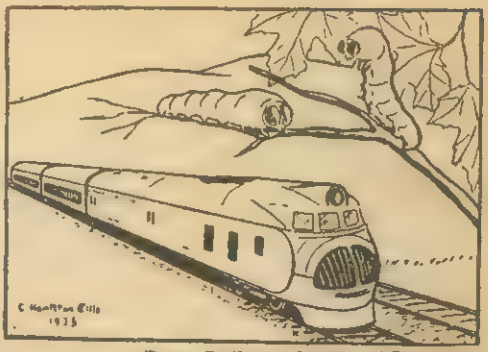
Just then the doctor came into the car with the conductor. He urged the men to hurry so the "corpse" would not be suffocated. Barnes decided to smash in the coffin. The brakeman moved the water barrel to make more space, and accidentally tipped over the cage. The parrot shook himself and said:

"There, butterfingers! Polly wants a cracker."

The baggagemaster gasped. The doctor almost had a fit from laughing so hard. Conductor Barnes, however, tried to cover up. He blustered and alibied:

"I knew it was a parrot all the time, but you boys were so darn anxious for me to chop into that big box I thought I might as well satisfy your curiosity."

Thereupon the trainmen combined their efforts to make the doctor promise not to spread the story in Milwaukee, but you know how it is.—Charles J. Ehlers, Florida, N. Y.



From Railway Gazette (England)

A WORM'S EYE VIEW

Informative Caterpillar: "There You Are, Clarence; They Have to Go Through the Larval State Just as You and I Do."

* * *

A HELLUVA TRAIN

RECENTLY I overheard two tramps discussing the Burlington "Zephyr." One made a wry face and growled: "That's a helluva train!"

"What-da-ya-mean?" asked the other.

"There ain't no place to hang onto."—Roy Edwards, Box 206, Chelsea, Okla.

* * *

SHE SURE NEEDS AN OVERHAUL

STATION agent (to family doctor, on telephone): "My wife has severe pains in the back of her neck, and complains of a stomachache."

Doctor: "She has malarial colic."

Station agent: "What shall I do for her, doc?"

Here the telephone operator switched on a machinist who was talking to his helper about an engine boiler.

Machinist (on same line): "Say, I think she is covered with scales inside about an inch thick. Let her cool down during the night, and before she fires up in the morning take a hammer and pound her thoroughly all over."

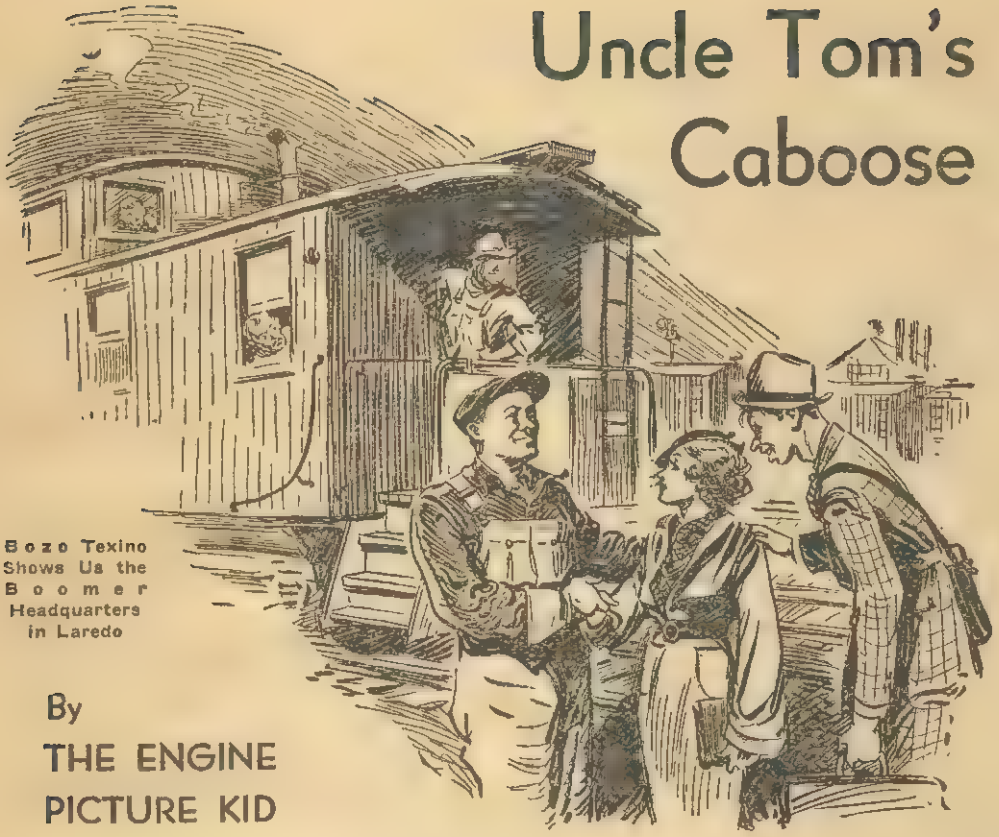
The family doctor wonders why he lost his patient.—Milwaukee Magazine.

* * *

ANOTHER FISH STORY

UPON receipt of a car labeled "Fish" consigned to a local firm, a British stationmaster remembered that such cars should be kept in motion to pump air into the tanks to keep the fish from dying. So he had the car switched back and forth periodically for 24 hours. Finally the owner came to claim the shipment and thanked the stationmaster for his alertness. However, the switching had been unnecessary—the fish were canned sardines!

Uncle Tom's Caboose



Bozo Texino Shows Us the Boomer Headquarters in Laredo

By
THE ENGINE PICTURE KID

PERSONALLY I am down in Texas looking for a Missouri Pacific hoghead named Bozo Texino* who has autographed more box cars than Babe Ruth has baseballs. Being an engine picture fien' I am naturally interested in getting shots of motive power, and Mr. Texino has promised to put me next to some good stuff on the I.-G.N., the Tex-Mex, and the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass. All of these pikes do business in his border town of Laredo.

Swinging myself and camera out of an empty gondola as the freight pulls into the Mop yards, I can see this is the place. Every car in the garden has got a picture of a man with a long pipe in his mouth and a 10-gallon hat on his head.

This is Bozo Texino's trademark. It has been seen and recognized by home guards and boomers all over North America on account of Mr. Texino has put it on maybe 100,000 freight cars in his day.

As I am standing in the yard looking around, a railroad bull eyes me.

"Say, 'bo, gonna be in Laredo long?" he says pleasantly. "We got a nice town. The jungle's two blocks down in that mesquite holler."

Of course, I am no hobo at present, but nevertheless I am glad to see that railroads officials are beginning to take a broader view of a man with a camera

*EDITOR'S NOTE: *His real name is J. H. McKinley and he lives at 2210 Coke St., Laredo, Texas.*

in his hand and an International Engine Picture Club button on his coat.

I explain that I am just an ex-call-boy and boomer tallowpot from the Happy Valley Line in Saskatchewan, and that this pike is 3½ miles long and owned by Hardshell Higgins, and that Mr. Higgins has an all-burn haired daughter named Goldenrod whom I am going to marry some day, and that me and Goldenrod is only visiting in Laredo and that neither of us is a hobo.

The bull waits for me to finish and then he grins with true Southern hospitality. "O.K., 'bo," he says. "In that case, toddle over to Uncle Tom's Caboose."

He points to a sway-backed red crummy with sun-blistered paint peeling off her sides that is blocked by a bumper on a dead-end spur opposite the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass roundhouse.

"All the boomers hang out there," the bull explains. "Sort of a clubhouse. It's better'n havin' 'em go to the hobo jungle. My idea," he adds proudly. "Me, I'm Thomas McCarthy. They call me Uncle Tom."

"Thanks, Uncle Tom," I says. "I'm glad to meetcha."

Just then an engine rolls by. She is No. 314, backing down for a cut of reefers, meaning refrigerator cars, loaded with Rio Grande grapefruit. Mr. Texino himself is lolling back on the left-hand seatbox cushions reading a copy of RAILROAD STORIES. I recognize him from a picture I seen of him in the April, 1935, issue. He's firing now, like most of the other hogheads.

When Mr. Texino spots me, he swings out of the cab. He is a 6-footer with a long bar of yellow crayon sticking out of his jumper pocket.

"Hi, there!" he calls out in a Texas drawl, and we shake hands. "Have you seen McCarthy, our local Sherlock?"

"Oh, yes," I says. "Uncle Tom and me is practically bosom pals. He's been telling me about the clubhouse."

"Yeah," comes the reply, "it's a Laredo institution. McCarthy was a boomer, too, and he fixed it up for the boys." Mr. Texino looks around like he's lost something. "Where's Goldenrod?"

"Riding the plush," I says. "Goldenrod travels first-class when she ain't with me. You know, her dad is president of the Happy Valley Line instead of being an honest hogger like he usta be, and he gets railroad passes as easy as Reader's Choice coupons."

"When Miss Higgins arrives," say the Big Texan, "we'll go over home. Gertrude's got a room ready for her—Gertrude's my wife," he explains. "*You* can bunk at the railroad Y.M.C.A." He motions me to climb into the cab of the 314 with him. "Ever fire an oil-burner?"

"No," I says. "I ain't a sissy. My firing has been—as the old saying goes—a broad back and no brains."

MR. TEXINO shows me how to handle an oil-burner with one hand. "You can use the other to wave to Mexican señoritas with," he grins.

"Not if Goldenrod is on the other side of the cab, I can't," I says. "After all, she is the girl I am engaged to, and there are some things about which women have a very narrow-gage understanding, especially when they are the daughter of a man like Mr. Higgins who has a very hair-trigger temper."

The 314 eases down to the lower end of the yard for 3 cars of bananas up from Mexico. Then we set out 3 gons loaded with sand that is going down to a glass works in Mexico City, and we pick up a load of cannel-coal from the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass Railroad. By

that time I am getting hep to firing an oil-burning goat.

"You and Goldenrod will work the garden while you're in town," explains Bozo Texino. "I fixed it up with the Division brass hats in San Antone."

Just as I'm thanking him and getting out of the cab, the Limited whistles up the line, so I beat it over to the depot. A glistening string of Pullmans glides in. Goldenrod alights from the train in a very snappy traveling suit.

"Gee, honey!" I says to her, "Laredo is an engine picture fan's dream."

"Uh-huh," says Goldenrod, flashing me a smile. "When you suggested coming here, I had a hunch it wasn't the climate."

Taking Goldenrod's hand in mine and helping her across the platform, I cannot help longing for the day when we will double-head it down the center aisle of a flower-decked church for a main line meet with the parson. However, I do not understand why she is not more enthusiastic over locomotive photographs at times.

"That looks like Bozo Texino," says Goldenrod excitedly, nodding toward the guy hurrying toward us. "My, isn't he handsome?" she whispers.

"No," I says, "I don't think so," but she ain't listening to me.

After the introductions are over our friend picks up one of Goldenrod's grips.

"Now we'll go home," he suggests. "Dinner's ready. And let's drop formality, if you don't mind. Just call me Bozo."

Bozo Texino Himself

WHILE Goldenrod helps with the dishes, she and Gertrude start talking about things of purely feminine interest like Clark Gable and hemstitching.

Bozo edges toward the door. "Come on over to Uncle Tom's Caboose," he says, "and meet the gang."

The crummy is practically a prehistoric relic that once belonged to the Pennsylvania Railroad. You can see where the old link and pin couplings were on the draft gear. Half a dozen boomer rails are gathered inside, and there is quite an argument going on when we get there.

"I tell you what the trouble with railroadin' is," declares a hatchet-faced bird who Texino tells me is "Horse-Feathers" Opdike. "It's the pipe lines. Take the Southwest. First they pipe oil. Now they're pipin' gasoline. And, fellers, let me tell you seriously, you know what they'll be pipin' next? I heard it from a Santa Fe freight agent."

"What?" asks Uncle Tom McCarthy, breaking a couple of eggs into the skillet on the stove.

"Spinach," says Horse-Feathers.

Bozo cuts in to announce our presence.

"All the boomers are here," he confides to me after the amenities of the occasion had been carried out.

"Not all of 'em," I says. "How about Turkey Moore and James Deegan and Highball John Burns?"

"I'll tell you the real trouble," says a gnarled little freight skipper, who I guess was railroading when Lincoln was splitting fence rails. "They shouldn'ta broadened the narrow gage. If we'd only kept to the narrow gage, we'da had smaller cars and more of 'em. That woulda meant more trains and more train crews and more jobs."

"Poppycock," snaps a tall slim fellow they called the Deacon, with tortoise-shell glasses set on a hooked nose. "In articulating your superficial sentimentalities and pseudo-philosophic observations, you men should beware of platitudinous ponderosity. Let your extemporaneous descantings and unpremeditated expiations have a firmer foundation in veracity."

"You tell 'em, Deacon," laughs Bozo, nudging me.

"He did," I says. "But what did he say?"

"He's just trying to tell this gang of mugs to talk sense," chirps Bozo, informing me that the guy is a brakie from the Boston elevated. "He's got more degrees than a thermometer, but he sticks to railroading."

I notice that the other boomers pay little attention to the Deacon. Uncle Tom goes right on frying eggs, and says: "We got something important to worry about right now. They're gonna make the Mop move our crummy out of here."

"Who is?" snaps Horse-Feathers.

"The city fathers," growls the bull. "Doggone it, this clubhouse is home to me."

It develops that some of the stuffed shirts on the City Council have concluded that Uncle Tom's Caboose is an eyesore, and a blot on Laredo's civic pride.

"So the Mop's gonna break it up for kindlin' and scrap," moans a feller named Drawbar Johnson.

"Gee," says Bozo, "I knew there was talk about such action, but I didn't think it would come to that."

"However," says the Deacon, who I guess is a nut, "apparently the deplorable, vexatious, repellent, calamitous and desolating eventuality is about to eventuate."

"Sure it is," says Drawbar. "We got to move next week."

Well, I can see the boomers are very broken up about this and so I offer to help them.

"Yeah? What can you do?" asks Horse-Feathers. "We've tried everything. Ain't we, Drawbar?"

Drawbar nods. "Petitions to the town, to the railroad and all. We even wrote to the Light of the Lantern department in RAILROAD STORIES, but it done no good."

"Well," I says, "oaks may fall but reeds brave the storm."

"Is your name Reed?" says the Deacon.

"No," I says. "But I got an idea," and I tell them about it.

NEXT morning before me and Goldenrod report for work, I line up the boomers in front of Uncle Tom's

Caboose and take several group photos of them.

"When I show these pictures to the Mayor," I says, "and he sees what a fine bunch of upstanding, honest citizens you are, he won't let 'em take away the crummy."

"*Maybe* he won't, you mean," corrects Drawbar.

"As the Chinese say," I remind them, "one picture is worth a million words."

I am very glad that I can do my fellow boomers a good turn while I am in Laredo.

"I got some other shots to take too," I says to Goldenrod and Bozo, who are visiting the crummy with me. "There's a couple of old Baldwin Consolidateds on the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass that ain't ever been snapped, even by Joseph Lavelle. Also a 10-wheeler, maker unknown. The nameplate's gone. She's a real old-timer. Got wooden brake beams and blind front drivers."

"Maybe some member of the International Engine Picture Club could identify her," says Goldenrod, who seems very happy to get into an engine cab again, especially after her last secretarial job on the Virginia & Truckee in Nevada.

Of course, this goat ain't got potted geraniums in the cab windows like her old engine has up on Hardshell Higgins's road in Canada. And there's more mileage in the Mop's Laredo yard than there is on Mr. Higgins's entire main line.

We're handling Bozo's 314, a smooth-running Rogers with a 4-6-0 wheel arrangement. She wasn't intended for yard service originally. She hauled full tonnage in her day. But she got old and the Missouri Pacific retired her to fussing around the pasture. They converted her into an oil-burner, too, putting an oil tank in the tender coal bunkers.

I am in favor of oil. It beats bending over a coal scoop. However, there is still work for a fireboy to do. The bell ain't automatic.

We are on the crossover, shoving a string of empty coal cars onto the R.G. & E.P. tracks. As we pass Uncle Tom's Caboose, the sound of a mournful voice singing a railroad ditty and the plunking of a guitar drifts across the rails to us. I recognize that pathetic ballad, "The Eastbound Train." Tears creep into Goldenrod's eyes as we listen to the closing words:

He said: "God bless you, little one!
Just stay right where you are!
You'll never need a tick—et
While I am on this car."

"The boomers are feeling better since I promised to fix things up for them," I says.

Goldenrod smiles through the mist. I guess she knows what a swell fixer-up I am.

"I still hope it turns out all right. I'd hate to see those boomers deprived of their clubhouse," she says sadly.

I can see she is still thinking about the little girl in the song who is going to get a pardon for her poor blind father.

Well, there's a lot of water goes through the hose before the caboose problem is finally settled. I go down to the City Hall with the pictures but I don't get to see the Mayor. The Mayor is out.

However, I am confident that all is Jake, as I leave the pictures with His Honor's secretary, a very bright young feller almost as smart as the Deacon.

That evening, after the Limited is made up for San Antone, me and Goldenrod run into Bozo Texino marking up box cars with his signature.

"How are you doing?" he says.

"O.K." says I. "Let's tell the gang at Uncle Tom's Caboose that everything is fixed."

Bozo swings aboard, and we drop off at the ancient crummy. The crowd inside starts cheering me. Uncle Tom himself drops in.

"Pardon my saying so," he says, "but our jig is up."

"Oh, no," I says. "We may have been singing, but we ain't even started to dance."

"Yeah," says Tom McCarthy. "Well, the gang will have to dance right out of here. Orders is orders. The doghouse has been condemned, officially this time. I feel as bad about it as you do."

"There must be some mistake, Uncle Tom," I says. "Didn't the Mayor see them pictures?"

"I don't know about the Mayor," answers the bull, "but the chief of police did."

"What did the chief say?" I ask.

"'A gang of mugs like that ought to be in the jug,' to quote his very words." Uncle Tom pauses disconsolately, then goes on: "He says until he seen them pictures of us he never knew such tough-looking citizens resided in his bailiwick."

"Yeah?" snaps Drawbar Johnson. "What does he think we are—a bunch of radio crooners?"

"I'm sorry," says the bull. "The order is out. We got to go."

McCarthy ain't half as sorry as I am. It ain't so much the sarcastic remarks that the boomers make about my picture taking as it is that I have failed the bunch when I set out to help them.

"Never mind," says Bozo, trying to comfort me. "You done your best."

"Maybe I can think of something else," I says.

"Skip it," says Horse-Feathers. "One more bright idea from that gnat's brain of yours, and we'll land in the hoosegow."

MY next couple of days around the yard ain't very happy, even if I am firing an oil-burner with Goldenrod handling the throttle from the engineer's seatbox.

"Cheer up," says Goldenrod. "They haven't moved Uncle Tom's Caboose yet. The boomers are still there."

"They are packing up today, honey," I says. "The crummy goes in the morning."

"Where," asks Goldenrod, "will Drawbar and the rest of them go?"

"That's the heck of it," I says. "They don't know."

We get a call to ease across town and out onto the international railroad bridge to pick up 5 Mex National box cars loaded with ore for the Laredo smelter. The bridge is a single-track affair with a gate in the middle marking the boundary between Mexico and the U. S. A.

Coming back, I'm swinging the bell for the street crossings, and the red traffic lights are up. Suddenly we hear a fire siren and I see the flashing red pumper heading straight for the crossing. Them ore cars are heavy. We can't beat the fire engine over the crossing. And we ain't got time to stop and back up.

"Duck, Goldenrod!" I shout. "The fire laddies are going to bump us."

But they don't. They swerve left and bring up against a telephone pole with resounding smack.

Jumping from the gangway, I rush over to the wrecked truck. "Gee!" I says to the driver. "How will you get to the fire?"

"What fire?" he snaps, trying to

straighten a dent in his headgear. "We was just gettin' a pack o' cigarettes for the chief."

Just then Goldenrod comes over, clasping both of her gauntlets in one slender hand.

"Hurry, boys," she says, excited. "If the truck will go, I'll pull ahead over the crossing."

"No hurry," I says. "There ain't any fire."

Goldenrod's eyes flash with the old glint that shows the Higgins's temper is being ignited again.

"Kid," she says firmly, "don't tell me I can't see with my own eyes! Besides, I smell smoke."

Of course, I know the firemen understand their own business better than Goldenrod, even if she is the best lady hogger in North America. But to save trouble, I walk out with her onto the tracks ahead of the 314. The next instant I am running back to the fire engine.

"The chief," I says, "will have to wait for his cigarettes. There is a fire —up near the other end of the Mop yard. One of them frame houses."

"Just our luck," moans the driver, surveying his wrecked truck grimly. "First fire in eight months, an' this has to happen! Oh, baby, will the chief be sore!"

By this time quite a crowd have gathered around the scene of the accident, including Bozo Texino, who absent-mindedly starts to autograph the fire engine.

Suddenly the fire whistle blares out from the station house up the street. A motor roars into action. Another piece of apparatus, with men clinging to every available handhold, wheels down the thoroughfare. Bell is clanging and siren shrilling.

"Huh!" snorts one of the stalled firemen. "That hook an' ladder won't do much good."

"Yeah," replies another, "if we don't get this pumper down there, the whole lower end of town will go up in smoke."

"And flames," I add. "As you firemen should know, where there's smoke there's a conflagration."

THEN I remember that Bozo and Gertrude's house is located in that part of town.

"We gotta get this fire engine down there," I suggest.

"Sure!" says a fireman, sarcastic. "But how? Fire trucks don't roll so good on 3 wheels."

"Goldenrod," I says, "there's a coupla flat cars in the yard. Let's get them. With some planks, we can put this fire engine aboard and wheel her down to the fire."

"O.K." says Bozo. "It's an idea. But we'll need help."

"Get the boomers," I says, as Bozo cuts us loose from the ore cars and we roll after the flats.

"How's the conflagration?" I says to Goldenrod. "Can you see?"

"Looks as if it's spreading," she replies. "The smoke is pretty thick. There's some men down there. But they don't seem to be making much headway with a bucket brigade."

Bozo has rounded up the boomers by the time we get back with the flat cars. Somebody has located some planks. Louis Galbraith, the master mechanic on the Rio Grande & Eagle Pass, comes running over from his roundhouse with a couple of pinch bars. Everybody is busy edging the fire engine up onto one of the flat cars, and as I do not want to interfere, I hasten back to the cab of the 314 for my camera and take some very unique shots.

In fact, I am still taking them when Bozo gives Goldenrod the highball. I barely clutch the cab grab-irons and swing aboard as we clatter through the yards hauling the flat car behind us.

The fire engine rocks and sways as we jounce over switch points. Firemen and boomers are clustered around her, hanging onto each other and anything solid to keep from falling off themselves during our mad half-mile dash over the Mop tracks.

The wind is blowing great clouds of smoke across the track. Gasping and choking, Goldenrod spots the flat car as close to the nearest hydrant as she can.

"Can you make it from here, boys?" she calls back, slapping out a flaming cinder that has whipped through the gangway into the cab and lighted on the sleeve of her jumper.

"Pull up about 50 feet if you can, Miss," sings out one of the firemen.

Goldenrod nods.

"Listen," I says. "You better scram, honey. You'll get burned."

"I'm running this goat, fireboy," says Goldenrod excitedly. "After we get the pumper spotted, the Deacon is going to cut us loose. Then we'll pull ahead, and wait. They might need us again."

She eases open the throttle, glancing back through the murk of acrid, nostril-stinging smoke for the Deacon's stop sign. When she gets it, she stops on a dime. The Deacon cuts us loose, and we pull ahead.

By the time I get back to the fire, the pumper is already pouring a stream of water into the blazing building. The bucket brigade is sloshing water on neighboring houses, barns and sheds to wet them down so the fire won't spread. The boomers form another brigade. Everybody is busy, so I take some more pictures and then do what I can to help.

"This shift in wind saved us," somebody shouts. "It's blowing across the tracks."

A tongue of flame shoots up on the other side of the flat car.

"It's just that darned old caboose," says a hose-wielder, giving the new blaze a contemptuous glance.

MEANWHILE, Goldenrod has wheeled the 314 way into the clear. She is over on the left-hand side of the cab watching the fire-fighters and looking for signals.

Gradually the hissing streams of water from the hoses bring the flames under control. There ain't much left of the house, though most everything was saved out of it, including a parrot by the boomers, which must of once belonged to a sea captain, the way it is carrying on. As the soot-blackened rails back away and begin to gather around the flat car, a shout goes up from Horse-Feathers.

"Look!" he bellers. "While we been busy Uncle Tom's Caboose has burned to the ground!"

It's true. There's nothing left of the ancient crummy but charred timber ends, the stove and the heat-twisted wheel trucks.

"Yeah," says Drawbar. "An' I had a mess o' corn beef hash on that stove when all the ruckus started!"

It is late in the afternoon by the time the firemen have gone home. The flat car with the fire engine on it is moved out of the way.

Me and Goldenrod are through for the day. We walk up the yard to where the boomers are standing around in a sad group beside the smoking remains of their crummy.

"I can put a couple of you fellows

up for the night on the kitchen floor," Bozo volunteers.

"Thanks," says Drawbar. "You got company. Anyhow, that would only help temporary. We gotta figger a way out permanent."

About this time a big automobile pulls up on the street that runs parallel to the Mop yards, and three fellers get out of it.

"That little guy is the chief of police," says Horse-Feathers. "Gonna look the scene of the fire over, I guess."

"If you will pardon a modest correction to that statement," says the Deacon, "I believe closer observation will lead you to concur in the opinion that said triumvirate of specimens of the *genus homo sapiens* accoutred in the garb, raiment, or clothing of gentlemen are definitely approaching us and traveling due northeast by the compass without allowing for local magnetic deviation of the needle."

"The tall bird is the Mayor," says Bozo. "I met him once at a fish fry."

After looking at the blackened skeleton of Uncle Tom's Caboose for a minute, His Honor turns to me.

"I see I arrived too late," he says.

"You was gonna destroy it anyway," I says boldly, "after you seen my pictures."

"Are you the Engine Picture Kid?" asks the Mayor.

"Yes," I says, "and here's Goldenrod—and Bozo Texino—and the Deacon—"

"So *you* made those pictures?" says the Mayor. "Well, I was out of town when they arrived, but as soon as I saw them I hurried right over. And now it's too late," he repeated glumly.

"What's too late?" Bozo pipes up.

"I wanted to save your clubhouse," says the Mayor.

"In that case," suggests Tom McCarthy, "maybe you can help us boomers to get hold of another abandoned old crummy."

"I'm sure I can," says the Mayor, "especially after the good work you fellows did this afternoon in aiding the Laredo Fire Department." He goes back to his big automobile. "Oh, by the way, I'd like to get enlargements of those photographs. Want them framed and hung up in my office. You see, I'm a railroad man myself. I used to be a brass pounder on the Katy."

THAT night me and Goldenrod is taking a stroll through the park along with Bozo Texino, and Goldenrod says sort of dreamy like: "The excitement of the fire and everything has done something to me, Kid."

"Singe your eyebrows?" I ask.

Goldenrod shakes her head.

"No," she says slowly. "Something inside. This boomer trail is glorious, but I seem to be getting homesick. I wonder what Dad is doing now in Plainview?" She puts her hand in mine and looks up softly. "Let's go home to the Happy Valley again—for a while, at least."

"It's O.K. with me, honey," I says. "Any time at all."

When that's settled, Bozo pipes up: "Don't leave Texas until after you see the big Centennial celebration we're going to have at Dallas."

"Yeah, I'd like to see it," I says, "and then go back to Saskatchewan and be barked at by Mr. Higgins. Bozo, if you ain't heard Mr. Higgins bark at a fireboy, especially one who is practically his son-in-law, you ain't heard nothing yet."

But I guess I can take it. Besides, I'm getting lonesome myself for that 3½-mile wooden-axle pike across the Canadian prairies.

American Photo Studios, Neptuno 43, Havana, Cuba

Cuba's First Locomotive

DOWN in the Central Railroad Station in Habana, Cuba, majestically rests a locomotive that lacks only a few years of being an even hundred years old. It dates back to Cuba's first railroad. What is known as the United Railways of Habana today, running from Habana to Pinar del Rio in the west and to Santa Clara in the east, is a consolidation of bits of railroad, starting in 1834 with the authorization, by King Ferdinand VII of Spain, of the floating of a loan in England for $2,000,000 for the construction of a railroad from Habana to Güines. The first section of the railroad, from Habana to Bejucal, was inaugurated on the 19th of November, 1837. Thus Cuba's first railroad was opened ten years before construction began in Spain, the mother country at that time.

From this early date, other pieces of railroad were authorized, constructed and opened to traffic. On September 28, 1839, the governor general of the Island of Cuba granted a perpetual concession to the Ferrocarril de Matanzas (Matanzas Railroad) for a line from Matanzas to the hacienda (estate) "Las Piedras." The first stretch of this railroad was inaugurated from Matanzas to Guanábana on November 1, 1843. The locomotive that hauled that first train on this line was known as "La Junta," and is now mounted on the original rails and ties in the Central Station of the United Railways of Habana in Habana, Cuba. Built by Rogers, Ketchum & Grosvenor of Paterson, N. J., about 1843, she was one of that firm's first outside-connected engines.

Into the wheels of this engine is cast the name of the Lobdell Wheel Co., Wilmington, Delaware, with the date, May 4, 1887, indicating that the original wheels have been discarded for these newer ones. Her cylinders are 12 by 18 inches; her drivers 55 inches in diameter; her wheel base, 13 feet, 7 inches; her boiler, 38 inches in diameter. She boasts a grate area of eight square feet and 85 tubes in her boiler.—Russell Raymond Voorhees.

By the Light of the Lantern

Ask us what you want to know

RAILROAD questions are answered here without charge, but these rules must be observed:

(1) Not more than two questions at a time. No queries about employment.

(2) Always enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope, to facilitate our getting in touch with you if necessary. We will print only your initials.

(3) Don't be disappointed if answers do not appear at once. They are printed two months before date of issue.

IN past issues you have stated that the exhaust of a locomotive in good order should be uniform, and that each blast should be equally intense under the same head of steam. How do you explain the fact that I have heard many engines undoubtedly in good condition whose exhausts do not seem evenly timed?—W. L. P.

What you probably refer to is the unequal interval between the four blasts which occur every time the drivers of a simple, two-cylinder locomotive revolve. This is a very real condition, since no engine can be without it; and the degree that it is noticeable depends upon the length of the main rod and somewhat less upon the length of piston stroke. The phenomenon is due to what is rather inexactly known as the angularity of the main rod, which is really a convenient way of expressing the fact that although a driving wheel may complete a half revolution as its piston completes a full stroke, that driver does not complete a quarter revolution precisely when its piston completes a half stroke. Now, since valve "events" are timed in relation to the piston stroke and not to the degrees of driver revolution, the exhaust from one side will not occur when the drivers on the other, so to speak, have completed a quarter revolution, but just before or just afterward. And so, during a single revolution of the drivers, the spent steam is exhausted four times, not in equally-spaced blasts, but in blasts which occur slightly off beat. The shorter the main rod and the longer the piston stroke, the more can this peculiarity be heard. And since switchers generally use relatively short main rods, they demonstrate the phenomenon better than most road engines.

WHEN were the prevailing type of superheaters first used in the United States, and on what engines were they applied?

(2) What are the world's largest ten-wheelers? How do the camelback ten-wheelers, Nos. 780-789, of the Jersey Central, rank with them?—P. J. B., N. Y. City.

(1) The principle of the superheater has been known for more than a hundred years, but the fire tube superheater as we know it was introduced by Dr. Wilhelm Schmidt, of Cassel, Germany, in 1902. Four years previous smokebox-type superheaters of his invention had been tried out on several engines of the Prussian State Railways. They did not resemble his later efforts very much, and the design of 1902 is really the prototype of our modern standard superheaters, manufactured by the Elesco Company. Despite the fact that many different superheaters were tried in this country between 1900 and 1910, the Schmidt type won out; and in July, 1910, Elesco made its first large application of superheaters to the brand new Alco-built Class Q-4 Pacific types of the Northern Pacific, numbered from 2208 to 2225. Nos. 2210, 2211, 2213, 2215-2225, according to our records, still are or recently have been in service. Photo of No. 2224 as she looked when built on page 81.

(2) The heaviest ten-wheelers, so far as we can determine, are those in Class G-5s of the Pennsylvania and its subsidiary, the Long Island RR. See Long Island roster in this issue for photo and specifications. Nos. 780-789 of the CRRofNJ are beyond doubt the heaviest 4-6-0 camelbacks ever constructed, but they are surpassed by both Class G-5s and at least one 4-6-0 of the Reading.

WHO can get railroad passes?—L. B., Denver.

According to the U. S. Interstate Commerce Act, a person entitled to apply for free transportation on railroads must be one of the following: a road's employee or member of his family, its officer, agent, surgeon, physician, or lawyer; a

minister of religion, traveling secretary of a railroad Y. M. C. A., inmate of a hospital or charitable institution, or a person exclusively engaged in charitable work; an indigent, destitute or homeless person or the necessary agent accompanying him; an inmate of a national or state home for disabled volunteer soldiers or of a soldiers' or sailors' home; a necessary caretaker of live stock, poultry, milk and fruit; and employees on a sleeper or express car; a lineman of a telegraph or telephone company; a Railway Mail Service employee; a post office, customs, or immigration inspector; a newsboy on the trains, a baggage agent, a witness attending any legal investigation in which the railroad is interested; or a person injured in a wreck, and the physicians and nurses attending him.

D. D., Montreal, Canada.—Canada's largest railway shops are the Canadian Pacific's Angus Shops in Montreal.

(2) The last reports we have on Canadian Pacific No. 8000, the multi-pressure 2-10-4 type, indicate that she is still being used in the Rockies. See answer to L.C.H. for data on her.

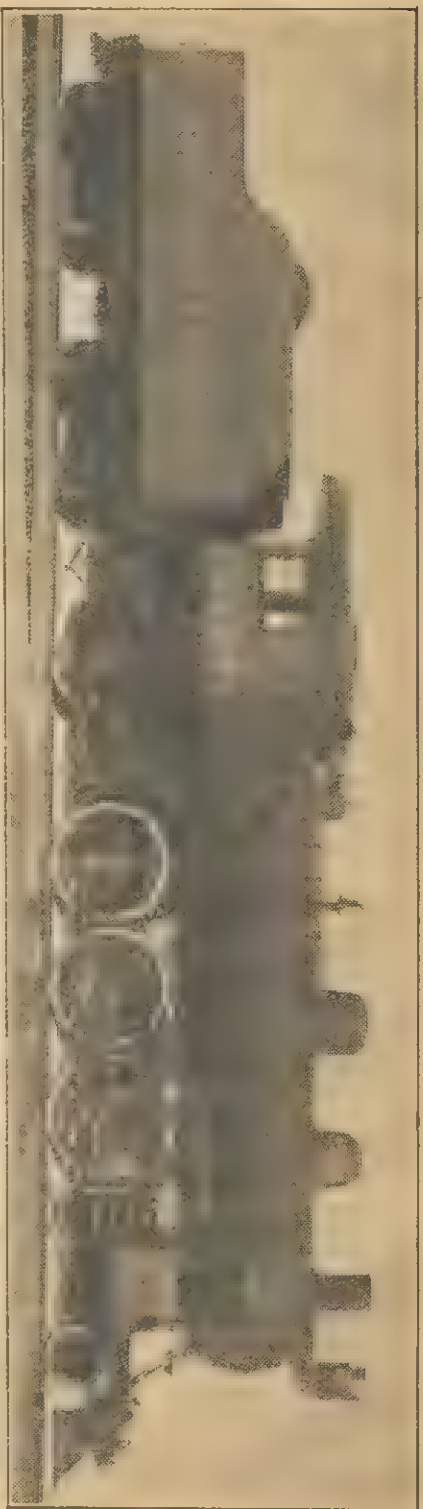
WHAT type of engines are used on the second sections of the C&NW's "400" and the Milwaukee's "Hiawatha"?

(2) *Aren't there larger engines used in both passenger and freight service than the C&NW 3000 series, 4-8-4 type? The C&NW advertises them as the world's largest dual service locomotives.*—E. H.

(1) The C&NW uses either the extra engine of the four Class E-2a oil-burning Pacifics which are assigned to the *400* or one of the Class E-2b's, which have the same dimensions but are coal-burners. The Milwaukee uses either its 6400 series, 4-6-4 type, or its Class F-3 Pacifics, which have 24 x 28 cylinders and 79-inch drivers. The American Locomotive Co. is constructing another 4-4-2 streamlined engine like the two which now haul the *Hiawatha* to supplement them.

(2) Yes, there are. As you point out, the Southern Pacific uses its 4-8-8-2's in both freight and passenger service, and while we can think of no other example offhand (the CPR 2-10-4's are none of them as large and heavy as the C&NW 3000 series), we agree that the C&NW boys slipped up a bit. However, the SP 4-8-8-2's are hardly passenger engines in the true sense of the word, for they are used only to haul heavy passenger trains at slow speeds over the mountains in lieu of regular passenger engines and pushers. For this reason we wouldn't exactly quarrel with the advertising of the C&NW.

G. G.—The steam dome is always located on the highest part of the locomotive's boiler, and thus can easily be distinguished from the



The First Large Application of Modern Superheaters Was Made in 1910 to the Northern Pacific's New Class Q-4 Engines Numbered from 2203 to 2225. This is No. 2224 as She Looked When Built. See Answer to P. J. B., on Opposite Page

Photo from J. H. Powers, 812 Jacksonia St., N. S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Local Passenger Train of the Cumberland & Pennsylvania R. R. Snapped 18 Years Ago at Allegany, Md., 4 Miles from Mt. Savage, Md., Where the First Iron Rails in the Country Were Rolled in 1844. The Locomotive Is No. 9, an Old Ten-Wheeler

sand dome, which is not only larger, but is generally placed ahead of it, where the boiler is smaller and there is consequently more room.

(2) The "objects on top and in the center of the boiler on Frisco No. 1524" are the main air reservoirs, which were placed there instead of in the usual position under the running board because the new location seemed more convenient.

S. A. and others, Brooklyn.—The new Class T-3 4-8-4 types of the Lehigh Valley are neither the heaviest and largest 4-8-4's in the country nor in the East. Right in their own territory the new 1631 series of the Lackawanna have the edge on them by 8,000 lbs. of weight, and the new 600's of the Chesapeake & Ohio (see page 88 of last month's issue) by 38,000 lbs. And, of course, out West the C&NW 3000's and the GN 2550 series are considerably heavier.

(2) We have no class letters on file for RF&P and Tuckerton power.

T. G. W., San Francisco.—The San Joaquin & Eastern, which ran from El Prado to Big Creek, Calif., 53 miles, was incorporated in 1912, when it was built by the Southern California Edison Co. to transport materials and men to its Big Creek power project. For the last few years before 1931, when it was abandoned, it lost money, and last year it was torn up. At the time it was abandoned it boasted 11 locomotives and 34 cars, and employed 38 people. Photos of one of its engines and scene showing its track being torn up on page 84.

O. K., McKeesport, Pa.—The initials C&P stand for the Cumberland & Pennsylvania—not Cumberland & Pittsburgh. The road was incorporated in 1850, opened in 1857, and runs between Cumberland, Md., and Piedmont, W. Va., 49 miles, has 12 locomotives, 163 freight and 6 passenger cars, and a year ago employed 280 people. Controlled by the Consolidation Coal Co., it is just about breaking even. Photo of one of its trains above.

E. C. B., Castleton, Vt.—The Vermont Valley, which runs from Bellows Falls to Brattleboro, Vt., 24 miles, was chartered in 1848, opened in 1851, and taken over by the B&M in 1877, but operated independently for some time. In 1900 it had 8 locomotives and 110 cars.

R. H.—The Rockcastle River RR, which previous to its incorporation in 1913 was operated as the Rockcastle RR, was used primarily to deliver the lumber of the Bond-Foley Lumber Co. to the L&N at E. Bernstadt, Ky. It ran from Viva to Bond and Viva to E. Bernstadt, 16 miles, had 1 locomotive, 4 cars and in 1931 employed 17 people. It was abandoned in 1932.

J. L. B., Caldwell, W. Va.—The Greenbrier, Cheat & Elk was organized in 1910 to conduct the railroad operations of the West Virginia Pulp & Paper Co. In 1914 it became a common carrier. It runs from Cheat Jct. to Bergoo, 74 miles; Bergoo to Webster Springs, Holly Jct. and Jonathan Mine, 18 miles. In 1927 it was leased by the Western Maryland, which now operates it.

Photo by D. H. Mann, Box 282, Ogden, Utah

Between Seven A.M. and Seven P.M. with an Hour Off for Lunch—Track Laying Crews of the Old Central Pacific Land Their Mark of Nine Miles Ninety Set the World's Record Which Will Stand for Generations. It is Located Near Promontory, Utah, Not Far Away From the Place Where the Engines Met Uniting the Eastern Pacific and the Union Pacific Were Driven on May 10, 1869. Since the Completion of the Cutoff Across Great Salt Lake, Promontory Has Lost Its Importance as a Railroad Center, but the Southern Pacific is Now Seeking to Abandon That Portion of It between the Main Line and Ogden, a Town Built Directly West of This Point

Upper Photo by D. W. Thelen, R. F. D. [illegible] Wright Creek, Calif.; Lower by A. Alter, 1541 Winona Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

Exit the San Joaquin & Eastern' (Upper) Eng[illegible] No. 1[illegible] Loma Built 1912 Shay Type, Snapped at Auberry, Calif., 18 Months Ago. (Lower) Wrecking Crew Tearing up the Line 3 Miles North of Sharpville, Calif., in Aug., 1935

H. A. W.—The Milwaukee and New York Central Hudson types are practically identical in most important dimensions, including boiler size and heating surfaces. Their only noteworthy difference is in diameter of cylinders and starting tractive force: the Milwaukee engines have 26-inch instead of 25-inch cylinders and therefore exert 3,500 lbs. more starting t.f. For practical purposes this difference is hardly worth extended comment.

Although the C&NW Class E-2a and Class E-2b Pacifics have a t.f. rating equal to that of the Milwaukee's 4-6-4's, they cannot compare in boiler size and capacity, and therefore cannot duplicate the performance of the 4-6-4's in hauling heavy loads at speed.

B. W.—The 3-ft. gage Iron Mountain Ry. (Calif.) ran from Keswick to Iron Mountain, Calif., 11 miles. It was chartered in 1895 and opened the next year; had 5 locomotives and 96 cars. It is now abandoned.

M. O., Chicago.—The Chicago, West Pullman & Southern was incorporated in 1909 as a consolidation of the old Chicago, West Pullman & Southern and the Calumet & Southeastern. It runs from 120th and Loomis, Chicago, to 104th and Torrence, S. Chicago, and operates 13 miles of track, 3 of which it owns. It has 12 locomotives, 223 cars, and employs about 110 people.

J. F., Los Angeles.—The factor of safety of locomotive boilers is 4. This means that a

boiler must be able to withstand stresses four times as great as those to which it is subjected in everyday use. It is possible to compute the factor of safety from the boiler's dimensional details, but the process is complicated and embraces too many factors to warrant our printing it here.

WHY has the vacuum brake remained standard on practically all the British railways, whereas the Westinghouse has displaced everything else in America?—R. M. H., Staten Island.

The vacuum brake is as old as the air brake, and for a while challenged the supremacy of the latter right here in America. The Eames Co., an American concern, not only found considerable business here, but actually sent a Baldwin-built engine over to England to demonstrate its brake. (See page 86 for photo). With the ever-increasing weight of American trains and motive power, and the development of the automatic air brake, however, the vacuum brake came upon evil days, and today is practically extinct in North America. In Europe—particularly in Great Britain—the automatic vacuum brake was developed and widely applied, and for many years reigned supreme. It still does in Great Britain, but on the continent the Westinghouse and Kunze-Knorr systems, which are interchangeable, are making headway and may supplant the vacuum system.

The advantages of the vacuum brake are its simplicity and low cost, neither of which detracts in the least from its efficacy as a braking system. Its chief disadvantage is the low pressure which it uses, and the larger pipes and cylinders necessary to make the low pressures work. When equipment got heavy, this factor gave the air brake a decided advantage; and it at once explains the vacuum brake's demise over here as well as its continued vogue in Great Britain.

J. J. F., Atlantic City, N. J.—According to the most recent reports of the Interstate Commerce Commission, there are 19 Forney types (17 of them 2-6-4T and 2 0-4-4-T type) owned by Class I roads of the U. S. These roads also own three 2-4-2, four 2-4-6 and eighteen 2-6-6 types, which may or may not be Forneys. Presumably most of them burn coal, but there is no specific information available on this point. How many Forneys are owned by roads other than Class I we do not know, since no statistics have been compiled on them.

WHY is Canadian Pacific No. 0000 called a multi-pressure locomotive?—L. C. H., Charlottesville, Va.; T. W., Montreal.

Because it uses three separate boiler pressures. One of them (1,350 lbs.) is contained in sealed tubes, and is used merely to heat a small boiler generating 850 lbs. of steam per square inch. This boiler is connected with the small cylinder (15½ x 28 in.), which uses the steam and then exhausts it into the main cylinders (24 x 30 in.). However, the main cylinders are also supplied by the main boiler, which generates steam at 250 lbs. pressure. Weighing 485,000 lbs. without tender, the engine has 63-in. drivers and exerts 90,000 lbs. t.f.

I. R., Philadelphia.—Photo and data on new Santa Fe stainless steel light-weight coach on page 86.

WILL there be any real (that is, steam) railroading for us who want to make it our vocation ten years from now?—G. A. W.; J. F.

We don't pretend to be prophets, and if there were any doubt about the matter we'd certainly be inclined to hedge a little. Fortunately, however, it doesn't take a gift of prophesy to tell you that steam will roll most railroad trains, not only ten years from now, but many times ten years from now. We'll even go so far as to guess that your children will be asking the same question—and getting the same answer.

WHAT is the first step in becoming a railroad engineer?—M. S.; J. F.; F. S.

All railroad engineers are promoted firemen; and most firemen have worked in the mechanical department of a railway—usually in the roundhouse—while waiting for their chance to hire out in engine service. Even today, then, the best course for a young fellow who aspires to the right hand side is to get as much schooling as he can and "hit the roundhouse" for a job.

F. S.—It is difficult to compare the rank of master mechanic and trainmaster, since neither is directly superior or inferior to the other. On most roads the master mechanic's authority falls between that of the roundhouse foreman and the mechanical superintendent or superintendent of motive power, and the trainmaster's between that of the general yardmaster and the division superintendent. Both have usually ascended from the lower position, and both often have their eyes on the one above. From the salary standpoint they are more or less equal, and thus may be considered as ranking about the same in their respective fields.

E. T. H., Pitman, N. J.—Whether or not a locomotive can start and lift itself over pennies placed on the rails directly in front of and touching each wheel depends on the specifications of the locomotive and the thickness of the penny. The first thing to do is to reconstruct

North America's Most Modern Day Coach—Stainless Steel Car No. 3070 of the Santa Fe, Recently Completed by the Edward G. Budd Co. Although It is Fully as Long (About 80 Feet) and Wide (About 10 Feet) as Standard Equipment, It Weighs Only a Little More Than Half as Much—83,530 Lbs. Including Supplies. Air Conditioned, Indirectly Lighted, and Finished in Colorful Good Taste, It Seats Only 52 Passengers, for Much of Its Space Is Given over to Pullman Style Lounge Rooms

the grade that is effected by putting the pennies on the rails. This can be done by simply ascertaining the rise of a line drawn from the point where the rim of the wheel rests on the rail through the point where the rim touches the edge of the penny. If this line rises no more sharply than the steepest grade up which a locomotive can pull itself, the locomotive obviously can ride over the pennies from a dead start.

HOW and where can I get a locomotive bell? —C. P., Monterey Park, Calif.

We're not experts on the subject, but we'd say that you might be able to obtain a bell from some old-timer waiting to be scrapped by going to a responsible party in the mechanical offices—say the master mechanic—and stating your purpose, offering to pay whatever price the proper authorities deem it worth. If you're lucky, and the official likes you and has enough authority, he may even give the bell away. But don't count on that—or even on being able to purchase it.

S. L. G.—The New York Central's high pressure 4-8-4 type, although it lived up to its expectations in thermal efficiency, has not been a howling success mechanically. Our guess is that the expense of keeping her water-tube boiler in

Photo from W. A. Lucas, 56 Tuxedo Ave., Hawthorne, N. J.

The 5000th Locomotive Turned Out by the Baldwin Works, Built in 1880 for the Philadelphia & Reading. She Had 18x24 Cylinders, 78-Inch Drivers, and Used a Novel Device That Enabled the Weight on Her Drivers to Be Increased by Changing the Balance of Her Rear Equalizing Beams. She Was Never Operated by the P. & R., but Was Bought by the Eames Vacuum Brake Co. and Sent to England. See Answer to R. M. H., on Page 85

shape wasn't worth the trouble under present conditions.

(2) We'd have to go to the roads direct for information about specific engine failures, and since we couldn't hardly blame them for not wanting to keep us informed on all such occurrences, we'd rather not ask them.

DON'T a few American roads use a 4-foot, 9-inch gage?—E. A. W.

Many did, but most have been standardized at 4 feet, 8½ inches. For practical purposes, the two gages are the same, and the same equipment is used on both. A couple small lines still are listed as using 4-foot, 9-inch track—offhand we can think of only the Aberdeen & Rock Fish. Incidentally, the Alaska R.R. is put down as using 4-foot, 8-inch gage

WHERE is the longest piece of straight track in North America?

(2) *What type of side-rod engine is best adapted to rough track and sharp curves?*—C. H. A., Hartell, Alta.

(1) We've seen several statements on this subject, and they all disagree. Your belief that it is located between Camrose and Alliance, Alta., on the CNR, is worth taking seriously, since a tangent of about 50 miles might be possible there. If readers will coöperate with us by sending us examples of long straight stretches of North American track, giving the exact extent and the names of appropriate places, we'll be glad to compile a list of them, and thus have something to show which will be reasonably accurate.

(2) An 0-6-0 type would fill the bill if speed is no object; otherwise a 2-6-0 would do. We assume, of course, that you can't use anything very heavy, and that you are thinking in terms of a logging road. If you aren't (please excuse us for not being mind readers), we'd still suggest something nice and light—say a good ten-wheeler, or even an eight-wheeler.

I HAVE noticed that many of the new fast trains use a second headlight to throw a beam of light straight up in the air. What is this for?

(2) *Why don't railroads use their own engines to pull their trains over the tracks of connecting roads?*—W.M.N., Philadelphia.

(1) The vertical beam of light can be seen for miles—long before the whistle is blown—and is used to warn motorists that a fast train is traveling near them.

(2) Sometimes they do—especially when the train does not travel very far over the connecting line's tracks, or when the train is handed over solid to the connecting line. In most other cases, you will find, the train becomes only part of another train on the connecting line, and hence it is patently better for the connecting line to haul its own train over its own tracks with its own locomotives. It is hard to be other than vague with your question, since circumstances alter almost every case of this kind, and there is no standard practice.

FREE ILLUSTRATED BOOKLET

TO celebrate its 50th Anniversary, the Florida East Coast Ry. has printed a well-illustrated, 31-page history of its lines entitled, "The Story of a Pioneer," a copy of which will be sent free to any reader of this magazine as long as the supply lasts. Write to J. D. Rahner, General Passenger Agent, Florida East Coast Ry., St. Augustine, Fla. Mention RAILROAD STORIES, but do not write to us.

Additions and Comments

HERE'S one for you: where's Oxford Tunnel located? Our eminent correspondent and able hoghead of Laredo, Texas, Mr. Bozo Texino, declares he's seen box cars marked "Too high and wide for Oxford Tunnel." Since most box cars have smaller clearance limits than engines, this Oxford Tunnel must certainly be a rifle-caliber bore. Can any reader tell us where it is?

The 1935 edition of the Enginemen's Mutual Improvement Class Papers, printed by the LMS Ry. of Great Britain, is now available. It is a 16-page booklet containing reprints of articles in the LMS Magazine; the current number discusses Diesel locomotives, driver's brake valve, Walschaert Valve Gear, and the exhaust steam injector. Copies cost 4 pence (as we said before, better send a dime), postpaid, and can be obtained from W. W. Sharp, editor of the LMS Magazine, Euston Station, London, N. W. 1, England.

The Association of American Railroads, whose head office is located in the Transportation Building, Washington, D. C., has issued three pamphlets which we think you'll like to read:

"Tax-paying and Tax-spending Transportation," "Highway Competition," and a general letter "To Those Whose Interest in Railroads Is More Than Casual." For the most part they take up the case against unfair competition. Copies will be sent free to any reader writing to the AAR at Washington, D. C.

Locomotives of the Long Island Railroad

Photos from H. O. Bailey Studios, 811 Cherry St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Both of These Old-Time "Mother Hubbards" Have Gone to the Scrap Heap. Upper Is Ten-Wheeler No. 7, and Lower Is Atlantic Type No. 1

Photo by F. J. Quin, 205 Lefferts Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

No. 118, One of the Long Island's Class H-10s, the Heaviest Steam Engines on the Road

THE 102-year-old Long Island R. R., whose 397 miles of line constitute all the railroad worth talking about on Long Island (except, of course, subway, elevated and trolley systems), is from at least one point of view the nation's most unique railroad: Its passenger revenues are three times as great as its freight revenues, which account for only 24% of the money it takes in by railroad operation. For Long Island manufactures little; it imports only enough heavy goods to supply its residents, who support the railroad mainly by riding on it. Since 1900 it has been owned by the Pennsylvania R. R., under whose management it has electrified 138 miles of its line, was the first American railroad (in 1905) to use steel passenger cars on regular trains, and was the first road (in 1927) to eliminate completely wooden passenger equipment. The depression has hit it hard, operating revenues having dropped from more than $41,000,000 in 1929 to a little over $24,000,000 in 1934; but it has managed to make money, and in 1934 net income, after all charges, was $329,452 (it was around $6,000,000 in both 1929 and 1930).

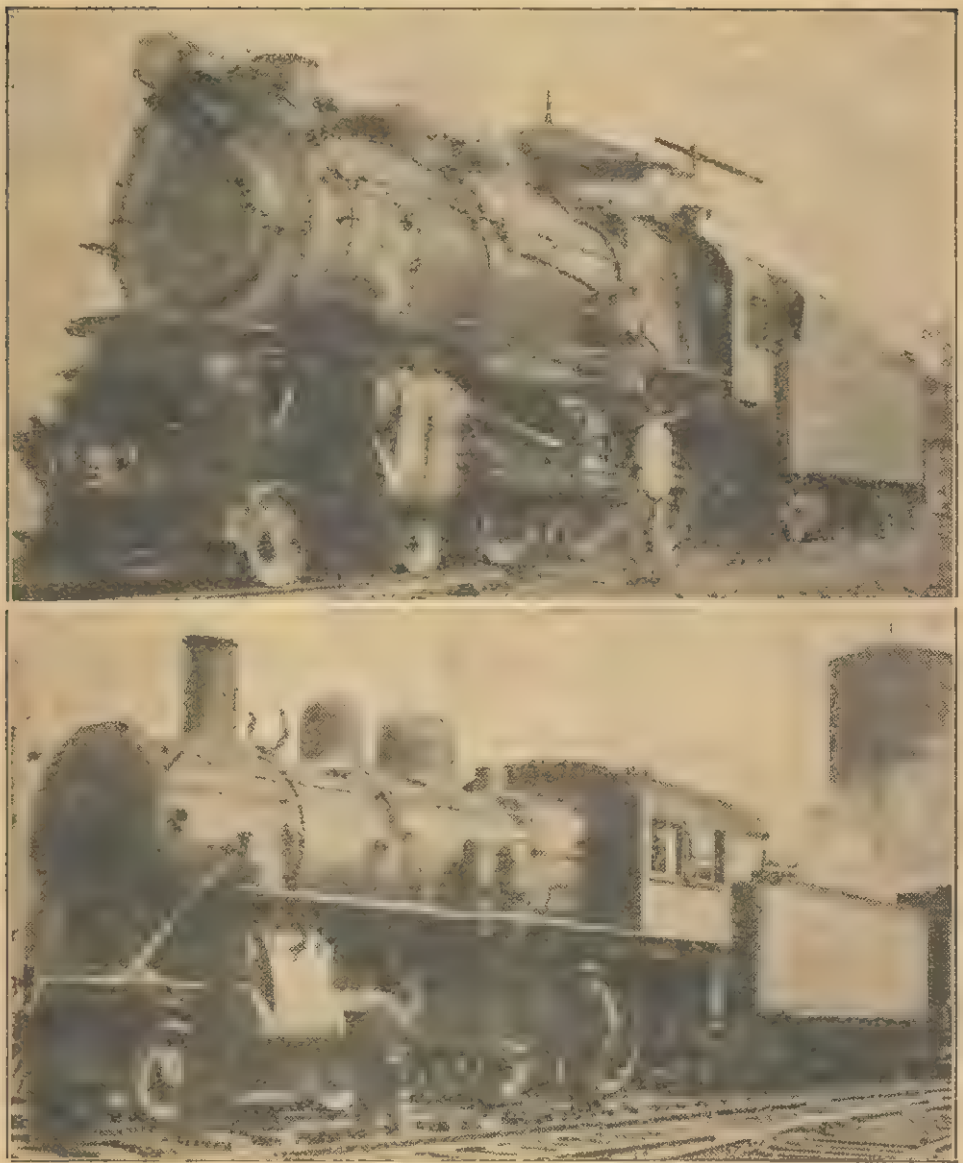
Photo from H. O. Bailey Studios

She's Nothing to Look at, But She's Strong and Patient and Durable: No. 320, One of the Two Electric Shop Engines

Class	Numbers	Cylinder Dimensions (Inches)	Driver Diameters (Inches)	Boiler Pressure (Pounds)	Weight without Tender (Pounds)	Tractive Force (Pounds)	Builder and Date Built
Atlantic (4-4-2) Type—4 Engines (All Scrapped)							
E-51sa	1-4	21 x 26	76	200	173 600	23,675	Baldwin, 1901, 02
American or Eight-Wheel (4-4-0) Type—68 Engines (All Scrapped)							
D-54	64-73	18 x 24	67	180	105 000	17,757	Baldwin, 1893
D-55	74-76	18 x 24	67	180	110,500	17,757	Baldwin, 1893
D-55a	77-81	18 x 24	67	180	116,300	17,757	Brooks, 1898
D-56s	82-100	20 x 24	68	200	144 300	24,000	Baldwin, 1903, 04
D-16sb	201-231	20 x 26	68	175	142 100	22,750	Juniata, 1905, 06
Ten-Wheel (4-6-0) Type—70 Engines							
G-54sb	5, 6, 10-15(scrapped)	20 x 26	68	200	178 000	30,456	Baldwin 1901, 02
G-54sa	7-9, 16-19(scrapped)	21 x 26	72	200	180 550	27,072	Baldwin, 1902, 03
G-5a	20-50	24 x 28	68	205	237,000	41 328	Juniata, 1924, 25, 28, 29
G-53	123-127(scrapped)	21 x 26	60½	180	156,000	28,996	Brooks, 1899
G-53a	128-132(scrapped)	21 x 26	60½	200	168,900	32,218	Brooks, 1907
G-53b	133-136(scrapped)	21 x 26	60½	200	178,200	32,218	Brooks, 1911
G-53sc	137-140(scrapped)	21 x 26	60½	200	182,270	32,218	Schenectady, 1913
G-53sd	141-146	21½x 26	60½	200	188,800	33 771	Brooks, 1917
Consolidation (2-8-0)—39 Engines							
H-10s	101-119	26 x 28	62	205	247,500	53,197	Baldwin, 1913, 15; Brooks, 1916; Lima, 1915, 16; Pittsburgh, 1913; Juniata, 1913
	(These were, in order, PRR engines 7146, 7174, 7205, 7732, 7558, 7140, 7616 7152 7952, 8610, 8239, 8246, 9732, 8222, 8814, 9888, 7931, 8527, 8566)						
H-51	151-153(scrapped)	21 x 28	51	180	161,100	37,044	Brooks, 1898
H-51a	154, 155(scrapped)	21 x 28	51	180	165 700	37,044	Baldwin, 1903
H-6sb	300-314	22 x 28	56	195	204,800	40,111	Baldwin 1905 07; Juniata, 1906 (311 only)
	(Nos. 300 and 304 scrapped.* All were formerly PRR engines. In order: 987, 2920, 3117 3108, 2904, 3109, 1689, 3062 2754 3064, 3571 3832 (previously Cumberland Valley 101) 3576, 2811, 2830)						
Six-Wheel Switcher (0-6-0) Type—17 Engines (All Scrapped)							
B-53sb	170, 171	19 x 26	51	180	136,250	28,157	Baldwin, 1913
B-53	172-175, 191-197	19 x 26	51	180	123 000	28 157	Baldwin, 1902, 03 05, 06
B-52a	189, 190	18 x 24	51	180	93 900	23,328	Baldwin 1899, 1901
B-53a	198, 199	19 x 26	51	180	134,000	28,157	Baldwin, 1911
Eight-Wheel Switcher (0-8-0) Type—19 Engines							
C-51s	251-254	23 x 28	56	200	203,000	44,965	Schenectady, 1916
C-51sa	255-269	23 x 28	56	200	208,700	44,965	Pittsburgh, 1918, Schenectady, 1922; Richmond, 1924

(Continued on next page)

No. 84, Long Since Scrapped, as She Looked When She Bore the Name "Walter Read" on the Side of Her Cab, According to L. I. Custom. From H. O. Bailey Studios.



Photos by F. J. Quin

(Upper) No 22, One of the World's Heaviest Class of Ten-Wheelers; (Lower) No. 212 Being Dismantled at the Morris Park Yards in May, 1934

Electric Locomotives—35 Engines							
A-1	320 322	.....	33	...	50 000	15 000	{ Bald.-West., 1926, 1927 { Shop Engine
AA-1(0-4-4-0)	323	.. ....	56	...	180,800	60,267	Juniata, 1905
(First PRR electric engine—No. 8)							
B-3(0-6-0)	324-337	....	62	...	158,000	50,000	**Juniata, 1926**
(AC locomotives Originally built as double units—0-6-6-0)							
DD-1(4-4-4-4)	338-355	..	72	...	313,000	66,000	**Juniata, 1910, 11**
(DC locomotives; formerly, in order, PRR engines 35, 13, 21 to, 20, 26, 42, 41, 27, 12, 11, 38, 22, 15, 21, 19, 29, 34)							
Diesel-Electric Locomotives—3 Engines							
AA-2(0-4-4-0)	401	.....	36	...	203,300	60,000	{ Schen.-GE 1925
AA-3(0-4-4-0)	402	.....	36	...	.....	.....	Schen. GE 1928
AA-4	403a, 403b (double unit)	.....	...	...	.....	.....	**Baldwin-West., 1927**

NEXT MONTH: Boston & Albany Railroad

Stealing Bibles From Railroad Trains

HALF a century ago, when America was perhaps more religious than she is today, the practice of stealing Bibles from passenger trains was quite prevalent, not unlike the modern practice of "appropriating" towels from Pullman cars and hotels. In those days copies of the Holy Scriptures were placed in coaches and parlor cars, similar to the Gideon Bibles found today in modern hotels.

E. Pool, master mechanic of the Erie Railroad at Marion, O., recently received from Ivan Spires, of 363 Fahey St., Marion, a curious old letter dated Feb. 23rd, 1877 (the year of the big strike). It had been written by E. O. Hill, supt., Eastern Division, to M. V. Heller, Erie station agent at Port Jervis, N.Y., as follows:

Courtesy of Erie R.R. Magazine and S. Bleckman, Manahawken, N. J.
Interior of Parlor Car Such as Those Used on the Erie Fifty Years Ago

"Bibles in the coach left at your station by Train 17 and brought east on No. 34 are being stolen. Conductor Van Imwegin reports two gone from coach 252 on the 19th inst., and one from coach 430 on the 21st inst., and one from coach 496 this A.M. Will you please give the matter your attention and ascertain whether they are being stolen while the car is in your station? If they are in the coach arriving at Port Jervis and are gone when the car is put on Train 34, I think you may be able to catch the thief."

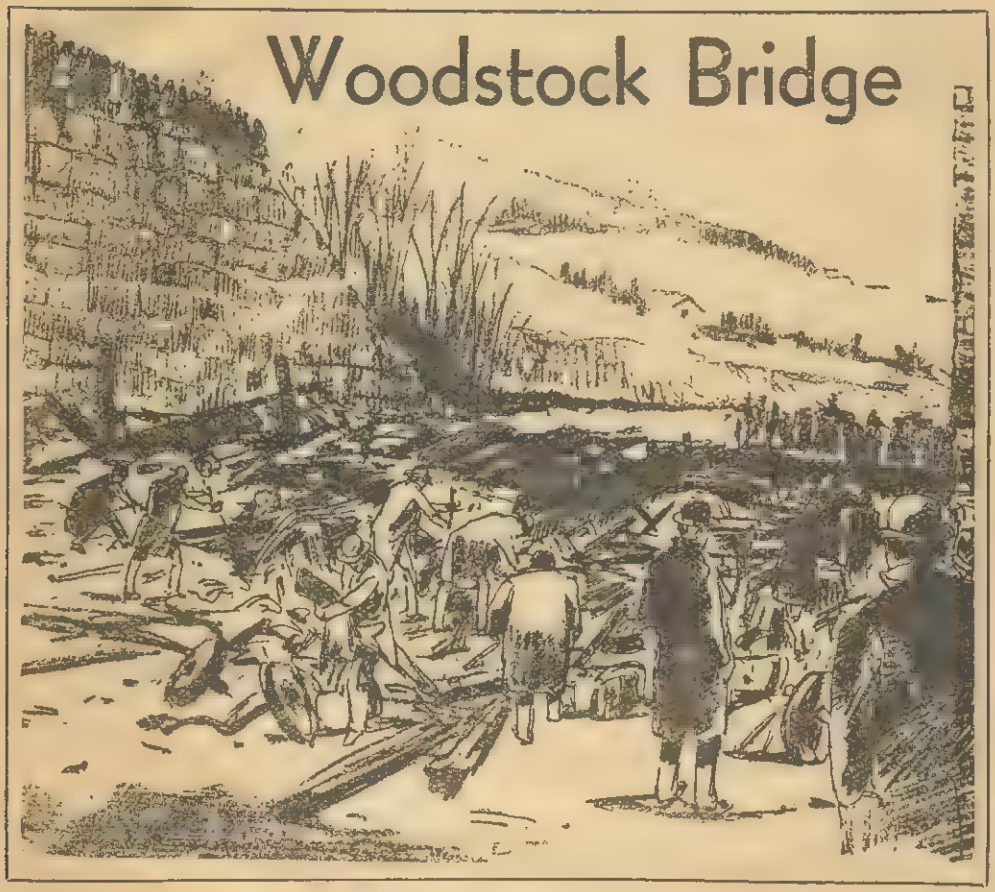
Whether or not that particular thief was ever caught is not known. However, records of the Erie and of most of the other railroads of fifty years ago, do show that the pilfering of Bibles was a common offense, possibly because there was a bigger demand for the Good Book than there is today, and the cost of printing was higher. The Bible was widely read by passengers on trains, and it was not unusual for religious services to be held on Sundays on the long runs. Some of the through trains even carried organs as part of their regular equipment.

Home on Wheels for the Summer Vacationist

NOW you can rent a home on wheels when you buy your ticket at many of the British railway stations. By the "Holiday Camping Coaches" plan you may rent a vacation home at a selected site in the country or at the seaside when you buy your railway ticket. The plan, inaugurated last summer, provided an initial 200 such homes and was highly successful. The homes, complete in every detail, are converted railway coaches, run to their sites on short spurs from the main lines.

Maybe some day the American railroads will wake up and increase their passenger business with this and other innovations.

Woodstock Bridge



By N. A. CRITCHETT

Author of "The Chatsworth Wreck," "A Tiny Scrap of Paper," etc.

THE early morning of Saturday, February 5th, 1887, was dark and bitterly cold. Ice was four feet thick on the White River, across which the main line of the Central Vermont Railway was carried on a bridge six hundred feet long and fifty feet from the river bed, near the sleeping town of Hartford, Vermont.

Heading for this bridge was the Montreal Express. The ninety-one passengers aboard it were either buried in slumber in the two Pullmans or else dozing restlessly in the two day coaches. Up ahead, just behind the locomotive, the regular crews of the baggage car and the mail car were busily engaged in their night's work. Engineer Charles H. Pierce sat at the throttle. A lifelong resident of Hartford, Pierce had been in Central Vermont service for twenty-two years.

When his train was about a hundred yards from the bridge the trucks of the last Pullman left the rails. Just how it happened will probably never be known. Possibly a defective rail, made brittle by the zero weather, snapped under the pressure of the express. Or the accident may

have been caused by the breaking of a journal or the cracking of a wheel. Most of the experts attributed it to a broken axle.

Whatever the cause, the rear Pullman bumped along over the ties until it reached the bridge. All the passengers must have been awakened by the terrific jolting. When it came to the bridge, the rear end of the car swung off the edge. Someone pulled the bell rope. Pierce set the brakes.

By now the train had slowed down considerably, but by no means had it stopped. The car, unsupported, was hanging as a dead weight. Here is the engineer's version of the incident:

"We should have left Hartford by the timetable at 12.40 A.M., but were an hour and a half late, leaving at 2.10 A.M. We ran at regular schedule rate, making up no time before the bridge was reached. Then we slowed up as usual, and a little more so, as the air brakes seemed to take better hold than usual. I applied the air brakes about three times the length of the train from the bridge, which was the usual place. I never went over the bridge without slowing up. The train was going about eight miles an hour.

"Before coming to the bridge, I noticed no unusual jar—in fact, I did not notice a jar at any time until the engine was stopped. I was on my seat, looking ahead, when the first unusual thing occurred, which was the sound of the alarm bell from the cars. We were then about the middle of the bridge.

"My hand was within a foot of the lever which applies the brakes. The brakes had been left off before reaching the bridge. We never work steam across the bridge. I applied the brakes instantly, but did not reverse my engine.

"After applying the brakes I looked out. The engine was then about two-thirds of the way across the bridge, and I saw the rear Pullman falling from the rear end of the bridge. In falling it drew the three next cars with it. The coupling evidently broke between the smoker and the first passenger coach.

"I did not reverse, because it is not customary to reverse when the bell rings. We only reverse when danger is ahead. It would have been risky to reverse on the bridge. Even so, it would have made no difference in the result, for by the time I got the signal the rear cars were already falling off the bridge."

When the coupler at last snapped, the four rear cars fell and piled up on the thick ice in a shapeless mass of splintered wood and twisted steel. The first two cars—the baggage and mail—remained on the track with the locomotive.

At that instant Engineman Pierce came to an abrupt stop on the far side of the bridge. Even before the train stopped, Pierce grabbed an ax and, with his fireman, slid down the embankment on the north side of the river and ran over to the mass of shattered cars over the hard snow and ice.

TO their horror, they saw the pile of wreckage burst into flames; for in those days of wooden cars and oil lamps and heating by coal stoves, the menace of fire inevitably hung over railroad wrecks, especially those which occurred in cold weather.

The second passenger coach was the first of the cars to catch fire. Pierce and his fireman rushed over to it and began hacking at the splintered wood with their ax. Looking around at the scene weirdly illuminated by the glare of the blaze, they saw that only one passenger had extricated himself from the wreckage.

Immediately after the engine crew had plunged into the task of rescue, they were joined by Brakeman Parker, who had leaped from one of the derailed coaches before they took their awful plunge.

He hurried off to spread the alarm to the neighboring farmhouses.

The opportunity for rescue work was appallingly brief, for the flames were spreading rapidly and the thickness of the ice made it impossible for the rescuers to get water to throw on the fire.

The first person they rescued was Miss

Dredging for the Bodies of Victims of the Woodstock Bridge Catastrophe

Emily Lovell, the only lady on the whole train who escaped unhurt. Then Pierce caught sight of his conductor, Sturtevant, pinned by the wreckage of the first coach, and already seared by flames. With strength born of desperation, the engineer hacked at the timbers with his ax, yanked the conductor free and extinguished the fire on his clothing with snow. Unfortunately, Sturtevant died the next day.

By this time a couple of farmers had come on the scene, and lost no time in aiding the rescuers. But very little could be done. The flames had already spread to the bridge. Numbed by the cold, the small group of rescuers faced the additional problem of salvaging blankets or clothing for the half-clad passengers who had been slumbering peacefully a few moments before. The injured passengers danced or sat barefooted before the funeral pyre of their companions in a desperate effort to keep warm. Less than twenty minutes after the crash the work of rescue had been ended abruptly by the fire.

There was only one farmhouse in the immediate vicinity. It was owned by Oscar Paine. Paine himself took an active part in the struggle to snatch victims from the burning cars before it was too late. Many owed their lives to his heroism. Thirty of them were carried into his home, where his wife labored without rest as emergency nurse.

Meanwhile Brakeman Parker had obtained a team and had spread the alarm along the valley as far as the Junction. The village was aroused by whistles of engines standing in the yard, and within an hour a special train with four physicians and hospital supplies was on its way to the scene of the disaster.

When the list of casualties was finally compiled there were found to be thirty-eight dead and more than forty injured. According to available records, it was at that time the fifth greatest railroad tragedy in American history. Heading the list were two midwinter bridge disasters—the one at Ashtabula, Ohio, in 1876, in which eighty persons were killed and sixty injured, and the one at Angola, N. Y., in 1867, in which forty-three perished. The others were summer head-on collisions—the one at Camphill, Pa., in 1856, with sixty-six dead and more than a hundred injured, and the one near Port Jervis, N. Y., in which at least sixty-five soldiers and trainmen were killed and at least a hundred and twenty injured.

As was usual in those days, local poets got busy and composed mournful jingles to the memory of the wreck. This anonymous work of art, though it slightly exag-

This Sketch and the One on Page 92 Show Woodstock Bridge near Hartford, Vermont, as It Looked on the Cold Gray Morning of February 5th, 1887. Flames From Burning Cars Ignited the Wooden Part of the Bridge. Nothing Was Left but Grim Pylons of Stone, at the Base of Which Were Strewn Bits of Charred Timber and Twisted Steel

gerates the casualty list, was printed by many New England papers.

THE MONTREAL EXPRESS

In the country far and near,
Each day you will read and hear
  Of shocking accident by land or sea.
But the saddest I recall
Is the latest of them all,
  The Central 'Vision Railroad tragedy.
'Twas the Montreal express,
It was speeding at its best;
  Near Woodstock Bridge it struck a broken rail.
When down with a fearful crash
To the river it was dashed,
  And few survived to tell the horrid tale.
None responded to the call;
They must perish one and all;
  Alas, kind friends, no help for them was near.

CHORUS:

It was shocking to relate,
It was sad to contemplate;
  No hand could paint a picture of that sight.
Little they thought that death was nigh
When they bade their friends goodby
  On leaving home upon that fatal night.

It was in the dead of night,
No words can paint the sight,
  The sleeping cars were filled with human freight.
When the fatal train was dashed
To the river with a crash,
  A hundred souls went out to meet their fate.
Horrors met the victims' gaze,
For the wreck was soon ablaze,
  And fainting cries for help were sad to hear.

One I never shall forget,
Was of little Joe McGrette,
  Who was with his father on that fatal train.
Although wounded by a fall,
Still he heard his father's call,
  And to free him from the wreckage tried in vain.
"It's no use, my boy," said he,
"For there is no help for me."
  And then the cruel flames around him curled.
Little Joe began to cry,
When his father said "Goodby;
  We'll meet again up in the other world."

Foreign Timetables

By CHARLES IRVING CORWIN

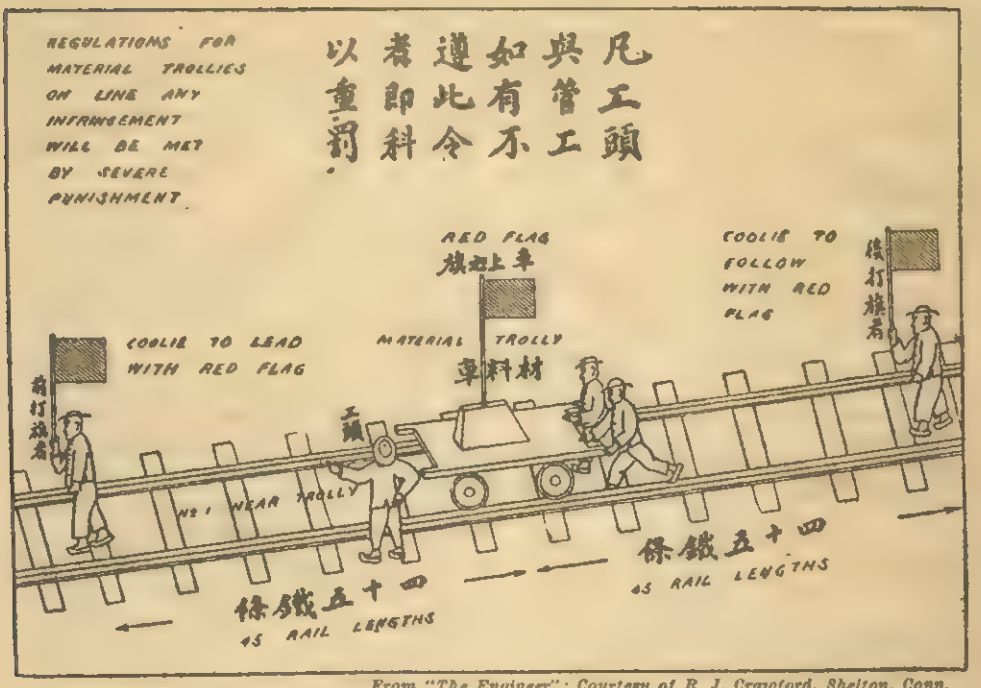
Author of "Timetables, Old and New," "What Is Your Hobby," etc.

IN RAILROAD STORIES a year ago (June, 1935) we hit the high spots in folders and time-cards, describing the odd and unexpected things that can be found in domestic timetables. But even odder and more unusual facts, customs and arrangements can be discovered in the publications of foreign railroads.

Let's take a look at some examples from representative countries and see what we can find that is interesting or amusing in these railroad guides.

First of all, European and African roads are not so generous. They do not give away tons of illustrated and expensive folders. In most cases the traveler with a ticket in his hand does expect to get a timetable free; he has to pay cold cash for it. This is partly due to the fact that many of the roads are government-owned.

For instance, the Egyptian State Railways publish a time-book of 176 pages, printed in French and equipped with an accordion-pleated map that has more folds than a filling station road map. You pay 20 milliemes and receive enough reading matter to last throughout a trip from Cairo to Suez. The 24-hour system is employed, and the number of the track on which the train will arrive or depart is always printed. This cyclopedia of railroad service even specifies stops at which time is given for the dusty passengers to indulge in a bath in the station. Service is broken down into first, second, third and fourth class. Fourth



From "The Engineer"; Courtesy of R. J. Crawford, Shelton, Conn.

How "Gandy Dancers" on the Shanghai-Nanking Railway Are Instructed in Their Duties

is just about equivalent to riding the rods.

In South Africa you buy a timetable of the S. A. R. & H. (South African Railways and Harbors) for 6d. (12c.). It is about as large as our familiar *Official Guide*, but only half an inch thick. The S. A. R. & H. is more polite than American passenger departments, and instead of the phrase "Subject to change without notice," it advises: "These timetables are published as a guide to the public, and the time laid down will be adhered to as closely as possible; but the department reserves the right to add, withdraw, or otherwise alter train service without notice as the occasion demands."

The S. A. R. & H. also advertises, in the best American manner, "Rail your car"—a full page bid for the automobilist to drive his old bus into a box car and ride the plush.

The folder of the Consolidated Railroads of Cuba looks more familiar. It is free, and about the same size as ours. Spanish and English text appear in parallel columns. One Englished note proclaims the fact that "An upper and a *lover* berth constitute a section; the price being that of both berths"!

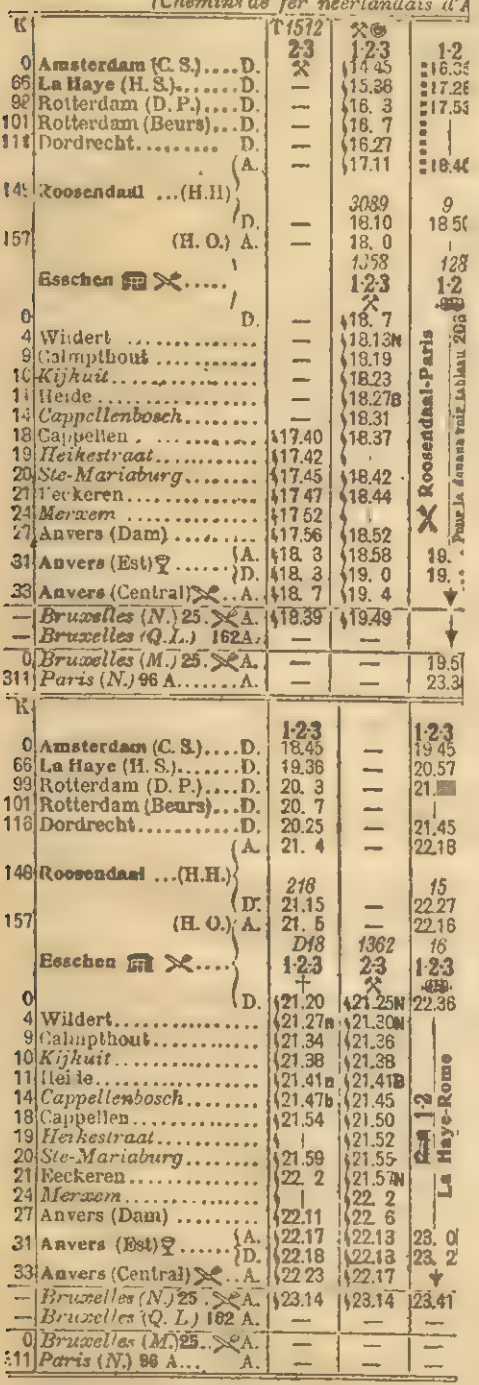
THE "Sveriges Kommunikationer," printed in Stockholm, Sweden, lives up to its title for 1402 pages of three columns each, in which German, English and French translations are given. *Schlafwagen* (Pullmans) are denoted by the symbol of a minute picture of a black bed made up with a white spread. Dining cars on trains carry the symbol of a tiny crossed knife and fork. The timetables even indicate with little black blocks whether the stations are on the left or right side of the track.

These symbols are used also in the 604-page *horaires des trains* of the Belgian Railways, as shown here.

The American information clerk who thinks he has a hard time keeping the public straight on standard and daylight saving time has a soft berth compared to his Swedish brother, what with M. E. T. (Mid-European time), V. E. T. (Greenwich time—one hour slower), A. T. (Amsterdam

12 Amsterdam - Roosendaal

(Chemins de fer néerlandais d'A



Section of Belgian Railways Timetable, Showing Symbols Used for Customs House, Restaurant or Dining Car, Buffet Service, Through Coaches, Sleeping Cars, Week Days Only, Etc.

time—40 minutes slower than M. E. T., and A. S. T. (Amsterdam Summer Time—20 minutes faster that M. E. T.). This guide sells for 50 *ore*, and appears monthly.

The Guayaquil & Quito of Ecuador issues a very modest little folder which it sells for 50 *centavos*. A 2-8-0 type engine (No. 39) is proudly illustrated on the cover, while inside a profile map shows the steep grades on the line; and a tinted panorama map completes the pictures.

National Railways of Mexico not only give their timetable away, but they proclaim that fact *Se Reparte Gratis* to forestall the poor conductor from grafting a bit by selling the *free* timetables to tourists.

Last and not least, there is the Franco-Ethiopian R. R., which issues a gaudy folder that is 23/24ths guide book and 1/24th time-card. According to it, the train leaves Djibouti on Wednesdays and Sundays at 6.30 and arrives in Addis Ababa (487 miles) on Thursdays and Tuesdays at 16.40 o'clock. This road has *coupe-lit* (sleeping cars); but it warns the public that not more than two adults can use a single berth. Big game hunters are appealed to, with illustrations of pith-helmeted huntsmen examining the carcass of a hippopotamus dropped at a river's edge by someone's trusty rifle.

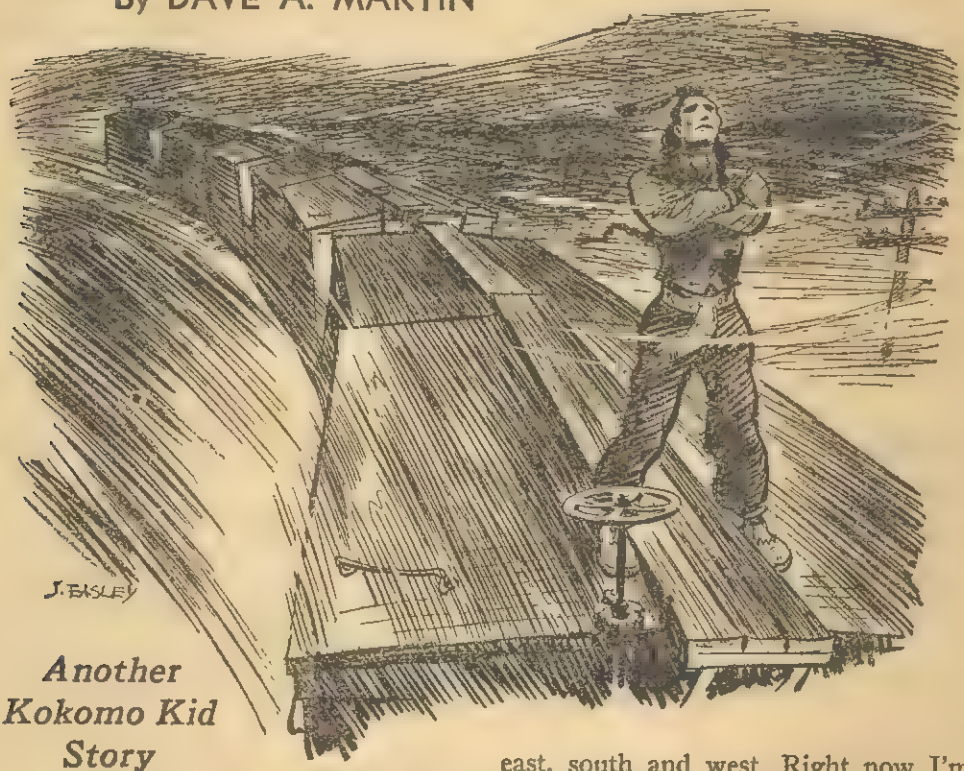
These few examples indicate the possibilities in collecting foreign tables. Even though one cannot read a foreign language, many words, phrases and arrangements can be recognized or guessed at. Not the least advantage of such a specialized hobby is the opportunity to study conditions of foreign railroading, and to compare the speed and operating methods of different countries.

RAILWAY FOR SOVIET CHILDREN

IN Russia 500 children are building a railway tunnel 3,000 feet long and a station complete in every detail in the Tiflis Park of Culture and Rest. These projects are part of the famous Children's Ry. built in the park by children and run entirely by them. Its tiny train, driven by children, carried 65,000 passengers in its first 3 months, so an item in a Detroit newspaper says. Can anyone tell more about this miniature road?—Mrs. R. N. Reid, 8837 Fulton Ave., Detroit.

Chinook Charlie Comes Home

By DAVE A. MARTIN



Another Kokomo Kid Story

IT was late in the fall—almost the tail end of Indian Summer. Rolling down out of the Rockies and headed east on the Northern Pacific, I'm kicked off a freight at a foot-hill stop called Logan Junction. It was one time I was actually glad to be kicked off. I'd had two or three run-ins with the head shack on that drag while I'd been summering in the mountains.

This time I was all fixed for him. I had a tie-plate in the seat of my pants. When that brakie bounced his brogan off of that I'll bet he thought I was the toughest tramp he ever tackled.

That's me, the Kokomo Kid. Blanket stiff from Indiana, also points north, east, south and west. Right now I'm in Montana.

At Logan I almost land in the lap of the local brass-pounder. We get to chinning about transportation. He tells me that No. 4 is one hour late. She's one of the fliers from Seattle to St. Paul, but she's a tough baby to ride. Says there is a fast freight follows No. 4 out of Helena, and the crew on this string of rattlers are fine fellers. On the strength of his say-so I pass up putting the tie-plate back in the old position. Later I'm sorry I did.

While we're chewing the fat, away off in the west I can hear the bass voice of the St. Paul flier talking to the echoes among the hills. Next I can see a plume of black smoke trailing up to the blue sky. Then finally the song

of the rails as she races down the mountain at us. As she lets out the last sigh of bleeding air of her stop at Logan a string of fifteen solid Pullmans trails back up the track.

And while she's standing there, panting and straining to go I just size her up and say to myself: "Gwan, I don't want to ride you. That freight suits me all right."

Then I hear the hogger give a half dozen little toots with his whistle. They're only whispers for sound, but they're some kind of signal. From where I'm parked on an idle truck I'm watching the play. As the brakie starts on a run for the front of the train I see the hogger in the gangway pointing up toward the back of the tender. In a minute back comes the brakie with an Injun.

As they pass me I hear the shack telling the redskin that he's going to tear him apart if he catches him on the train again. And that Injun is ambling along, paying no more attention to that brakie's palaver than if one of them was in St. Paul and the other in Seattle. They stopped at the far end of my truck, the shack still laying down the law, the redskin calmly gazing over his head at the everlasting hills.

Talk about Indians! This one was a picture of the American aborigine. Tall as a tepee pole; straight as a sapling. He had on overalls held up by a beaded belt; a spotted cow-hide vest with the hair side out; buckskin moccasins ornamented with more beads; no hat but a single eagle feather stuck in his black, braided hair.

THE track east out of Logan was straight as an arrow as it headed into the Gallatin Valley. There was also a sharp drop in the grade. That big Pacific started right in to ramble. Her hogger was an hour late, but he must have figured on having the big feed in Billings on time. The redskin stood still as a statue. The shack stood watching the Injun. I sat on the truck watching them both.

The train was clicking away over the rails and picking up speed every second. The shack stuck just as long as he possibly could. Then he made a run at a car platform and almost jerked his neck out of joint as he glommed the grabirons. And there were still five cars to pass before the end of the train came along. When that last varnished buggy did breeze by she was doing what looked like thirty an hour.

All this time that redskin stood there like a stone man. But as that last car zipped past he electrified into life. Quick as a flash he shot through the air, swung up onto the rear platform, skinned up on top like a cat and began racing over the car roofs toward the engine again. The Logan agent and I stood watching him until he leaped out of sight on the tender once more.

Then the agent said to me: "It's a shame to spoil a ride for a feller that can swing up on a train and skim over car roofs like that redskin did, but orders is orders. Now I've got to wire ahead to Bozeman that No. 4 has still got her tank passenger on board. Brass hats are getting mighty touchy about tramps riding the passenger trains."

When my "friendly" freight rolls into Logan and clatters to a stop I hunt up a nice, brand new gondola and quietly drop down inside. The wire from Logan to Bozeman about the tramp on the engine tank must have got action. When we ground to a stop in the latter town there the Injun stood on the depot platform. In a minute, and silent as a shadow, he vaults over the side of my car.

We made this string of rattlers as far as Livingston in peace and amity. But there, one of the toughest shacks I ever met up with spots us. What that bird told us was plenty. The least of it was that if we didn't get off and stay off there wouldn't be enough left of the two of us put together for the coroner to hold an inquest over. Wasn't that a fine disposition for a man to have? And right after that agent at Logan telling me there was a "friendly" crew on this train.

Well, not looking for trouble, we got off like he told us to, but as soon as his back was turned we sneaked right back on again. We were slowing down for Big Timber when over the side of the gondola climbed our hard-boiled brakie. Without asking for any explanations he grabbed a double handful of my rags, whirled me around and planted a No. 11 brogan on the bosom of my britches. I was surprised and pained. I'd forgotten all about taking that tie-plate out of the seat of my pants.

Then he turns to go after the Injun, but when he saw that redskin towering a foot over his head, he changed his mind and booted me again instead. It didn't take a very brave man to do that as I was only five feet three, and weighed only one twenty.

So we got off at Big Timber and we stayed off. The redskin had been around the pale-faces enough to savvy a little lingo of the U. S. A., and I'd spent enough time around two or three reservations to pick up some of the sign talk. So we mixed these two up and made ourselves understood. I sent him down to the 'bo jungle in Big Timber to start a camp fire and rustle some tin cans for a stew. Then I went up on the main stem and got the stuff for a mulligan.

OVER the stew, with the camp fire between us and the stars overhead, pale-face and redskin had a big pow-wow. By sign language and a smattering of English the Injun told me about himself. He had been out on the Pacific coast visiting tribes of the red brother in California, Oregon and Washington. Now he was going back to the lodge of his father at Lodge Grass, Montana. His name was "Chinook" Charlie. "Chinook" in the Indian language means "warm wind"—the soft wind that comes out of the west.

In the redskin way of reckoning time a day is one sleep; a month is one moon; and a year is one snow. I ask Charlie how old he is. On his fingers he tells me he is twenty-two snows. He left his father's tepee four snows ago. He shows me a letter the Indian agent has sent him to California. The letter says that Charlie's father and mother are old, that the fire in the lodge has gone out, that their bones are cold. They want Charlie to come home before the great Manitou calls them to the happy hunting ground. And now Chinook Charlie was going home.

After telling me his story the redskin grunts and asks: "Who you? Where you go?"

"Me?" I said. "I'm the Kid from Kokomo, Indiana. Just a wandering bum. I ain't going nowhere."

Then we both lapsed into silence. I was looking back across the years and thinking many things.

The full moon came up out of the sea of sagebrush and mirrored her cold image in the wide Yellowstone. Coyotes came down out of the hills and howled at our camp fire. A flock of belated south-bound ducks rose off the river and honked by overhead.

As I said, it was late in the fall—

deep in November and too far north for safety if Old Man Winter decided to get busy with a blizzard. The night air was balmy as spring, all right, but the moon had a double ring around it. And those ducks rising out of the river —no decent duck gets up out of bed after dark to travel unless he feels Jack Frost stealing up on him.

It wasn't so bad for the Injun. Charlie had told me at Big Timber he was just two sleeps from Lodge Grass. But I was headed for down in Dixie, and that trip meant a lot more than two snoozes for me.

Late in the afternoon we made a freight out of Billings on the Burlington. Only ninety miles down this line was Lodge Grass, where Charlie would unload like the ancient prodigal. But out of the north had sprung a chill wind, and scudding along on its wings was the blackest storm cloud I had ever seen in my life.

Shortly after dark we bumped to a stop at a station called Toluca. Several box cars on a siding and the station was all there was to this place. Every car in our string was sealed. That left us nothing but the rods or the bumpers to ride. And by this time there was an icy wind zipping down out of the north that chilled us to the marrow.

At Toluca we also found that all the tough shacks were not up on the Northern Pacific. The Burlington had at least one, and the big scissor-bill was on our train. And even worse than that, he was on our trail. He told us with a lot of cuss-word trimmings that we were stopping at Toluca.

But Charlie thought different. He was only forty-eight miles from home and he figured he would go right on through.

Fourteen miles down the line from Toluca the Burlington had grubbed out a wide spot in the sagebrush, put in a siding, a derail and a depot and called the place Hardin. Before we got into Hardin the heart of that black storm cloud was heaping its frigid wrath on our heads. It had us whipped. We were willing to call it a day. As our freight side-tracked for some northbound train bucking the blizzard, we dropped off our bumper and beat it for the depot stove for a thaw-out. The last we saw of our freight through the waiting room windows was its red marker lamps fading out down the track in a powdery cloud of wind-whipped snow.

All night the storm raged. Daylight came with no let up. The air was full of wind-driven snow flakes, but the ground was gray and bare. Wind wouldn't let the snow lie. The thermometer outside said thirty-eight below.

THE agent at Hardin was a fine feller—an old-time boomer that had settled down and raised a family. They lived upstairs over the depot. Must have been eight or ten gals in the outfit. After daylight they came downstairs and across the waiting room one at a time, and durned if every one that showed up wasn't prettier than the one before her. Seemed the old man worked the night trick, and two of the older gals, Sadie and Anabelle he called 'em, split up the day tricks.

Of course they all had to take a polite peep at us as they passed, and it wasn't no time at all until down the stairs comes a couple of the younger gals with enough piping hot grub to founder a gang of harvest hands. Hardin is right on the Crow reservation, and those little gals savvied the Crow lingo. It was good to just sit and listen to

them two and Charlie go to the chatter.

It ain't long before reports on the storm begin to seep through on the wire. While I'm swigging hot javvy and assassinating sugar-cured ham and hen fruit I'm getting an earful of the bad news with my breakfast. Train schedules are all shot to hell; freights are tied up on sidings or abandoned. Somewhere in the eight-five-mile stretch between Sheridan and Hardin a northbound freight has completely disappeared. Maybe she's tied up on some blind siding—maybe dead out on the main.

Late afternoon already sees a few tangles out of the traffic snarl. But Old Man Winter seems just as busy as ever. That blizzard is blasting the north side of the depot like a gong-beater pounding a bass drum. The clock has crawled around to 3 P.M., and Anabelle is at the operator's desk. Suddenly I hear Toluca calling Hardin on the wire. That line jabber has been going on back and forth all day, so at first I'm paying no particular attention. I begin to sit up and take notice. Next I slide over to the window and begin to drink in every click of that sounder. Suddenly I hear Anabelle let out one terrified scream.

By that time I've got all of the awful story. Seven cars consigned to the government irrigation project at Cody have been blown out on the main line at Toluca and are headed for Hardin. Five of those cars are loaded with sack cement. The other two are loaded with dynamite. Toluca is asking Hardin to throw these runaways onto the derail.

In a flash I'm inside the office and at that girl. She can work an ordinary trick, but this thing has got her up in the air. She gasps out she must call her dad. She sends one of the younger girls after him. All I want from her right then is a switch key. When I get this I motion to the Injun, and we start out to buck our way through the teeth of that blizzard for three hundred feet to the switch stand.

As we brace our way against the howling wind I make it clear to Chinook Charlie by signs what is happening and what we must do to prevent it. I know that frozen dynamite is hard to explode, but if five cars of cement pile on top of two car loads of it, I don't know what might happen.

FINALLY, all out of wind, we get to the switch. After it's unlocked I find the bridle rod packed full of fine hard snow that has frozen into one immovable mass. Tug and strain at that switch handle as hard as we can we can't throw it around. Then I see the old man bucking the wind down the track toward us. We all three put our weight against that switch handle. Nothing doing. That derail idea is out.

Then a brand new idea flashes into my bean. Cupping my hand I yell into the old man's ear: "What's the grade between Toluca and Hardin?"

"There's a drop of two hundred and eighty-six feet in the fourteen miles," he yells back at me.

Then I spring my idea on him. Unless those cars whiz through here like a bat out of hell, the Indian and me will try to nail a side ladder and tie down the brakes. It's the only chance we've got. If we fail and the wheels get me —well, I don't mind going that way. I always figured that kind of finish anyhow.

I make the idea clear to Charlie. All he does is grin and grunt. It's kid play for him. Back to the depot we head. On the platform we'll stand some kind of chance for a run and a hook onto a ladder.

Pretty soon, on the racing breath of the wind, even before I could see the cars coming through the powdery smother of swirling snow, I could hear the faint click of the wheels on the joints. Louder and louder it grew. Finally, through the million flying snow crystals, I could make out the huge bulk of a box car end coming at us—and coming fast. I don't know why I did it—maybe just because we were both men, and I wasn't at all sure whether we would both make it safely or not—but I gripped that redskin by the hand. Neither of us said a word. I've been glad ever since that I did it.

As those ladders raced past me I ran for them. Three—four—five cars had passed me. They were sure going like hell. In desperation, I lunged at the sixth ladder—and caught it!

But I couldn't hold on to it. It jerked out of my numb hands and I went skidding across the station platform and rolled up in a huddle of rags against the depot. I staggered to my feet and sagged into the arms of the old man. All I could babble to the old feller was: "Where's Chinook Charlie?"

And against the wind I could just hear the old man shout: "He made it."

It was almost midnight when the old Mogul that hauled the mixed train chugged back to Hardin with the runaways. When they found them they were still on the track and spotted right in the front yard of the famous Custer battlefield. Every brake had been tied down tight.

And still decorating the top of one of the dynamite cars, stark and stiff in the last big sleep, was Chinook Charlie. He had come home to stay at last—not to the ancestral lodge of his father, but to the happy hunting ground of his forefathers. And whenever the warm breath of a chinook wind steals out of the west it whispers a memory to me of that redskin who went doing his duty as he saw it.

The Old Locomotive

PATIENT and dumb, on the back-shop track,
The old locomotive stands;
There are ribbons of rust along the stack;
The jacket molds at the bands.
She waits in vain for the call-boy's cry
As he hurriedly seeks the men,
And she longs o'er the glistening steel to fly,
And to lead the charge again.

Time was when the old engine was new
And shone with a silver sheen,
Pulling full tonnage the long years through—
No better service e'er seen.
'Twas then she was hailed as the pride of the rail—
In the days of links and pins—
Climbing over the steel-shod trail
Far out where the West begins.

Patient and dumb on the back-shop spur
The old locomotive stands
Awaiting the throb of steam to stir,
The touch of her master's hands.
Alas and alack! Her life work is done,
Which causes us many a sigh;
The old locomotive has made her last run,
Then good-by, old scout—good-by!

—James Deegan.

International Engine Picture Club

THOMAS T. TABER

WHEN he was only a boy Thomas T. Taber stumbled across the great subject of railroading and found it fascinating. Ever since then it has grown more so; and today he is not only an extraordinarily active railroad fan, but he is also an enthusiastic student of railroad history and one of the world's foremost collectors of old railroad material. What is important to the rest of us, Mr. Taber does not believe in keeping his hobby to himself. More than perhaps any man in the country he has been responsible for the growth of a serious interest in railroad and locomotive history among people in all walks of life.

Before he was twenty he had a sizeable collection of first-rate locomotive pictures taken by himself, and within a few years his interest had broadened to the point where it embraced everything in the railway historical line. He became a life member of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, and after several years of spreading the gospel as its traveling representative (which position he still holds), he plugged for the formation of a New York City chapter of the Society. Largely through his efforts the chapter was formed, and largely through the activities of the chapter the membership in the R. & L. H. S. was increased by about a third in 1935 alone.

Mr. Taber's own collection of railroad relics includes just about everything it was possible to haul home—to say nothing of a few things which were almost impossible. In his yard he has installed two automatic block signals, one of them a tall New Haven banner type dating back fifty years, and the other a Lackawanna two-arm lower quadrant signal. These signals are not only set up, but they actually work; and visitors to the Taber home in New Jersey never fail to find a clear board awaiting them.

Just a few of his other possessions are several old locomotive bells, a pile of breathtaking albumen prints of ancient engines, a score of lanterns and switch lamps, several headlights ranging from the old-timers that were big enough to use for switch shanties to the modern glass-lined variety, every kind of railroad oilcan you can think of, hunks of every type of rail you've ever heard of, and just about enough timetables and posters to paper a side of the Grand Central Terminal.

He is especially proud of his locomotive builder's plates—the best collection in the country — which he has mounted on mahogany plaques and hung on the walls of his study. All that he needs now, he admits, is a right-of-way and some motive power and rolling stock. It sounds like a big order, but don't be surprised, some day, if you hear that Mr. Taber has gone out and picked them up, too.

Despite all these, however, he has never neglected his first love: taking, making and classifying engine pictures. He owns several cameras, but generally uses an old-timer which is equipped with a sharp-cutting Goerz-Dagor lens; and he has built and completely equipped a dark room in his basement. On his trips around the country he always carries a camera; not a week goes by in which he has not added to his many thousands of negatives.

Although he probably knows more about railroading than many railroad men, Mr. Taber's name is not on a railroad payroll. He works for an insurance company, and railroading is "merely his hobby."

READERS who collect, buy, sell, exchange, or make pictures of locomotives, trains, cars, etc., are listed here as members of the International Engine Picture Club. There are no fees, no dues. Names are published in good faith, without guarantee.

A membership button is given FREE to those who send in a "Readers' Choice" coupon (page 143) and self-addressed stamped envelope. (If you live in Canada or any foreign land, enclose a loose 3c stamp from your own country instead of the envelope.) Address Engine Picture Editor, "Railroad Stories," 280 Broadway, New York City. Tell him what you want or what you offer.

NOW that spring is here again, railroad fans all over the country are getting together on inspection trips, a couple of which we are happy to announce in advance. First of all, the International Engine Picture Club itself is sponsoring an excursion from Philadelphia to Baltimore and return to inspect the Baltimore & Ohio's museum at Bailey's, Md., containing the world's largest collection of ancient locomotives, and also the Mt. Clare shops and yards, where one of the new "Royal Blue" engines will be on hand for everyone to inspect at close range. The excursion will take place on Sunday, May 17th, will cost $2.75 including the shop and museum tour, and will probably leave the B. & O. station in Philadelphia at 8.05 A.M. If you live near enough to get to Philadelphia that early, plan to make the trip; write for full details at once from W. C. Stotler of the Baltimore & Ohio, at Broad and Walnut Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

Another trip worth talking about is the excursion projected by the Lancaster Chapter of the National Railway Historical Society for Sunday, May 3rd, over the historic narrow-gage East Broad Top R.R., from Mt. Union, Pa., and return. The round trip over the East Broad Top will cost only $1, but reservations, including the money, must be in the hands of the Lancaster Chapter, P. O. Box 296, Lancaster, Pa, *by April 15th.* Readers from the New York, Newark and Trenton areas can make the trip from any of the three cities to Mt. Union and return for $4.75 round trip, on Train No. 13 of the Pennsylvania. The fare from Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia will be $4.50, and from Lancaster and Harrisburg, $4.25. Everyone is invited, but we suggest you write to the Lancaster Chapter early, not only to get your dollar in before the deadline, but also to obtain more details, especially if you're coming up from Washington and Baltimore.

LAST of all, a word or two about what was probably the first fan excursion of its kind in railroad history—the 90-mile sightseeing tour of New York City's railroad facilities by the Railroad Enthusiasts, on last January 11th. Starting at the Grand Central Terminal with two coaches, a club car and electric engine No. 0312, the train ran to New Rochelle Jct., doubled back to the Van Nest Shops (which the Enthusiasts inspected), continued on across Hell Gate Bridge and through Queensboro into the Bushwick Terminal in Brooklyn, back again and under the East River tunnel into Pennsylvania Station. The trip covered five counties, involved crossing Hell Gate Bridge three times, and used the tracks of four railroads: the New York Central, New Haven, New York Connecting, and the Pennsy. Special tickets were printed for the occasion, and souvenir stubs were given to each member of the party.

* * *

PAUL ANDERSON, 1418 24 St., Des Moines, Ia., has Rock Island action pictures.

C. R. ANDERSON, Jr., 2943 23rd Ave., Oakland, Calif., will trade 15 S. P. train orders for one 116 size photo as long as supply (4000) lasts.

V. C. AXT, 1228 Ingraham St., Los Angeles, Calif., has many 116 size Calif. trolley and interurban photos and information to trade.

E. AYARS, Box 103, Quinton, N. J., has books, nature and detect. mags. to trade for Engineman's Rule & Signal Book and PRR calendar pictures, 1926 to date.

* * *

H. B. ADAMS, 149 Lansdowne Ave., Winnipeg, Man., Canada, buys prints; send lists.

R BAIN, 1302 Geranium St., Washington, D. C., wants to hear from local fans.

A. BAJI, 20 W. Monroe St., Paulsboro, N. J., will trade engine prints for any RR calendars, or photo for photo; also has 116 and 130 size PRR and Rdg negs. to trade for other roads

R. L. BAKER, 14130 Seymour Ave., Detroit, Mich., makes size 120, 116 and 122 prints from

Photo by T. T. Taber, Box 434, Madison Sq. Sta., N. Y. City

A Corner of the Basement in the Home of T. T. Taber, Showing Part of His Collection of Railroad Relics: Old Lanterns, a Bell from a Locomotive of the 2-Ft Gage Bridgton & Saco River, Old Rail Sections, Engine Badge Plates, Several Models, Etc.

your negs. for 2½c., 3c. and 3½c., resp. Quantities of 50 prints or more at special prices.

J. A. BAUCHER, 6125 Rugby Ave., Huntington Park, Calif., wants to hear from local fans; also wants B&O engines from 1890-1910.

E. P. BAUMGARDNER, Box 198, Castleton, Vt., will pay 10c. ea. for p.c. or larger of D&H, Rutland, Woodstock, B&C, M&WR, StJ&LC, H&W, S&P; also will buy photo of old "City of Troy" engine.

R. BEBARFALD, 2022 Benedict Ave., Bronx, N. Y. City, starting.

F. BEERWERT, 407 State St., La Porte, Ind., starting; needs help.

S. F. BERNHARDT, Box 312, Cape Vincent, N. Y., has 10x14 charcoal and crayon loco drawings, incl. "El Gobernador"; also enlarges prints.

R. BLAIR, 209 S. Meyers Rd., Lombard, Ill., will buy or trade for T&P, B&M-MeC and CB&Q streamliners.

G. O BOOTHBY, 19 Melbourne St., Portland, Me., will pay 35c. ea. for 1 copy of Feb., Mar. '30 and June '33 Railroad Stories; has New Haven and B&A photos.

W. D. BOWMAN, 165 S. 7th St., Zanesville, O., will sell Jan. '31 Official Guide to highest bidder, also sends list and p.c. size print for 10c.

E. BUSH, 205 Hancock Ave., Vandergrift, Pa., will trade '35 Pennsy calendar for engine prints, another calendar or what have you, write first.

G. BUXTON, 99 Fairview Ave., Rutland, Vt., wants 116 size Calif. roads; will give 10 116 size photos for Nov. '33 Railroad Stories.

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C. P. CAMERON, 66-11 Maurice Ave., Winfield, L. I., N. Y., starting.

A. D. CHASE, R.R. 16, Box 114, Indianapolis, Ind., has over 4000 negs. of Santa Fe, PM, D&RGW (st. and n.g.), Rock Island, PRR, C&A, Big 4; will buy pass. train photos before '31 of CPR, CNR, SP, UP, D&RGW, L&N, NP, GN, Milwaukee Rd. and CB&Q.

H. CHRISTENSEN, c/o B. Odlkirk, R.2, Rochester, Minn., starting; will trade '36 Railroad Stories for 116 size prints.

R. S. CLOVER, 530 Edge Hill Rd., Willow Grove, Pa., has RR books, old booklets, pub. and emp. tts., back nos. Railroad Stories and emp. mags. to dispose of; send 3c. stamp for list.

J. J. CONROY, 516 Atwater Ave., Montreal, Que., Canada, wants CPR, CNR, D&H and NYC snaps.

W. M. COPPAGE, 1105 D St. S.E., Washington, D. C., will trade C&O 466 for N&W 203 or 2092.

B. CORBIN, 505 Park Ave., Red Oak, Ia., has 12 CB&Q old-timers for $1; list and sample, 10c.

G. CROSSETT, 2816 Chestnut St., Everett, Wash., has 50 back copies Railroad Stories; best offer takes all.

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K. DETAMORE, Box 65, Converse, Ind., has 116 size Wab., RI, B&O, New Haven and PRR (elec.), 5c. ea., or trade for certain southern roads.

M. DIGNAN, 544 Fifth Ave., Youngstown, O., trades emp. tts. or will give 4 116 prints for timetable.

H. DOBSON, 3300 W. 123rd St., Cleveland, O., has 6 vols. '26-'31 British Journal Photo. Almanacs (year books) to trade for year's subscription to Railroad Stories.

J. W. FARRELL, 30 Cooper St., New York, N. Y., has NYO&W, Raritan R., Tuckerton, Rahway Valley, CNJ, B&O, Rdg 116 size prints to trade or sell; buys prints and negs. of all lines; enclose stamped envelope.

R. J. FELTEN, 88-40 202nd St., Hollis, L. I., N. Y., has 116 size Long Island prints and negs to trade for western roads, esp. Burlington, UP and Rock Island.

M. FLATTLEY, 1543 W. 66th Ave., Oak Lane, Pa., wants 116 photos and negs. of Central Ind. engines, formerly PRR. Has over 400 116 size photos and negs. for sale or trade; send 10c. for list and 2 samples.

H. B. FORREST, Agt. LVRR, Caywood, N. Y., will send LV train order to anyone sending stamped envelope, or send emp. tt. your road.

R. J. FOSTER, P. O. Box 375, East St. Louis, Ill., has 5000 116 size pictures 130 roads for sale or trade for LV, DL&W, New Haven, B&A, B&M, SAL and southern roads; 5 samples and list 25c.; also buys or trades negs. Wants Jan., April and July '23 Baldwin Loco Mags.

H. J. FRYBERGER, McPherson, Kan., has local roads.

D. W. FURLER, 65 Glen Ave., Glen Rock, N. J., wants old-time RF&P power and speed photos of present RF&P trains. Has 2½x4¼, 3¼x5½, 5x7, 4x10 and 8x10 photos for sale, no trade; 15-page list for 3c. stamp.

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M. J. GATES, 3127 Colby Ave., Everett, Wash., has hundreds of company and union mags., GN train orders, schedules, passes, bulletins, pub. and emp. timecards, etc., to trade for GN photos, Mallets any roads, switch keys, NYC and PRR calendars

M. GREENBLATT, 479 Robinson St., Moncton, N. B., Canada, wants Que. Central photos.

R. W. GRUBB, Beecher City, Ill., has 25 Railroad Stories, 3 Official Guides, 60 pub. tts., 1 PRR calendar, etc., to trade.

R. F. GUSTAFSON, 1101 E. State St., Rockford, Ill., has photos and dope on old EB&R interurban.

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R. M. HANFT, Brainerd, Minn., back from tour, offers new list 100 roads for sale or trade; send for free list or 10c. for list and 2 samples; trades prints for back nos. Railroad Stories and Official Guide.

G. H. HARDY, 915 Broadway, Oakland, Calif., wants and sells Baldwin Loco. Mags., Railroad Stories, historical RR books, builders' catalogs.

A. HASSETT, 711 E. 237 St., N. Y. City, wants NYC photos, railroad superstitions and meanings of Virginian RR stations.

R. E. HAWKINSON, 9367 Pryor Ave., Detroit, Mich., has complete set Railroad Stories, Dec. '29 to Dec. '35; best offers takes set.

T. H. HENNING, 4149 Berkeley Ave., Chicago, does photo finishing: prints up to p.c. size, 3c.; p.c., 5c.; enlargements—5x7, 15c.; 3x8, 4x10, 20c. and 8x10, 35c.

R. H. HILTON, 66 Jackson St., Weedsport, N. Y., has Oct., Nov., Dec. '33; Jan.-April, Oct.-Dec. '34; Jan.-Sept., Dec. '35 Railroad Stories, 15c. ea. plus postage; write first.

M. H. HOWELL, 420 Topliff Hall, Dartmouth College, Hanover, N. H., has old Plymouth & Brockton St., Springfield St., E. Mass. St and Union St. Rys. to sell or trade for interurban roads of Iowa, Ill., Ind., Ohio, Mich.

A. G. HUGHES, 9 Marsden Rd., Wallasey, Cheshire, England, wants back copies Railroad Stories; will trade English tts., mags., 2½x4½ action and still shots, etc.; write first.

* * *

G. S. JOHNSON, 402 Newton St., Salisbury, Md., has '11 and '23 Poors RR Manuals, '35 PRR calendar and other material for trade or sale. Wants loco postage stamps, photos, etc. Write by R.P.O.

H. E. JOHNSTON, Box 82, Scotch Plains, N. J., wants old elec. traction tts., folders and transfers; wants old NJ, NY, or Pa. traction photos; will trade, buy or sell.

W. JONES, 405 E. 2nd St., Lima, O., trades photos for photos, train orders, emp. tts., late copy Official Guide.

T. JORDAN, 3509 Tudor St., Philadelphia, Pa., wants Atlantic and Pacific type loco prints; will buy books or information on firing engines.

R. JOYCE, 1262 Santa Fe Drive, Denver, Colo., will buy Oct. '32 Railroad Stories and n.g. trains in action in unusual backgrounds; n.g. old-timers, please write.

* * *

F. L. KLINGER, 1943 N. Summit Ave., Milwaukee, Wis., starting; needs help.

K. A. KROEGER, Clyde, N. Y., has all '35 Railroad Stories to trade for LV action shots

G. D. KYLE, 778 W. 11 St., Oakland, Calif., has 1 copy Nev. Northern Rule Book and "Train Operation," by Wm. Nickols, to trade for trolley transfers and photos.

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C. E. LEWIS, Jr., 255 Highland Ave., Downington, Pa., has 1 copy July '30 to trade for either April, May, June or Sept. '32 Railroad Stories; write first.

R. A. LLOYD, 210 N. Main St., Danielson, Conn., wants New Haven engines 200, 300, 400, 1000; also Worcester St. Rys. 600 and 1700.

M. LORD, 2597 S. Austin St., Milwaukee, Wis., has emp. tts., bulletins, etc., to trade or sell; also 120 negs. of C&NW, Milwaukee, UP, CB&Q streamliners and other engines, 10c. or trade; write first.

J. LUSK, 2022 Del Norte St., Berkeley, Calif., has SP, UP, NP photos: 120 size, 4c.; 116 size, 5c.; 3½x5, 10c.; 5x8, 20c.; send 3c. stamp for list of size you want.

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J. W. MARSH, R.F.D. 2 Royalton Rd., Brecksville, O., wants Dec. '29-Dec. '32 and Mar. '35 Railroad Stories.

M. MAURO, 613 Westchester Ave., N. Y. City, starting collection of 116 Mallet, Shay, Mother Hubbard, etc., prints.

R. J. McCLOSKEY, Gilfoyle, Pa., wants '36 RR calendars.

A. McCLURE, Unionville, Mo., will make prints at 3c. ea from any size negs., plus postage; also has many back copies Railroad Stories, 15c. ea. plus postage; write first stating month wanted.

F. McCOMB, Box 411, Lincoln, Me., wants New Haven 3553 prints.

F. McLEOD, 1068 5th St., Oakmont, Pa., has two 16 mm films for rent: "With the Ltd. on the PRR"—350 ft., $1 with 2 prints; and 175 ft. on the B&LE, 75c. plus 2 prints. Both suitable for group showings.

F. MEDLEY, Sugar Grove, Va., has many copies Railroad Stories to trade for N&W Mags. or what have you.

P. MICHAELS, 1222 W. Rankin St., Flint, Mich., has 116 size GTW, AA, PM, CB&Q, UP, CGW, IC to trade for AA, IC, GTW wreck photos or other roads.

M. MILLER, Cottage Grove, Ind., has clippings and old tts. of 1874 and 1883; send stamped envelope for details, 15c. for 5x7 sample photo C&O 286 and list.

D. MOLYNEAUX, 421 E. 2nd St., Berwick, Pa., has June '34 Official Guide for best offer in engine prints.

B. MURRAY, 839 Halsey St., Brooklyn, N. Y., has Mar. '31 Ry. Equipt. Register for sale or trade for pass. tariffs or Santa Fe Mags. prior to '30, or will buy.

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L. E. NEAL, R.F.D. 2, N. Berwick, Me., will buy recent copy Pocket List RR Officials; write date and price.

K. NELSON, 620 Palmyra Rd., Dixon, Ill., will trade IC Springfield Div. train orders for orders other roads, pref. 19.

W. NIENDORFF, 631 Grace St., Elgin, Ill., buys and trades snaps, postcards, mags.; send lists; also wants to hear from fans interested in photography.

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A. S. OLVER, 2 Ridge Drive, Toronto 5, Ont., Canada, will buy CPR 2800 class loco prints; write first.

K. PRATT, Bloomfield Station, P.E.I., Canada, wants Apr. '32 and March '35 Railroad Stories.

F. QUIN, 205 Lefferts Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., has 116 size Long Island, PRR, LV, etc. engine prints to trade or 5c. ea. Free sample and list for stamped envelope. Also has Official Ry. Guides

RR CLUB OF CHICAGO, A. L. Shapin, president, 1540 E. 75th St., Chicago, meets every two

weeks; takes photo trips; send stamped envelope for further details.

G. REUTER, 158 S. Prospect Ave., Bergenfield, N. J., wants old timecards of Catskill Mt., U&D and West Shore (about 1910).

J. A. RIEPE, Jr., 329 Union Ave., Mt. Vernon, N. Y., has N. Y. City, Yonkers, Mt. Vernon, N. Y., transfers and pictures.

F. A. ROBERTS, 3922 S. Monroe St., Tacoma, Wash., will trade 250 NP and CM 116 size prints for a target pistol; write first.

S. ROBERTSHAW, 319 Kensington St., Bradford, Yorks, England.

R. J. ROBINSON, 91 N. 4th St., Paterson, N. J., has 120 size loco, car, RR building, terminal, tower prints for sale and trade.

C. ROEDER, 6200 Walnut St., Pittsburgh, Pa., has emp. tts. to trade for negs. Buys, trades and sells negs. and photos; send 3c. stamp for list and sample.

R. M. ROOT, 1469 Sheldon, St. Paul, Minn., starting; wants pointers on taking pictures.

S. C. ROWAN, Jr., 186 Welch Hall, Yale University, New Haven, Conn., has B&O motive power in Washington.

P. ROWE, Sykesville, Md., wants Jan., Oct. '34 Railroad Stories.

B. RUSSELL, 417 17 St., Brandon, Man., Canada, wants streamlined trains and wrecks.

C. RYAN, Great Rd, Bedford, Mass., will trade postage stamps for U.S. locos, esp. B&M; also draws pictures from loco photos.

* * *

H. M. SAGE, 5163 Hutchison St., Montreal, Que., Canada, starting.

L. P. SANSCARTIER, Kowkash, via Tashota, Ont., Canada, has CNR and Algoma Central engines to sell or trade for N. Amer. roads.

J. C. SAUTER, 1526 Monroe St., Chicago, Ill., wants 116 size early CB&Q engines and motor cars, QO&KC, I&StL engines; write first.

E. N. SCHAUM, 920 S. Madison St., Bloomington, Ill., beginner.

A. A. SCHRUM, 145 Churchill Ave., Trenton, N J., has 225 dif. classes of engines for sale; list and sample, 5c. Trades negs., esp. for 4-4-0 and 4-4-2 types.

G. C. SHAW, P. O. Box 550, Kamloops, B. C., Canada, starting.

H. SIEGEL, 38 S. Hoyne Ave., Chicago, has '30, '31 and part of '32 and '33 Railroad Stories for sale or trade; also "My Ry. Book," 196 pages on foreign railroading, for best offer.

A. P. SMELSER, Sun City, Kan., has NYC and PRR calendar pictures, 50c. ea

F. SMITH, R.F.D. 3, Marcellus, Mich., has 18 engine pictures (mostly CNR and GTW) to trade for best offer Railroad Stories, before April '35.

J. A. SNOOK, 521 Plum St., Elkhart, Ind., has '24, '35, '36 Railroad Stories to trade for old issues Railroad Man's or sell for $2 and postage

R. STAMBAUG, 1115 16 Ave., Altoona, Pa., has engines in his locality.

W. D. STOWMANS, 7444 Forrest Ave., E. Germantown, Phila., Pa., wants following Reading classes: A-1, A-3, A-4a, B-1, B-2, B 5, B-6, B-8a, B-9b, D-1, D-3a, b, c, f, D-4a, b, c, D-5a, b, d, e, g, D-6, D-9a, b, c, d, D-10a, E-1, E-2, E-3a, and many others; write first. Has all size photos to trade, or will buy.

R. STRINE, 822 Wayne Ave., York, Pa., will buy wreck, old-timer and odd motive power; send lists; will send free 116 photo for stamp, as long as supply lasts.

* * *

M. J. TAMISO, Co. F 13th Inf., Ft. Adams, R. I., starting trolley photo collection.

P. TAMONY, 2866 24th St., San Francisco, Calif., wants Oct. '32 Railroad Stories.

F. THACKRAH, 86 Fairview Pl., Amsterdam, N. Y., wants p.c. side views of Diesel and Streamlined trains—"Rebel," MeC, NH, T&P.

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W. A. VAN ALSTINE, 267 Forest Hill Dr., Syracuse, N. Y., will pay reasonable price for old Railroad Man's Mag.; write first.

* * *

D. WADDINGTON, 120 Vine St., Pawtucket, R. I., has New Haven train order and permissive card to trade for Feb. '36 Railroad Stories, first write.

R. B. WALKER, Blue River, B. C., Canada, wants 0-12-0 types.

$25 Cash for Front-Cover Title

No strings attached. Send a title for the front cover of our April '36 issue to RAILROAD STORIES, 280 Broadway, New York City.

All titles must be received at this office before 5 p.m., April 15, 1936. Everybody eligible except Frank A. Munsey Co. employees and their families. Each contestant limited to one title. The person sending in the best title will be given $25 in cash. In event of tie, $25 will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

The winning title will be selected by the judges on the basis of cleverness and originality. Judges will be Freeman H. Hubbard, Editor of RAILROAD STORIES; G. H. Burck, Associate Editor, and C. Howard Tate, Art Director, Munsey Publications.

J. WESTERN, 6 Cottage St., Baldwinville, Mass., wants emp. tts. and timecards.

F. WHITHAM, 717 W. Ferguson, Tyler, Texas, has 8x10 StL&SW freight for $1.50, also small list; takes orders for StL&SW and MoP prints.

S. Y. WHITNEY, 52 Orchard St., Medford Hillside, Mass., interested in both snaps and amateur movies.

H. WOLTERS, 128 Chestnut St., E. Orange, N. J., wants 116 size side views or train pictures of modern type engines; only 1 with no data on back from each collector; will send 1 back in return.

S. WOZENCRAFT, 511 Lyons St., Camden, Ark., will trade MoP and Cotton Belt loco prints for other roads.

T. G. WURM, 2521 McAllister St., San Francisco, Calif., has 116 size SP, WP, Santa Fe, SJ&E, others; 10c. for list and 2 samples. Will buy or trade for Va. & Truckee.

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F. W. ZIRBEL, 1202 11th St., Lewiston, Idaho, wants Can. Atlantic 618, CM&PS 3510, AA 38, NorP 4-4-0, GN 4-4-2, TH&B 4-4-0, M&WR 13; has NP and 40 other roads 116 and p.c. size; send 3c for list, or trades list for list.

M. B. ZSELINSKI, 2644 W. 21 St., Chicago, collects engine prints, poems, tts.

K. ZURN, 311 Johnson St., LaCrosse, Wisconsin, has size 116 prints CB&Q, C&NW, and CMStP&P to trade.

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Proposed Abandonments

New York Central, Helena to Tupper Lake Jct., N. Y., 63 miles. Philadelphia & Beach Haven, entire line, Manahawken to Beach Haven, N. J., 12 miles. Boston & Maine, Goffstown to Henniker Jct., N. H., 17 miles. Chicago & North Western, Mercer-Vinegar Branch and Shea's spur, Wis., 20 miles; also 27 miles of branches in Oconto, Shawano and Waupaca Counties, Wis. Louisiana Southern, Reggio to Shell Beach, 7 miles. New York & Pennsylvania, Canisteo to Ceres, N. Y., 57 miles. Pennsylvania, Ohio & Detroit, Warsaw Jct. to Brink Haven, O., 20 miles. Wabash, Stewardstown to Effingham, Ill., 13 miles.

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Free R.R. Book Catalog

The Simmons-Boardman Co., 30 Church St., N. Y. City, has issued a new 27-page catalog listing and briefly reviewing all available books dealing with American and Canadian railroading. A copy will be sent free to any reader writing the Simmons-Boardman Co.

They Were Kidding a Condemned Man, Damn Them! . . . Bob Answered His Call

The Trick at Eagle's Nest

By JAMES W. FRASER

Boomer Op, Brakeman, Ry. Mail Clerk, etc.; Author of Prize-Contest Story in Jan. '32 Issue

SIXTEEN hours the storm had been raging in the high Sierras of California. Howling wind and snow battered a shack on top of the pass.

"Regular man must have felt this coming," muttered Bob Nelan, the relief operator, talking to himself. "Serves me right. I should have known better than take such a trick as this."

But jobs were far from plentiful. Boomers like Nelan had to take what they could get—and feel lucky at that.

Another gust of wind screamed through the narrow cut, rocking the small telegraph operator's station on its foundation, whistling through a dozen invisible cracks in the board wall.

The brass pounder shivered.

Timidly poking his unprotected head outside the door, he gave one look at the thermometer and hastily drew in again. No information there. The mercury had dropped down into the bulb!

Bob switched on the tiny six-volt radio, and took a turn around the room. He peered into the regular operator's cupboard. It was not well stocked: a can of soup, one vegetable, two small sardines, some fruit, stale crackers, a little flour, coffee.

"One reason why he went to Sacramento, I suppose," Bob reflected. "He'll come back with enough chuck to last the rest of the winter. Hope he ships some of it ahead."

The radio warmed up, blared out in a news flash. "Snow in the mountains,

rain and floods in the valleys," ranted the rapid-fire reporter. " Biggest snowfall on the Pacific Coast in years, registering thirty-three, point sixty-one inches, to date. Almost equal to the record of 1884 when they had thirty-eight, point eighty-two inches.

" But that's not all. Listen, folks! In Deeth, northeastern Nevada, the thermometer dropped to fifty-one degrees below zero today.* Fifty-one! Think of that. Shafter, in the same section, registered forty-four below. Wells, forty-two. *A new all-time low record for cold!*

" And no sign of a let-up. No break in the clouds. Snow continues to fall in the Sierras. Cattle perishing on the ranges, communities being snowed in. Train crews report only the tops of houses visible in small towns along the line—"

ENOUGH of that. Bob twisted the dial to something more cheerful. Fifty-one at Deeth! Well, it must be colder than that up here on Eagle's Nest. No wonder the thermometer quit. In all his booming career Bob had never struck anything like this before.

Heaping the pot-bellied stove full of coal, Bob sat close, soaking up heat, waiting for the coffee to boil.

" This might not be such a bad break after all," he mused. " A good storm means tie-ups. And that means more work for the ops."

Fortunately, the Sierra & Pacific hadn't gone in for automatic train dispatching and teletype communication. The boomer reflected here might be a chance to land a regular job if he could hold on all winter.

The meager supper over, Bob studied his time sheets. One and Three, through passengers, were gone. No. 2, which had dropped him at Eagle's Nest a few hours after the storm set in, was the last train through.

Local passengers both ways were hours late. No cattle, coal or merchandise moving. Pretty soft, for a while at least.

"EN-EN-EN-DS." It was the night dispatcher (DS) calling Eagle's Nest (EN).

" Hello, here comes something," Bob murmured. He snapped the key and answered: " I-I-EN."

" Hws thngs up thr?" came in swift abbreviated Morse.

Bob responded: " Slow and cold."

" U cn trn in. Evrthng stppd. Wll cll if I need u."

The relief flashed " Good night," yawned and banked the fire. A boomer's wardrobe is far from extensive, so Bob waived the formality of changing into sleeping garments. He flopped onto the bunk, pulled three army blankets and a thin topcoat over himself, and holed in for the night.

" Let her blow," he thought drowsily. " Pay goes on just the same."

DAYLIGHT. The comforting warmth of the fire gone. Winds howled worse than the night before. Tiny piles of snow sifted on the floor from a dozen unseen cracks in the walls. Bob awoke stiff and chilled to the bone. The room felt like the inside of a fully iced " reefer."

Scraping enough kindling and slack from the fuel box in the corner to rebuild the fire, he put the coffee pot on to boil and called DS.

" Road's blocked," the day chief told him. " Six's train is at Silver waiting for the rotary. Have some dope for you in a couple of hours."

" The food supply is pretty slim,"

* *This actually occurred Dec. 12, 1932.*

Bob informed him, "and the only other building I see on this man's mountain is the coal shed."

"Keep your shirt on, boomer," replied the dots and dashes. "Doing the best we can."

Breakfast thawed him out somewhat. Bob policed up the room while gathering up enough courage to face the blizzard. Finally the low-burning fire forced him out.

Tying his hat on, bundled in a heavy sweater salvaged from a locker, the brass pounder picked up the coal hod and started out.

Most of the ground was clear in the pass because of the high wind. Nevertheless, he had to buck a four-foot drift in order to reach the coal shed door.

Once inside, Bob paused to recover his breath. Dazzling spots of light, reaction from the bright snow outside, spun around the dark interior. For a few moments he couldn't see a thing.

Neither could he see anything when his vision did clear. Only blank walls and bare floor. The shed was empty!

Dismay seized him for an instant. Then in anger he bucked the blizzard back to the station.

"What kind of an after-hole of creation is this anyhow?" he demanded abruptly of the wire chief.

"Whts wrng nw?"

"Not a pound of coal up here!"

"Wht?" The wire fairly crackled.

"You heard," Bob snapped hotly.

"Brn nythng u cn find," the chief advised.

"I'm going to," said the boomer, "starting with the coal shed."

Without waiting for further reply, he rushed outside. In a few minutes the coal pick had made fair inroads on one end of the shed. Bob worked outside to get more freedom for action.

If he had been more experienced in dissembling flimsy sheds in ninety-mile gales, he would not have made one serious mistake. Battering out the windward side of the shed exposed the empty interior to the full force of the gale.

This made a wonderful air pocket. An extra heavy gust lifted the foundationless structure bodily, carried it through the air and hurled it to pieces thousands of feet down the canyon, while the astonished man looked on.

Just a few splintered boards remained of his potential fuel supply. Chagrined, Bob lugged them inside.

DRY seasoned wood burns fast. Even with most conservative feeding it was gone by mid-afternoon. The fuel box was next. But once demolished, the supply of wood it afforded was pitifully small.

Meanwhile DS called thrice to inquire how the relief was faring. Only once did he report progress on train No. 6. She had advanced a scant dozen miles to Westport, at the foot of the long canyon leading up to the pass.

Early dusk. Bob calculated that her chance to reach Eagle's Nest that night was remote indeed. Preparing to eat again, he turned on the radio.

"—rapid-fire reporter. Good evening, friends. Very little change in Nevada and high Sierra temperatures in the past twenty-four hours. Thermometer still holds the all-time low record.

"Towns isolated for the first time in years are becoming short of food. Suffering is acute. Private autos abandoned along highways under thirty feet of snow in some places. Airplanes attempting to carry food to stranded places are forced down. Only hope of relief is vested in the railroads, although a Southern Pacific rotary plow with three heavy engines is reported

buried in some unknown cut. Snowsheds are collapsing under their tremendous weight. Tune in again—"

Stranded right, Bob began to feel the real seriousness of the situation. The fuel box had already gone for kindling. He found a packing case filled with office junk, smashed it. Then desperately he attacked the table, a chair and supply cupboard.

"EN-EN-EN." The call again.

"I-EN," reported Bob.

"DS. Ur smaphre lght brng?"

"Ys."

"Hw abt swtch lts?"

"OK."

"B sure. Chk both. Rprt back."

Bob didn't grumble, realizing he should have filled and trimmed the lights during the day.

Scaling the semaphore mast in the storm was a tough job. The oil pot had to be removed and taken inside for filling. Another trip up the pole to replace it. Relighting the wick was a job in itself. Before it was finished an unhappy op was wishing the S. & P. was a bit more modern—at least modern enough to have electric lighted order boards.

Hard telling which was the harder task, semaphore or switch light. Bob took the oil can with him in filling the latter.

The thirty-four car passing track was the only thing that justified the station—or the job—at EN. At an equal distance between the two switches stood the office. In order to service both lamps, an op must cover nearly a mile before he returns to the starting point. Just a pleasant stroll on a nice summer's day.

But before the second lamp was filled and relighted, Bob's fingers were so numb he could scarcely finish. Chilled through, he struggled against the wind back to the station, fairly stumbling to the key, and reported to the dispatcher.

"Took you a long time," the latter told him. "We're borrowing a wedge plow from the S. P. Expect to start out with four engines and a hundred and fifty shovelers. Try to make it through from the east side; drifts may not be so deep over there. Stand by until you hear from me again."

INSIDE the room was warm in contrast to the outside. But the glow of invigorating circulation soon waned. No matter how sparingly the marooned operator fed the fire to offset the chill, the wood disappeared with maddening speed.

Finally, donning all available clothing, Bob crawled beneath the three blankets on the bunk to keep warm and fell into a restless doze.

Hours later he awakened, stiff and numb from cold. Or was the chattering sounder responsible? Bob stumbled to the instrument table to answer.

"Whr n hl u bn?" The wire crackled.

Upon learning the boomer had fallen asleep, the chief snapped: "Stay on the job until relieved. How's the coal?"

"Gone hours ago," Bob replied, "And most of the wood, too."

Dawn, breaking soon, brought the same if not a more hopeless outlook. The boomer's discomfort increased hourly. At mid-day the last morsel of food disappeared. Then the last splinter of wood.

Not another board could be spared from the meager finished interior. Vaguely the anxious operator recalled something about a fellow burning his house, bit by bit, to keep warm. In desperation he might have attempted it but for the menacing howl of icy winds.

The instrument was busier now. Every few minutes it seemed the dispatcher wanted something or other.

Once Bob reminded him that no more fuel was available. The chief recalled a carload of coal which had been overturned at the west end of the passing track during the summer.

"Go down there and scrape around," he ordered. "You might find one or two buckets full."

Hopefully Bob bucked the storm with two coal hods. Diligently he searched every inch of ground within a radius of a half dozen car lengths, even burrowing under snowdrifts, without success.

"Did I say *west* switch?" DS wired in answer to the report. "Remember now, it was the *east* switch."

But the east switch was equally barren of coal. By dusk Bob had removed the stove and was burning office records in the sandbox, conserving the little additional heat that would have gone up the flue. He dare not burn enough of the precious paper to melt and boil water for coffee, so for nourishment he chewed the dry coffee.

"Six's train stopped at Westport. Snowplow showing at Tamarack," came over the wire. "EN, see that your switches are lined for the main."

Idiotic, Bob thought. Of course the switches were lined. Always were. Besides, nothing had used the passing track since No. 2 passed.

Breaking in, he reported them O.K.

"Stay alive, EN. Something may be showing from the east pretty soon."

"STAY alive!" Sinister expression, that. Bob switched on the radio. News flashes! Was that all the infernal thing ever picked up?

"—situation looks serious for the lone railroad telegraph operator marooned at Eagle's Nest, on the very top of a barren mountain. An airplane with food and fuel supplies was grounded soon after it started this morning because of severe weather and heavy cross winds. It is doubtful if the place could be reached under these conditions anyhow due to its peculiar inaccessibility. Unless the railroad is able to push through with snowplows—"

Like a supernatural voice pronouncing a man's doom, the radio went silent, dead.

Bob understood it all now. Division offices hadn't told him of that attempted flight because they knew it was impossible. Dispatchers knew train No. 6 couldn't get through.

Four engines pushing a wedge up the east slope. Bunk. The S. P. couldn't spare a single piece of equipment at a time like this. If they did, fourteen Sierra & Pacific jacks couldn't buck through those drifts down there. Forty feet deep, some of them, if an inch.

It looked as if Boomer Nelan was doomed. Freezing to death. Starving. They knew there wasn't a chunk of coal anywhere in the pass. Kidding a condemned man. Damn them!

Shaking with rage, Bob answered his call. Always calling—this must be the thousandth—but wanting nothing.

"How's that east end switch, EN?"

"OK. Told you that before."

"Light burning?"

"Ys," snapped Bob.

"Go down and see. Make sure."

"Lights OK. Not moving out of here again tonight."

Silence followed Bob's angry ultimatum. Fifteen minutes. The sounder clattering again.

"EN-EN-EN—"

"I-I-EN."

"U thr, EN?" came the query.

"Said I wouldn't go out, didn't I?"

"OK. Stand by, now. Plow passed Tamarack."

Kidding him again. Weak, numb,

harassed, the man flew into a rage. Tamarack had no operator, only a trainman's phone. EN was not on the dummy line. Therefore, Bob could not tell for sure that the plow was not coming through, but he felt certain such was the case.

Operators the world over have bawled out dispatchers—by closing the key, crossing the room to the water pail, and from that safe distance giving vent to their feelings verbally.

This one didn't. He was a boomer. Knew how to tell things. And he did. Wires sizzled.

For an interval after he stopped the circuit remained open. Then: "Go down and look after that east switch."

"Go to hell!"

"You're fired. Insubordination."

"OK. I'm fired. Want transportation and time check PDQ or you explain in court."

"That's the kind of bird you are," said the DS. "Thought so."

"Can't deliver, can you? Low-down four-flusher!" Bob shook with anger.

WHITE hot mentally, numb with cold. Getting colder every minute. But he didn't seem to feel it so much now. Weak, too. Unable to stand longer, he inverted the coal bucket, using it as a chair.

The instrument again. It never stopped now. Time lost its identity. Bob answered mechanically, forgetting what he said the moment it was sent, forgetting how long he had been imprisoned in this freezing hell. Automatically he pounded the key, hammering insults, general, personal, blistering.

Didn't care what he said. He was getting sleepy. No longer cold nor hungry. Just sleepy.

The sounder hesitated, started again.

"EN-EN, stay awake, you ham!"

Bob answered back, something.

"Wake up, you no-account bum!"

EN spoke. Slow, hesitant, no one would have recognized it as Boomer Nelan's fist. "Some day, mister, I'm looking you up in Sacto—"

Sacramento. Never really cold down there. The town of Athens, Georgia, also was warm.

The message forgotten, Bob's head thumped down on the table. He dreamed of other places. Pittsburgh. Towns along the Monongahela where the weather got cold but roaring blast furnaces shooting red fire into the skies always gave a man a sense of warmth in spite of the snow.

Granby, Missouri, in the Ozarks. Cool and frosty at nights but always plenty of firewood to burn just for the joy of hearing cheery crackling.

But no more cold places for Bob. From now on, he is a "straw hat," a fair weather rail seeking sunny places.

Down in the Imperial Valley, El Centro. There would be one place at least where he could land a job when the dam was completed.

He would settle down. Marry. Give up booming. Grow whiskers, be a home guard. Sleep between clean sheets every night . . .

CLEAN sheets. Snowy white sheets on the softest, warmest bed in a warm room. Warmth from the outside, flower scented, wafted through an open window. And bright sunshine.

A woman, too. Not his wife, but one in a uniform. Slowly, very slowly, Bob began to realize he was not dreaming. Neither was he at Eagle's Nest.

The nurse smiled an encouraging smile, rearranged the bedding and told him there would no doubt be visitors in a day or so.

They came the next day, two men.

"Hello, Nelan!" The gruff, bronzed, portly fellow extended a hand. "I'm Manning, general super. Meet George White, one of the fellows who kept you entertained while you were up at EN."

"One?" Bob scarcely recognized his own voice, weakened by fever and long days of silence.

"Yeah." White shook hands, too. "Burns, on the day trick, had a hand in it. Both of us sat there for hours, razzing you on the wire to keep you pepped up."

"I get it," said Bob. "So I wouldn't fall asleep and forget to wake up."

"No hard feelings?" White asked.

The patient only grinned.

"Glad you're recovering, old man." Manning patted the patient's shoulder. "Bad case of pneumonia you contracted. But the S. & P. won't forget you. Get well first, then come and see me. We'll find a nice warm spot in the valley where you can settle down and raise chickens—or something. I like a man who sticks to his post."

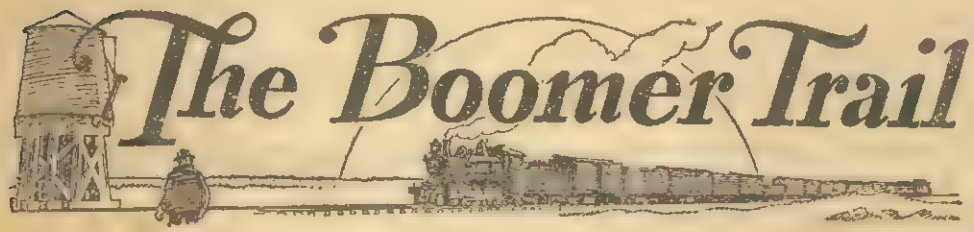
"Like I stuck at EN?" Bob asked slyly.

"Well, yes."

Bob laughed. "Ever hear about the Heinie officer who gave the Tommy a valuable Swiss watch?"

"No." Superintendent Manning placed his hand on the door-knob.

"He had to." The boomer smiled happily. "Say, on your way out, ask that nurse to come back in, will you? I got a hunch she isn't married."



LINK-AND-PIN memories surge over me as I look back on early days of railroading. In 1888 I began working for the C.&N.W. at Escanaba, Mich. Ore cars in those days had hand brakes and only 2 axles. In 1890 I went over to the Milwaukee Road on the Superior Div., between Milwaukee and Green Bay, Wis. There was no Adamson 8-hour law then. During rush periods we often put in from 20 to 30 or more hours of work at a stretch, without sleep.

This practice was dangerous alike to crew, passengers and equipment. No one knows how many bad wrecks, explosions and deaths were caused by long hours of work. Many an unfortunate hogger would start from a doze to find the water out of sight in the glass, and without pausing to consider whether the water had been out of sight for minutes or seconds, he would start to shoot water into his boiler. Well, when cold water strikes a dry hot crown sheet, the engine is blown to glory in a cloud of steam—usually with the hogger, fireboy and head brakeman also!

Many times dozing crews would run past meeting points, with disastrous results. It's a wonder the brass hats and the public didn't wake up before they did, and realize that safety pays far more than the extra cost of better working conditions.

One night, when I was a head brakeman on the Milwaukee, I was called for No. 18, a freight. I had been on duty for 38 hours continuously and was unfit to go out again. The rest of the crew were in pretty much the same state. To cap the climax, we got a green tallowpot, who had never before fired anything but a switcher in yard service. He didn't know the road nor the grades nor anything about handling an engine on the main

There are several hard hills on the Superior Div. Unless a fireman understood the road and had his fire in good shape for the hard pulls, we'd have to double the hills—which meant, of course, much extra work and loss of time.

We had a timecard meet with No. 5, a passenger, at Elkhart Lake, about 40 miles from Green Bay. En route we faced a hard pull up Holstein Hill. Before reaching the hill Engineer Clark asked me to take the scoop for our green

fireman, so we'd climb the grade without doubling. I baled her over the bump, and then, dead tired, fell asleep on the tallowpot's seatbox.

We had no more hard pulls and should have made the meeting point easily, but Clark also was exhausted and hit the hay when I did. With a green tallowpot firing, the steam dropped, we lost time, and failed to make Elkhart Lake on schedule. It was, in fact, time for us to head in when we got to Keil, but we did not wake up until we were going by the depot.

Then I came to life with a start. Realizing we were in a jam, I yelled to Clark and dashed madly back over the tank to set brakes and stop the train. At that moment I saw No. 5 rounding a curve about a third of a mile away. Believe me, she was coming, too!

A bridge crossed the corner of a small lake about halfway between the 2 trains. The hogger had the reverse over and plenty of sand on the rails, but it did no good. I got about 2 hand brakes set when we hit our end of the bridge. Smoke from our engine was blowing back so thick I couldn't see a thing except that we were over the lake. I thought here would be a nice soft spot to unload, so I " joined the ducks."

That tallowpot may have been green but at least he knew when he was in a tough spot. Fast as I went overboard, he was already down there in the water when I landed. Engineer Clark didn't even wait until we reached the bridge. He unloaded on the ground, unhurt.

No sooner had we unloaded than the 2 engines hit with a thunderous crash. Clouds of steam and fire spread over the lake. After a second's pause, box cars began to rain into the lake. Eleven of them left the rails and came down, making big waves that nearly drowned the tallowpot and me.

We were washed about like chips in the ocean until we came to a barbed-wire fence built out in the lake along the right-of-way. This we hung onto while things quieted down. Then we struck out for shore, about 200 feet away. We found the front of both trains smashed and both engines reduced to scrap iron, but nobody killed or badly injured.

I went to the caboose and changed my clothes. I was so tired that I fell sound asleep and did not wake up till hours later. The caboose was moving. It had been coupled to the rear end of a passenger going back to Green Bay. We were held in off the road for an investigation without pay.

It was so serious that the general supt. from Chicago came out to cross-examine and investigate. He sure had us on the spot. Engineer Clark was discharged. The hind brakeman, tallowpot and I were bawled out for carelessness.

Returning to duty, I remained until the Pullman strike conducted by Gene Debs and the American Ry. Union in 1894, after which I worked on the Milwaukee's Breckenridge Div. at St. Paul, switching and braking. In 1899 I got a job on the Chicago Great Western and quit the boomer trail. I am now a crossing watchman for the C.G.W. Oscar Renshaw, of Chicago, helped me to write this letter.—W. D. Flanders, 526 Third St., N.W., Rochester, Minn.

RECENTLY I got a letter from Ike Rood, about whom I wrote in "The Boomer Trail" (Oct., '35). He was visiting in Los Angeles, so I looked him up. His greeting was: "I was in Canada, and lonesome, so I bought a copy of Railroad Stories at the magazine stand. The first thing I knew I was reading about myself!"

We enjoyed going over old times. He is now retired on pension from the U.P.; spends his time traveling and enjoying life.—R. H. ("Turkey") Moore, 4605 S. Van Ness Ave., Los Angeles.

* * *

AS operator, machinist and engineer for 55 years, I covered most of the places mentioned by Turkey Moore in his life story. I saw them long before Turkey started on his travels. I knew the Elie boys, Jack, Mort and Mike. Jack was firing when I met him in Potosi, Mexico. Frank Kirk was M.M. in Rio Janeiro on the Brazilian National road. He gave jobs to us boomers whenever he could. If Turkey ever comes to Oakland I hope he will drop in to see me. I am 75.—Fred Sultzer, 542 25th St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

IT was a pleasant surprise for me to pick up a copy of your Oct. issue and see Turkey Moore's portrait — a snapshot which I myself made in Lima, Peru, in 1927. At that time we were both employed by the Cerro de Pasco Copper Corp. and spending a vacation together. I think Turkey was known and liked by everyone of the 500 Americans and Canadians working for the company at the time. We corresponded for years after I left Peru. If he writes any more yarns I don't want to miss them, so I am enclosing check for a year's subscription to Railroad Stories.—R. L. Parker, Box 498, Kirkland Lake, Ont., Canada.

* * *

WANTED: News of George Dolan, who joined O.R.C. Div. 412 at Fresno, Calif., in 1912. He was traced to Moosejaw, Sask., where he worked for C.P.R. until 1923, but has not since been heard from.—J. C. Dolan, 3615 Hollydale Drive, Los Angeles.

* * *

BOOMER RY. MEN'S ASS'N needs coöperation. We want to get out small pamphlets and membership certificates for framing. Allowance must be made for those unemployed. The following will please send correct addresses: H. C. Griffith, Maywood, Calif.; J. R. Burns, San Francisco; E. D. Bolster, Los Angeles; and R. J. Tinsman, Salem, Ore.

Emblems have been ordered and will be mailed out as soon as received. New members welcome. Send stamped envelopes and list of roads on which you worked.—E. W. Reiter (founder of B.R. M.A.), Shelly, Pa.

JUNE 26, 1918, at age of 13, I began railroading as switch tender for the C.&O. at Silver Grove, Ky. After 5 years on the job I worked as switchman for the Pennsy, B.&O. and Big 4, then Milwaukee, Southern, Soo Line. Off 1930 to 1935, then gandy dancer on the Milwaukee. All this by way of challenging the claim of Day F. Allread to be the youngest boomer.—H. O. BLACK (Member B.R.M.A.), 357 Van Voast Ave., Bellevue, Ky.

* * *

WHERE is Shorty Moore, former Canada Atl. engineer?—R. WALKER, Blue River, B. C., Canada.

* * *

I SEEK information about "Danbury Dan" and "Soo Sue," 'boes, the finest and fairest of them all. A friend of mine traveled 1,200 miles with them. Sue's real name is Angenelli.—W. M. NEWCOMER, 4124 N. Darien St., Phila., Pa.

* * *

R. A. FEEHAN (Jan. issue) disputes W. Van Horne's claim to be the youngest railroad worker. I can beat them both. In 1907 I started as messenger in L. V. offices at Bethlehem, Pa., at age 13. Learned telegraphy at 14. Being too young to work on the road, I went to the W.U. Worked for the Phila., Bethlehem & New Eng. as brakeman and fireman, P.&R. as clerk, Postal Tel., and Bethlehem Steel Co. as operator; then back to W.U., finally shop clerk in Bethlehem Steel. Now unemployed, as there isn't much left to the telegraph end any more.

Answering requests for employees time tables: I am out now but expect more. I'd like to hear from foreign fans, especially operators.—RAY H. HORN, 1409 Center St., Bethlehem, Pa.

IN 1911 I was N.Y.C. messenger in the old Middle Ground freight office; later transferred to Union Station. I left railroad service for a few years, then returned to it at Air Line Jct. yards, Ind.; then at Charleston, Ill., 1926-9. Was furloughed Dec., 1931. I want to hear from the boys back home.—E. E. ALBERS ("B.&O. Slim"), Route 1, Box 96, Trilla, Ill.

* * *

IN 1869 my uncle, Ed Shinn, was firing engine 22, on construction on the old Denver Pacific between Denver and Cheyenne. A cloudburst east of Denver on the Kansas Pacific endangered the bridge over Sand Creek. Several cars loaded with riprap hauled by No. 22 were sent with an extra crew to the bridge. While the riprap was being unloaded, the bank collapsed, throwing the engine and 3 cars into the raging flood.

Uncle Ed fired the engine hauling a wrecking train sent to the rescue. The 22's cab showed above the water when the wrecking crew arrived, but she was soon swallowed by quicksand and was never heard of since.

Ed was in engine service on the D.&R.G. many years. He died in 1925. His brother Otis went into train service on the U.P. until 1892, when he lost his left hand. Then he was given a job on the Denver U.D. Ry. Co., where he worked until his death in 1927. For years he was correspondent for *The Railway Conductor*, writing under the pen name "Hot Tamale."—ED HUFFSMITH (boomer), 243 Atlantic Ave., Long Beach, Calif.

A Hoghead's Most Embarrassing Moment

YEARS ago I worked as telegrapher on the St. Louis Coal Railroad—a forty-mile pike, built to haul coal from the Williamson County coal fields at Marion to Pinckneyville, Ill., where the loads were turned over to the St. Louis & Cairo Short Line and hauled to St. Louis. The trainmaster-dispatcher and I had learned telegraphy together. When he needed an agent and operator at Vergennes, he gave me the job.

Late one afternoon a farmer came to my station to report a broken rail about a mile east of the station. We both went out to see it. Twenty-four inches of the head, broken off clean from the web, was lying on the ground next to the track. I ran back to the station to wait for the evening eastbound train. When it came, I boarded the train and directed the engineer, Jim B——, to the break. He got out and looked at it.

"That's nothing," he laughed, "nothing at all." And he got the whole train across.

But a few weeks later Jim found himself in a peculiar situation. He was eastbound after dark. Just before reaching the trestle approach to the Beaucoup River bridge he glimpsed a black void ahead. "Jump, quick!" he yelled to the fireman.

Jim closed his throttle, applied the air, and jumped onto a "fill" twenty feet high. When he managed to get to his feet he was astonished to see and hear his train going across the bridge. Later, meeting the conductor and baggage man, Jim was chagrined to learn that the only thing the matter was that his headlight was out. No oil was left. The light presumably had been jolted out just before they reached the trestle.
—Edward B. Richart, Jackson County Farm Home, R.F.D. No. 4, Carbondale, Ill.

The Female Op

With Betty Around, Young Bill Ferguson Acted Like He Was Carrying Extra Markers All the Time

By HARRY C. TEMPLE

Illustrated by the Author, Who Is a Former Brass Pounder

IT was Betty Cosgrave who started the old guard on the Central Division to cussing and almost caused the youngest engineer on the road to lose his head. She was young, pretty as a picture and smart. Young and smart enough, anyway, to be practicing and growing up in the office down at "DS" and doing most of the work for her father, old Tom Cosgrave, who O.S.ed* the trick for a living; and she had grown to proper size and age and beauty when young Bill Ferguson came along.

Bill was pulling reefers and silks with a regular stop at "DS" for water and "19" orders when he first took notice of her. In a short time he was piling up delays around there. When she read a "19" to him he got so he didn't know whether it was a meeting point or a time order. And if she waved to him when he whistled off, or wig-wagged the old order board before she cleared it, he was just as liable as not to pull a drawhead.

**OS means "on (the train) sheet." To OS a train is to report its passing. A 19 order is one for which an engineer must stop and sign; a 31 order is handed up to him on the fly. "Reefer" means refrigerator car.*

Old Tom noticed it. What is more he thought Betty was acting funny, too. She was keeping "O.S.es" on the young hogger and copying his manifest every time he registered at a terminal. She lost interest in the night trick man and began to snub some of the old guard, and wouldn't read orders any more to young Pat Dogger, the good-looking conductor on the peddler.

It wasn't long till all of them noticed she was flashing a big white light on the proper finger and young Bill Ferguson was acting like he was carrying extra markers all the time. He burned up the right-of-way with everything they hooked onto him. Some of the old brains got afraid to ride a crummy behind him. They began calling him Wild and declared they thought he had gone haywire the way he was wheeling 'em.

However, Dake Snider, his regular conductor, said: "Naw! It's just that girl down at DS. He runs like hell to get there, an' then runs like hell to get back. He's all right when he's there. Old Tom thinks they will be married pretty soon, an' then he'll be O.K."

About this time Superintendent Clark noticed that certain silk runs and reefers were making fast time and coming into terminals on their schedule. He wondered about it. And when Jim Clark wondered about anything, he got busy. He asked the trainmaster for a few records and wanted to know why. Furthermore, he wanted to know why certain rattlers could keep on the card and No. 2 couldn't.

"Well," explained the trainmaster, "it's a girl who's keeping those rattlers on the card."

"A girl! What's the answer?"

"Yes, a girl. She's Betty Cosgrave down at DS., and she's got this young engineer so crazy about her he's breaking his neck to get there and breaking it all over again to get back. Dake Snider says he's all in from riding his caboose and hustling all the time to keep up with the wild jackass." The trainmaster smiled.

"Betty Cosgrave," mused the super. "Grown' up, eh? Well, well! I don't blame the young fellow, if she's anything like her mother! I remember when—but that's another story." He laughed and went on: "It might be a good idea to plant a few more females along the line and cajole some speed out of the rest of the boys. How about Number Two—what's the matter there?"

"It's old Red. He says the 173 won't take it any more and he can't make the time."

"Maybe it's old Red who can't take it any more," suggested the super, "and maybe the 173 could stand a shot of new blood. How about giving this young rattler fellow a chance to break his neck a couple of times and get Number Two back on her schedule? Old Red is about due for his long rest and a good pension."

And so it happened. Wild Bill was called for No. 2 on the next run.

ABOUT the same time it was brought to the notice of Superintendent Clark that the night trick man at "DS" was taken suddenly ill and there wasn't an extra operator on the board. The chief was hollering louder than a Pacific blowing off. He had to have an operator. The division was cluttered with fast freight and it was up to him to keep it moving.

"Please advise putting Betty Cosgrave on," his message read. "Fine

operator and good rail, will make good extra man. Advise."

Jim Clark had thought nothing of putting Wild Bill on No. 2 for the good of the service. But here was something different. A female on the division—would that be for the good of the service? What would that he-man, single-track outfit of his think when they had to take orders from a female? Would "19's" be Gospel—copied, completed and delivered by a female—over his signature? All simple questions, but he couldn't guess the answer. It had never been done in his time and he hated to be the first to try it.

He knew Betty and liked her very much. He remembered her mother with mingled feelings of regret and disappointment. He knew Tom from boomer days, and when they had worked together at "DS." They were still good friends. He would like to talk with him now, before he put Betty in there alone on that night trick. He was sure it wasn't good railroading, and it wasn't right for a young girl alone at night "O.S.ing" trains. But then he reflected that it would be for only a few nights until the regular man came back, and he forgot about it and sent the chief his O.K.

The news of a female on the division started popping right away. Spider Mulloky, eagle-eye on 52, was the first to sign and listen to Betty read orders to him. She couldn't have picked a better one to set the old guard to cussing about it.

By the time he backed out of the office and climbed on the 109 the rattle in his throat sounded like all drivers were on the ties. When he hit Q Yards he was so shaky he could hardly sign the register, and before he was through telling the second trick man about it he was repeating himself something dreadful.

That night, up at the corner where lay-over crews settled arguments, Spider had the floor most of the time telling them more of what he thought of a female in the operating department of a railroad.

"She ain't any business in there handin' out orders! We got 'nuff women at home doin' that! She ought to stay home an' mind the kids and make it nice for some tired shack comin' in off a rattler!" Getting up steam, he roared: "Orders is orders an' they're Gospel or they ain't! A female order is never Gospel, fer ya can always do as ya like, anyways!"

Young Pat Dogger, however, opined that "they ain't much to worry about right away, for she won't be there long. She'll be operatin' in another department if that big rock she carries around means anything."

Nevertheless, after a few weeks, when they found that the regular man at DS. wasn't coming back and that Betty was doing all right, they eased off and most of them got so they could stand without the brakes set and listen to her read "19's" to them. And gradually they got over the feeling, when they went into the office, of taking off their hats and throwing out the old quid.

Superintendent Clark, too, gradually got over his feeling that it was bad railroading to have her in there, and congratulated Betty on her good work. The Central Division was running smoothly. No. 2, with Bill getting speed unheard of out of the 173, was back on her schedule and everybody was happy.

Everybody, that is, but Betty and Wild Bill. Both had the feeling that the old days when he was stopping for

water and piling up delays around DS. were better. They could talk and laugh, and Betty could make eyes at him and get him all flustered when she read orders to him. All they could do now was to wave or signal with the old order board and the chimes as he flashed by at sixty per.

THEN she found a way out. She would wink at him with the order board, and he would play with the whistle cord for a station call and wait for the wink. A half turn from the red, back and forth, did the trick. Another trick was to hold the red on him until he was almost under it and then wink at him until the last coach slipped past before she cleared the board.

A clear board, then, as his markers whipped around the curve, was her good-night to him; and two short ones on the chimes meant a kiss for her. Trip after trip the tooting and winking went on. Sometimes when he was easy on the card he would drift at fifteen or twenty and grab a note from her.

"Orders," he would explain to Lank Long, his fireman, as he climbed back into the cab.

"Orders, hell!" Lanky was disgusted. Night after night he stood in the gangway on that side and watched the winking of Betty's signal and listened to the tooting of the chimes. Night after night he cussed about it.

"It's no way to railroad a high-liner and you two love birds are goin' to raise hell with all of us one of these nights doin' it," he complained. "Some of the old guard is swearin' about it. Spider Mulloky was in th' hole at 'DS' for us one night an' seen th' wig-waggin', an' is goin' to report it to the ol' man if you don't cut it out."

The young hogger only smiled at Lanky's cussing and protests. "Don't mind what Spider has to say, and let the rest of 'em cuss!" he said. "They ain't seen nothin' yet. Wait till I start tootin' Morse on the whistle cord! I'm learning the code from the op down at the yard office."

A few trips later, while Lanky and the 173 waited at the terminal for No. 2 to be delivered from the next division west, Wild Bill climbed aboard, all smiles and a cheery greeting. "I got it!" he exulted. "The op says I'm O.K. and can sling Morse with any of 'em. Listen; it goes like this."

With a gentle touch, he pulled the whistle cord and tooted long and short ones for Lanky. Then for a little practice and to let Lanky get familiar with it, he tooted it all over a couple of times. "She'll read it like a book and wink plenty tonight. Don't miss it!"

At the end he had Lanky pretty well lathered up and swearing as though he had the right-of-way over everything.

"Save your wind for when I get to stringin' 'em out," said Bill. "You'll need it. We got to clip that hour down to the card. An' you know me when we're off the tissue!"

Lanky knew and said a silent prayer. His temper cooled as he wiped up the cab while they waited for their run. Bill left him to spot the 173 and went to the office for orders. He hoped that bonehead in the dispatcher's office wouldn't make it tight for him. He would want room tonight to move along.

No. 2 came in on the reported hour, but what with delays for station work and inspection, it got away behind the 173 one hour and fifteen minutes late. Bill had a time order to "CD" that didn't bother him, and he started hustling right along.

Bill knew every inch of the two

shiny streaks of steel out ahead—just where to ease on a curve and how much to pinch the brakes for a diamond. He figured where most of the regulars would hole in for him and how they in turn would figure him for clearance. He rode a cab with ease and felt the throb of power at just the right point on the big bar as he smoothed it out.

A hidden sense told him his speed; familiar whistle posts clicked it off for him and kept him busy with the chimes. The run to "CD" was full of them. He checked each one as he thundered past and smiled as the last before the station stop showed up. He glanced at his watch and yelled to Lanky.

"With your steam and my brains, the old girl sure can step right along. Thirty minutes to the good on that little stretch. Not bad, eh?"

The reply, something about getting steam mixed up for brains, was clear enough for anybody to hear, but Bill was busy drifting to a gentle stop under the sheds. He was only 45 minutes late. A red block told him the dispatcher was still on the trick and had news for him. He signed for another time order, looked the 173 over and oiled around while they took off the diner and cleaned up the station work. He climbed to the cab and handed Lanky the order, waiting for the highball to be off again.

"That dispatcher's smart, or he's got a nice railroad tonight," he remarked. "Only fifteen minutes on that order between here and 'DS.' He must be all clear east of there. We can make him eat the fifteen minutes at 'DS' and slide into Q Yards pretty close to the card. . . . What'd he say back there?"

With a motion of his hand Lanky relayed the highball. Then he stepped to the deck close to Bill as the latter eased out on the throttle. "I guess you won't be fidgetin' around 'DS' tootin' your Morse to Betty while you're slidin' in on the card, will you?"

"I'll have to tell her that some other night, for sure!" laughed Bill. "By the time we hit that straightaway out in front of her, it'll take two of her to see us tonight. She won't have any time for wig-waggin'. I only hope she don't hold that board on me too long. I'll make the chimes short and sweet and she'll probably give me only one or two pulls on the board, just to let me know she's lookin'. She knows I'm wheelin' 'em fast and won't do anything funny. You watch close and see I'm right."

The 173 soon settled into her stride after the short breathing spell at "CD," seeming easier about it without the diner. Bill hung loosely in his window blowing the posts as they came whirling at him. He checked the order boards with short station calls and watched them swing to clear. He noted his old run in the hole for him. Thirty cars close on his side rattled and banged as he zoomed by.

A long gentle curve led him into the ten miles of perfectly straight track he'd been waiting for. It was the race course of the division and his delight every time he crossed it. When the 173 swung into it now, Lanky could feel the lurch of the engine as his hoghead gave her more on the quadrant and another point up on the big bar.

The young engineer looked at his watch and smiled. The fifteen minutes on the order was out of the way. He was right on it, free for the run into Q Yards. A sickly haze of black object flashed by his window as they came dancing out of the faint stream

of light ahead. In the mass, he picked up in the distance the faint flickering red of Betty's signal. It winked once at him before he made the station call. It had never done that before, and he wondered.

"She's givin' me a hand on the time order," he thought, "and she'll have a clear board for us tonight."

As he roared past the whistle post Bill made the call and waited. Seconds passed. He sat still at the throttle, while Lanky stood in the gangway to watch. The red light did not move. At rocket speed they approached it. In a flash they passed under it and went thundering by the little office. Bill whistled for the board, but it didn't clear!

They waited as they had done so many times before, until the last coach slipped under it. Lanky yelled: "Pinch 'em, Bill! She's givin' us the wash-out! You gotta go back! She's got a nineteen for us or I'm a dead cat!"

With the air in the big hole No. 2 pulled up well around the curve. Without waiting for a signal to his three short ones Bill started the long heavy train back to the little office. He had run a red block.

POOR Betty! They found her slumped in her chair in a faint, one hand near her open key, the other clutching a "19" order. The red and white lights were on their side, smoking at her feet. A book lay open on the floor far from her table; the ink well had spilled a splattered blob on its way from the desk. Her hat and coat were rumpled in the corner. They were evidence enough of her fright at seeing the markers on No. 2 vanish around the curve. She had failed to deliver an order.

While Bill took care of her, the skipper righted the two lanterns, closed the key at her hand and released the order from the other. He signed it and held it up for Bill.

"I'm glad you came back for this!" he said. He read the order aloud. It was a positive meet at "PE" with two delayed trains that had to be moved. On the train sheet they were just as important as a late No. 2.

Looking over the table and office carefully to make sure of no further orders for them or for any other trains, the conductor cleared the board.

"I'll report this at 'PE' so they can close the office for the night," he said. And, like a good captain, he issued orders of his own.

"Bundle this poor kid into the parlor car, and we'll take her along. Can't leave her here dead to the world and we can't tie up waiting for her to come to. Get moving!"

At the end of the run in Q Yards, Betty stood on the station platform, a little shaken and nervous, but thanks to the aid and kindness shown her aboard, she was quite herself, waiting for Bill as he came running back.

"Oh, Bill!" she sobbed. "I was so frightened when you ran my red block! You were tearing head-on into those trains. Oh, I'll never give you another wig-wag or listen to any more of your old chimes. That's what caused all the trouble."

"It does look that way for sure," he replied. "Just what Lanky has been cussin' about right along. But listen, honey, I got a new one for you. I was goin' to blow it tonight but didn't have time. Goes like this." With his hands cupped into a hollow whistle he tooted out in the Morse he had learned:

"I love you."

Betty read it like a book!

He Picked Up in the Distance the Faint Flickering Red of Betty's Signal

SUPERINTENDENT CLARK sat at his desk the following morning reading No. 2's delay report, which he had got from the trainmaster's office. Clipped to it, in the sprawly hand of the skipper, he found all the details of the delay at "DS." The skipper had set down all the facts—how he had seen the red light in the order board change to white and settle again to red and remain so until his train had passed under it, how Bill had frantically backed up without calling for a flag, how he had found Betty in a faint at her desk with the unsigned order clutched in her hand and how, to save time, he had cleared the block and taken Betty aboard. His report was complete from terminal to terminal and concluded in damaging evidence against two good rails.

With the last line of the skipper's report pounding his anger, Clark bellowed into the telephone to round up the wild young hogger and his wigwagging accomplice.

"Be at my office at ten o'clock!" he roared at Bill, when he located him at Aunt Jenny's boarding house. "And fetch Betty Cosgrave with you!"

At last they stood before the super's desk waiting for him to speak. Clark stood up. He was calm, but his flushed face and neck showed the anger he tried to hide. He leaned forward.

"An hour ago," he reprimanded

them, "I thought of firing both of you for neglect of duty! You, Betty, for failing to deliver an order to Number Two; and you," he shouted at Bill, "for running a red block! But now I have a better plan—a plan for the good of the service, as well as fit punishment for both of you. I am going to separate you. Betty, you report in the morning to the West Division; and you, young man, report for your old run! I'll see if you can toot Morse and wig-wag an order board at each other a hundred and thirty miles apart!"

Betty smiled as she looked at Clark. "Separate us?" she asked as she winked across at her Bill, "not a chance, Mr. Clark. We were married this morning."

The Car That Re-railed Itself

AN eastbound extra freight train roared through the half light of early morning, a few years ago, on the old Montana Division of the Northern Pacific. It had uneventfully traversed over half of the first subdivision, between Livingston and Laurel Yard, and was now a short distance east of the blind siding of Oneida. Her 95 cars rocked and twisted sinuously through the many curves along the Yellowstone River at a speed of between thirty-five and forty miles an hour. At the head of the train howled a big freight engine of the "Mikado" type, stoker clanking steadily, headlight brightly slashing the grayness ahead.

In the cab engineman and fireman lounged on swaying seatboxes, eyes following the headlight beam as the track unfolded in its glow. Atop the tank in the "doghouse," the head brakeman watchfully faced the host of following cars; in the cupola of the caboose, three quarters of a mile away, reclined the conductor and rear "shack," eyes to the fore, each watching one side of the racing train. The vigilance of these men was handicapped, however, by the length of the train and the many curves in the track.

A short distance from the Yellowstone River bridge, which is situated on a reverse curve, some two miles east of Oneida, the trainman's oldest bugaboo appeared upon the scene. Midway down the train a brakebeam on one truck of a heavy load of lumber, weary of its normal resting place directly ahead of the center of the accompanying pair of wheels, dropped to the rails. The whirling discs climbed over the brakebeam; fire flew; the pair of wheels dropped to the ties, followed almost instantly by the other pair. The long train roared onward with undiminished speed, the wheels of the derailed truck clinging tightly to the inside of one rail and as closely hugging the outer edge of the other rail, gouging deep wounds in ties and ballast, smashing and shearing off bolt heads and lock nuts by the score. Over the river bridge, and mile after mile, these four wheels tore savagely at the track and roadbed. And yet the lateral pull being mysteriously insufficient to disengage the coupling knuckle of the neighboring car, or to break the air hose connection!

The three watchers aboard the train, their range of vision limited by track curvature, noted nothing wrong. The train reached Craver, five miles east of Oneida, and as the car with the derailed truck smashed over the west siding switch, the combination of points, frog and guard rails hoisted the offending truck, and miraculously dropped the flashing wheels in their proper places upon the rails! At forty miles an hour the long drag rushed eastward to the terminal, the crew blissfully unaware of what had occurred, until, on arrival at Laurel Yard, carmen discovered the missing brakebeam and evidence of a derailment.

Sectionmen between Oneida and Craver that morning stared with unbelieving eyes at mile after mile of mutilated railroad, necessitating countless tie renewals and re-bolting of rails. How a car midway of a long train, moving at forty miles an hour over a crooked piece of railroad could become derailed, ride the ties for some four miles, then re-rail itself, without causing a nasty pile-up, is still a source of wonder for both officials and employees on that portion of the system.—Chick Bliss.

On the Spot

EVERY railroad man knows that "spot" is sleep or lunch period or rest on company time. "On the spot" means an opportunity for a group of rails to chew the rag or swap experiences. That's what this department is for—comments, criticism, reminiscences.

Please note: Space is limited. Keep your letters short. We like to hear from readers, and we give each letter personal attention, but we can't print them all. Every month we get ten times as much "Spot" material as we can use. So don't feel slighted if yours is crowded out.

Photos can't reproduce well on this paper unless the originals show details clearly. Good photos for which we do not have immediate need are kept in our files—to be used in future, if and when we require certain pictures to illustrate articles, rosters, etc. Fans must understand that photos are submitted gratis.

We do not guarantee to use all of the good prints we get. That would be impossible. Write your name and address on the back of each photo. If return is desired, be sure to say so, enclosing self-addressed stamped envelope.

Turn to Reader's Choice Coupon (page 143). These votes are directly responsible for the type of material published in RAILROAD STORIES each month. If you don't want to clip the magazine, write a postcard or letter. Votes and comments received so far on March issue show the following line-up in order of popularity:

1—The Boomers Expand, Davis
2—Road to Addis Ababa, Dellinger
3—On the Spot
4—True Tales of the Rails
5—Light of the Lantern
6—International Engine Picture Club
7—Norfolk & Western Locomotives
8—Ham Factory Days, Snyder
9—Grouchy Joins Human Race, Funkhouser
10—Casey Jones's Fireman, Roark
11—The Diamond Jo Line, Anderson
12—Model Railroading

READERS clamoring for Railway Mail yarns will enjoy the E. S. Dellinger novelette in next month's issue. At the same time the Engine Picture Kid and Goldenrod will return to the Happy Valley line. Harold Titus will make his first RAILROAD STORIES bow in "Pig Iron," an engine-service tale involving a female gold-digger. And Jimmy Earp, the Rock Island conductor, will be on deck with another of his inimitable stories about Boomer Jones and Slippery Buck.

Heading the list of non-fiction will be "The World's Greatest Railroad Man," by H. R. Edwards, pack-jammed with interesting facts and pictures; and "The Pacific Type," by Arthur Curran, also with plenty of photos. Plus the Six Popular Departments and some mighty good short features.

Differences of Opinion

AS an old railroader, (G.N.) I thank you for a really good magazine. It's a refreshing change from trash now on the news-stands. The railroads owe much to RAILROAD STORIES.—O. J. MILLS, 172 Nickerson St., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

STAND aside while I throw a few bricks. If there is any way to tell you how idiotic and pointless I consider the Engine Picture Kid, I would do so right now. While I do not like gangster stuff nor plotting among employees, I admit it makes pretty good fiction. Best of all are fact articles.—HUGH GARVIN (switchman, U.P.), 119 E. 4th St., Junction City, Kan.

* * *

YOUR fiction contains so much vulgar language that I have to hide the magazine when respectable people call. Your departments are all "tops."—RICHARD STRINE, 822 Wayne Ave., York, Pa.

WHENEVER I buy a copy of RAILROAD STORIES a dozen friends ask for the first chance to read it. Glad your authors have cut down profane language.—HARRY JOHNSON, Lake Crystal, Minn.

* * *

GIVE us more serious stuff. The "Engine Picture Kid" tends to spoil an otherwise good magazine. Plenty of Dellinger and pictures for me.—F. W. WILLMOTH (G.W.Ry. porter), 45 Ervans Rd., Westbourne Park, London, W. 10, England.

* * *

YOUR best authors are Dellinger—he knows railroading—and the E. P. Kid—he puts life into the magazine. I am an engineer on the 3,320-mile N. Z. Railways. Next time I write I will tell you about our road.—M. B. SIGNAL, 8 Cleland St., Palmerston North, New Zealand.

* * *

YOUR stories have more human quality than most others. "The Greatest Engineer in the World," by Dave Martin (Feb., '35), was a

masterpiece. On the humorous side Engine Picture Kid ranks first. I missed him in March issue.—H. WALTON; East Rutherford, N. J.

* * *

FOR 2 years, beginning at age 14, I was a roundhouse worker, then started braking at 16 on the E.J.&E. Some engines at first had no lubricators, water glasses, nor air. Freight engines had air, yard engines depended on steam brakes. On such grounds I ask you not to omit wreck articles or pictures. They happened in those days.—JAS. STEWART, 807 13th St., McKees Rocks, Pa.

RECENTLY I saw a picture of a cowboy chalked on side of a Mexican National meter-gage boxcar in the Vera Cruz yards under which was the signature, "Bozo Texino, the Texas Cowboy."—WM. SCHIEWE, 214 W. Elm St., Titusville, Pa.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *For explanation of this phenomenon, read "Uncle Tom's Caboose," by the E. P. Kid.)*

* * *

MY listing in Feb. I.E.P.C. brought me more than 100 good photos in one month.—C. MCDONALD, Route 2, Box 508, Coconut Grove, Fla.

Highballing the "Hiawatha"

HIAWATHA, Milwaukee streamliner, can run circles around the English *Silver Jubilee* which "F. H." in a recent letter said outfooted the C.&N.W. *400*. The eastbound *Hiawatha* averages 102 m.p.h. for the 10.2 miles between Sturtevant and Ranney. Westbound she averages 90.94 m.p.h. for the 57.6 miles between Tower A 20 and Lake, covering the distance in 38 minutes. This shows the *Hiawatha* has the world's fastest schedule between control points.

Pennsy's *Union* and *Detroit Arrow* roll along on the Ft. Wayne Division rather well. Between Hamlet and Plymouth, 14.1 miles, they both do it in 10 minutes, 84.6 m.p.h. The *Union* averages 76 m.p.h. over the 116.4 miles between Liverpool and Junction.—MARTIN DIGNAN, 544 5th Ave., Youngstown, O. * * *

HIAWATHA broke a tire on a driver on the engineer's side Jan. 18, while traveling at 50 m.p.h. I was standing on the embankment and saw it. The engineer also saw and stopped in 1½ train-lengths. Second section stopped at the red block signal, then ran up to the stalled first section.

After some delay the 2d section ran around the first. The cripple was cut off, then both sections were coupled, and the whole outfit was hauled out of town by an old reliable coal-burner, No. 4133, after only 35 mins. delay.

Then 2 other boys, the fireman, brakeman and I picked up the pieces of broken tire. One piece was so heavy that it took the 5 of us to load it on the engine.—JIM JOHNSTON, 5340 Cuyler Ave., Chicago. * * *

HAVING served as wrecking foreman on the Milwaukee, I took advantage of opportunities to take some rare photographs, which should be interesting to railroad fans.—WM. O'CONNOR, Onomia, Minn. * * *

BOYS at Crestline on the Milwaukee's Ft. Ware Div., on which I worked out of Miles City, please write.—R. E. MCMULLEN, Camp Riverside, Laurel, Mont.

On Foreign Pikes

WE have just received a beautiful new book, "100 Years German Railways, 83 Years Schwartzkopff," being a catalog of the Berliner Maschinenbau-Actien-Gesellschaft, formerly Schwartzkopff Locomotive Works, 23 Chausseestrasse, Berlin N4, Germany. It is printed in English; 68 large pages and 100 or more illustrations of Schwartzkopff engines, with specifications, etc. Between 1927 and 1935 this company shipped locos to 17 nations. The book will be sent free to any motive-power official, upon request, but is not available to the general public.—EDITOR.

* * *

"WOODEN RAILWAY," by W. E. Butler (July, '35), leads me to remark that this country has many lumber roads with wooden rails and Diesel or gas motors, even a few steam locos.—RAY PEARSON, 85 Lord St., Richmond, E.1, Victoria, Australia.

ALWAYS pleased to answer questions on British railways if not too technical. It's a pity there is no English magazine like yours. E. S. Dellinger's stories are best.—SIDNEY A. JONES, Watford Ry. Club, Watford, Herts, England.

* * *

HAVING worked on the G.W. Ry. of England and having had an opportunity to study motive power of most of the British roads, I venture to assert that for beauty of design and performance British locos are far ahead of those in North America. The latter have too much bulk and junk. Cab interiors leave much to be desired. In weight and tractive power British engines can more than hold their own.—ROBT. HICKEY, 2 Elizabeth Ave., West Brighton, N. Y.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Engine fans of U. S. and Canada, are you going to let Mr. Hickey get away with this?)*

Photo from Fred Jukes, Blaine, Wash.

D. & R. G. Baldwin Consolidation No 206, Engr. Wm. Edwards and Fireman L. H. Loomis, on the Narrow-Gage Alamosa-Durango Line, Snapped in April, 1908

In the Colorado Rockies

TWO Mormon elders from Salt Lake City say they believe the old print on page 82, March issue, shows Parley's Canyon on the west slope of Soldier Summit, Utah.—RALPH A. SNYDER (boomer-author), 533 B St., Brawley, Calif.

THE picture looks like the old Gunnison branch of the narrow-gage Colorado & Southern near St. Elmo Colo. I once lived at a mine near the Alpine tunnel on that branch. During the 1911 strike I made a hand car. I used to make regular trips from Hancock to St. Elmo twice a week, coasting down to St. Elmo. There I would round up a burro,

hitch him to my car and be pulled back up the hill. Finally the station agent found the car in its hiding place and burned it.

The picture also recalls a serious push-car accident which occurred when I was a small boy. The car with 11 men left Alpine tunnel bound for Hancock. The brake stick was demolished; the car ran wild on the 4 to 4½ per cent grade. When the car finally left the sharply curved track about half a mile from town only one man was left on it. I think 7 were killed.—FRANK BUELL, 618 W. 27th, Cheyenne, Wyo.

* * *

OLD-TIMERS here think the picture referred to shows the narrow-gage D.&R.G. between Osier and Sublette on the Alamosa-Durango line. Some believe the picture was faked. All agree that we never had such a push car. There was so much interest in the matter that we sent the old print to Supt. Carpenter, who is familiar with all such points. Here is his letter.—J. M. O'NEIL, Gen. Frt. Agent, D.&R.G.W., Denver, Colo.

* * *

IN my opinion, the picture is mythical. The place most closely approximating it is on Ophir Loop of the Rio Grande Southern. The push car would be just above the Butterfly-Terrible Mine; the town in the distance would be Ophir; the snow-capped peak resembles Sheep Mt. There is a small place such as depicted just below Toltec sidetrack, but there are no trestles between Ophir and Sublette, therefore the picture could not be authentic in that location.—C. B. CARPENTER, Supt., D.&R.G.W., Alamosa, Colo.

Information Booth

I WANT details of the C.&O. *Sportsman* wreck in 1935. Also information about the Morehead & North Fork R. R., Kentucky. Also want to hear from rails on the Ashland & Lexington Div. of C.&O., and from hoboes, ex-rails and I.E.P.C. members.—OWEN INGRAHAM, C.C.C. Camp, N.P. 4 C., Estes Park, Colo.

* * *

WHO can tell about wreck of the *Nellie Bly*, N. Y. to Atlantic City, which crashed head-on into a local near Bordentown about 40 years ago? M. G. WHEELER, 15 Kent St., Trenton, N. J.

* * *

AN old railroad station in Sheffield, Ala., was my birthplace. Does any one know what became of the Negro family that lived in a tin house under the trestle there along about 1900?—LACEY P. LYTLE, 42 Jewett Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

LONG ISLAND R.R. used to paint the engineer's name on his cab. I remember Read, No. 84, Kelly of No. 223, Eichorn of No. 18, and Hulse of No. 212. Does anyone know of roads which follow this practice now? Let's hear more about engine graveyards.—FRANK QUIN, 205 Lefferts Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

ARE there any railroads that have not had to demote engineers and conductors and cut brakemen and firemen off the board due to depression?—JESSE LINEBARGER, Stong, N. M.

* * *

DOES anyone know if No. 60 of the Duluth & Iron Range is still in service? She was a Mastodon (4-8-0), built 1893, a noble-looking engine.—H. D. BOGIE, 25 Grandview Ave., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

* * *

NO mention was made of the E. Tennessee & W. North Carolina R.R. in "Highest Road East of the Mississippi" (Jan. issue). Yet this road, narrow-gage, 67 miles, between Boone, N. C., and Johnson City, Tenn., crosses the Blue Ridge Mts. on 4 and 5 per cent grades 4,168 feet above sea level.—C. W. HAILEY, 281 E. Harper Ave., Lenoir, N. C.

I WANT to hear from engineers on Western roads.—J. PRESTI, 1740 Bay Ridge Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

I'D like to get in touch with Engr. Robert Kingsland, N. Y. Central.—JOHN GERNEASKY (The Kid from Brady's Dairy), 61 Old Broadway, N. Y. City.

* * *

WHO knows about the C.N.J. wreck at Westfield around 1903?—A. H., Newark, N. J.

* * *

FRANK DENISON, who retired recently as D.&H. engineer, boasts 57 years of railroading, of which 53 were spent in the cab. Who can beat this record?—STEWART WOOLEY, Spencertown, N. Y.

* * *

WHO can give the record of Engr. Jack Mooney, of the old Grand Trunk Pacific, about 40 years ago?—LARRY MOONEY, 3480 Laurel St., Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

* * *

STARTING less than 18 months ago, the N. Y. Division of "The Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc.," with national headquarters at 111 Devonshire St., Boston, Mass., now has an average attendance of 75 at indoor meetings. Even larger numbers go on our outdoor trips.

This division meets in Room 2946, Grand Central Terminal, N. Y. City, on the 4th Friday each month. Our aim is to stimulate interest in railroads and their problems by providing means of social contact, entertainments, lectures, etc. A recent meeting was assigned to the B.&O. Robert M. Van Sant, B.&O. publicity manager, and Edward Hungerford addressed the meeting. We showed motion pictures of the "Fair of the Iron Horse" and action shots of B.&O.'s streamlined trains, the "Royal Blue" and "Abraham Lincoln."

Trips included behind the scenes in Grand Central Terminal and Selkirk Yards of the N.Y.C.; Communipaw roundhouses, terminals and signal towers of the C.N.J., the Pennsy's Sunnyside yards, and the New Haven's Cedar Hill yards.—A. P. FORMANEK, vice president, R.R. Enthusiasts, 1868 Holland Ave., N. Y. City.

RAILROAD motion pictures (35 m.) are available for a small charge from various Government depts. and private concerns. The Bureau of Mines film entitled "Conservation of Railway Fuel" shows methods of firing locomotives. The National Cash Register Co., Dayton, O., has a large selection of films showing railroad activities. Baldwin Locomotive Co., Philadelphia, has films of "prosperity Special," picturing Horseshoe Curve, a trip on a locomotive, etc.—MANUEL RAUCHER, 461 Williams Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

REFERRING to Tom and Ed Sweeney ("Along the Iron Pike," March): Frank and Fred Hollis, twins, were employed at Portland Terminal of the Maine Central. Both ran switch engines for many years, about 1910.—GILBERT J. FOURNIER (ex-boomer), Chisholm, Me.

How We Love the Busses and Trucks!

I HAD 352 miles to go and wanted to make it in one day. Time by bus, 12 hours; fare, $7.75. Seemed cheaper, but it turned out to cost more. You pick a seat which is to be your cage for the trip. You need to eat and a few other things. The driver won't stop, for it isn't the right place until everybody is hungry. In a strange town you don't know of any good eating place. When you get the check you are stunned, for you are trying to save money. After 12 hours you are dumped out, still miles from home, so you have to hunt up a place to sleep.

On the good old railroad I could have made the trip in 8 hours and could have had real food served any time I was ready to walk back a few cars. On other errands I would not have had to wait until the engineer arrived at a certain station. Busses? Rats!—JOHN FORD, Fort Edward, N. Y.

* * *

A FEW days ago I saw a truck driver approach a railroad crossing without minding his business. Result, the truck, an auto, 2 gasoline pumps and one end of a restaurant were wrecked, while a man eating in the restaurant, the truck driver and 2 other men were killed. Same day I read about a bus driver running full speed into an open draw, drowning 15 passengers and himself. Each truck and bus should be required by law to have 2 men on duty at all times, just as every locomotive does.—W. E. BOSTWICK, 1906 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

* * *

TUCKERTON R.R. has fallen out of the march of progress after keeping in step for 75 years. The last train carried no passengers. The road served the dune and pine flat region of Southern Ocean County, N. J. Truck and bus competition forced abandonment.—H. WOLTERS, 128 Chestnut St., E. Orange, N. J.

* * *

FIVE hundred stockholders, of which 400 are farmers along the line, have voted the N.Y.&Pa. R.R. out of existence. The 57-mile road, with 2 engines, linked Canisteo, N. Y., and Ceres, Pa. It was killed by motor truck competition. Based on average tonnage since 1928, its abandonment will cost local farmers $184,000 additional in haulage.—LEO DE SOLA, 19 South St., Dansville, N Y.

A Corner for Juice Fans

BRAMHALL, famous private car of the Portland Railroad Co. (see photo), was built by J. G. Brill Co. in 1900. Valued at $30,000, the car was one of the most elaborate ever operated on an electric line. Interior finish was of inlaid and carved rare woods. Equipment included ice box, wine closet, wicker chairs. Public sentiment opposing such cars for officials, the *Bramhall* was later chartered for special occasions. Eventually it was rebuilt and the rare woods distributed as souvenirs.—CHARLES D. HESELTINE, 424 Preble St., S. Portland, Me.

* * *

MAP of all N. Y. subways free! Send self-addressed stamped envelope to NEW YORK SAVINGS BANK, 8th Ave. and 14th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

I USED to be freight conductor on a juice line. Although we hauled long trains and made good time, it just wasn't railroading. Too much wire, not enough *choo-choo*. "Lantern" dept. is interesting, even to non-railroaders. A business man here told me he bought the magazine just for that. Several young men have told me they buy RAILROAD STORIES just for the I.E.P.C.—E. D. WAMSLEY (ex-boomer), 12930 San Vicente Blvd., Los Angeles.

FOR nearly 8 years I was locomotive electrician at L.V. engine terminal, Ashmore, Pa. Does any one remember the Mud Run track on the L.V. main line, at the place to go deer hunting? It is interesting to sit up on the mountain at Penn Haven and see C.N.J. and L.V. trains running neck and neck along Lehigh River.—HARRY SANGENER, JR., 56 Enana Ave., Weatherly, Pa.

* * *

AS for electric headlights being in use in 1891: I was working for the P.Ft.W.&C. at Allegheny roundhouse in 1913; they were just being put on around here in 1917. How about it, readers?—J. POWERS, 812 Jackson St., N.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

FREE! Trolley fans will want this beautifully illustrated 16-page booklet, "The Bus Comes Back to Broadway," dealing with N. Y. City transportation history; horse-drawn omnibuses, horse-cars on rails, trolley cars, and the new motor coaches. A copy will be given to anyone writing to Hugh J. Sheeran, president, N. Y. City Omnibus Corp., 123 W. 146th St., N. Y. City; but you MUST enclose self-addressed stamped envelope large enough to hold the booklet, which is 6 by 9 inches. (Do not write to RAILROAD STORIES for this booklet!)

"Bramhall," One of the Most Elaborate Cars Ever Operated on an Electric Line (See Page 131)

Railroading in Old New England

HOOSAC TUNNEL (described in April issue) was only 5/16 of an inch out of line when finished. It was started on opposite sides of a mountain and drilled through 5 miles of rock.

Taunton Locomotive Works at New Bedford, Mass, second plant of its kind in the state, is being torn down. From its 200-foot erecting shop came some of the fastest power the Hudson River R.R. ever owned. Sixty engines were built there in 1881. By 1899 the total reached 1,000. Several Tauntons were made for the Union Army during the Civil War.

Rough and Ready, the first Taunton engine, was a 22-ton affair with 60-inch drivers and a 4-wheel truck. Harrison Tweed was superintendent at one time, hence railroaders usually spoke of Taunton power as "Tweeds," just as they spoke of Manchester products as "Bloods," and of Schenectady engines as "McQueens." Locomotive building was abandoned by the Taunton plant in 1899, after which it turned out printing presses, expansion joints, street railway snowplows, and even cotton yarn.

A hundred yards away stands the remains of the Mason Machine Works, former builder of Mason locomotives, rivals of the famous Tweeds. (See article by Chas. Fisher, Feb., '34.)—CECIL SMITH, 133 Early St., Providence, R. I.

* * *

MANY years ago when I was a baggageman on the New Haven I saw an 8-wheeled hog bring a string of 45 loads into Kingston, R. I., and take water. On starting to pull out I noticed the left upper guide-bar shear off the bolts. It lifted, end over end, into the air as high as the stack, struck the ground and stood up. Of course, the old hog paused.

The engineer could not see what happened, so he threw her over, got some slack and tried again. Then the packing blew out. We helped him uncouple and carry the main-rod to the platform while a yard engine put away his string, just in time to clear the *Bay State Limited*.—J. FRANK HAMBLEN (ex-clerk, baggage master and brakeman, Pennsy and New Haven), Kenyon, R. I.

* * *

FANS interested in forming a railroad club here, get in touch with Eugene Andre (age 13), Dartmouth St., New Bedford, Mass.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Better yet, why not form a local chapter of the Railroad Enthusiasts, Inc.? Get in touch with Wm. Monypeny, Riverbank Court, Cambridge, Mass.)*

* * *

CAN anyone tell me about the New Haven "graveyard" at Readville and the old Stoughton branch? New Englanders, please write.—HAROLD CURTIS, 108 Ash St., Stoughton, Mass.

* * *

WILL the hogger who used to throw old newspapers to a small boy 6 or 7 years ago on the New Haven *Airline* write to me?—VINCENT RENNER, 905 E. 169th St., N. Y. City.

* * *

MY father narrowly escaped the Woodstock Bridge disaster in 1887. He had taken the ill-fated *Montreal Express* en route to Winooski, Vt. It stopped a few minutes at White River Jct. to let passengers snatch a bite to eat. My father went into the restaurant there and met A. G. Dewey, with whom he did business. While they were talking together, the *Express* pulled out. Dad lost his grip, which he had left on the train, but saved his life.—F. G. MAXFIELD, 813 Beech St., Masonic Home, Manchester, N. H.

(NOTE FROM EDITOR FREEMAN H. HUBBARD: *Mr. Maxfield supplied the words to old poem reprinted at end of article on Woodstock Bridge disaster in this issue. A. G. Dewey was the man for whom Woodstock R.R. named its first 2 engines. Photos of and "A. G. Dewey" accompanied my article, "The Woodstock's Last Run," July, '33, issue.)*

Out Where the West Begins

CROOKEDEST pike in the Mississippi Valley is the L.&N. between French Village and Belleville, Ill. On this 7-mile stretch are 17 curves.

One of the fast-dwindling list of narrow-gage roads in this region is the E. St. Louis & Caseyville R.R., 7 miles long, from E. St. Louis to Gundlach Mine.—JAMES CAIN, 1349 N. Irving Ave., Chicago.

* * *

I WAS pleasantly surprised to see the picture of Fred A. Bill taken in front of old Diamond Jo engine No. 41 (March issue). Captain Bill wrote every week for our local paper for years until his death a few months ago, age 85.—H. G. KING (ex-trainman, G.N. and M.&St.L.), Spooner, Wis.

* * *

SEARCH of our files produced no information on the "Cathedral Car" said to have been built by the Pullman Co. 44 years ago by Rev. Wm. Walker and operated on the N.P. The Pullman Co. has remodeled 2 cars into chapels. One, originally built by the American Car & Foundry Co. as a regular coach, was remodeled into a chapel car which was dedicated by Cardinal Gibbons, March 14, 1915, as the "St. Paul." The "St. Peter" was of approximately the same vintage.—GEORGE A. KELLY, vice-pres., Pullman Co., Chicago.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Maybe some old-timer on the N.P. can tell us about the Cathedral Car.)*

* * *

BEING a call boy on the G.N.Ry. and hearing old rails daily chewing the rag, enables me to get a double kick out of RAILROAD STORIES.—ALFRED ALVIG, 1226 Marquette Ave., Minneapolis.

* * *

WHILE fanning 'em between Monett, Mo., and Fort Smith, Ark., on No. 703, one bitter night 7 years ago, I saw what I took to be a man on the track near Greenland, Ark. He seemed to be flagging me, swinging his arms but without a light. I began stopping; but 100 yards from the station I saw the object was a black cow swinging her tail crosswise of the track. She stepped off the track, and I resumed speed.

The mail clerk, deceived by the slow-down and thinking I was going to stop at the station, carried the mailbag by and had to send it back on the morning train.

On our line it was a high crime for an engineer to cause a mail clerk to make a miscue. After writing 5 letters trying to explain, I received a letter from the superintendent saying: "I am going to accept your word for this, but I must say this is the first case in railroad history in which a cow flagged the fast express."—PHILLIP W. GOOCH ('Frisco Lines engineer), Monett, Mo.

And Where the West Ends

FANS who want information about methods of railroading in this section write to me.—WALTER BLY, 305 S. Third St., Yakima, Wash.

* * *

REGARDING "Let 'Er Blow Up" (Feb. issue): I was night opr. at Mulberry Grove, Ill., when P.R.R. No. 35 made her first trip from Indianapolis to E. St. Louis. I believe she was hauling 35 cars. She blew up at Coatesville. The tale describes conditions tame when compared with conditions 40 to 50 years ago.—C. E. BRIDGES, 2538 E. Colo St., E. Pasadena, Calif.

* * *

I MISSED the Engine Picture Kid from the March issue. I hope he does not get sidetracked again. More daughters of the rail should be heard from; but where are they?—JOHN CARTER, 29-A Guy Place, San Francisco.

* * *

ON a Sunday evening in Jan., '94, engine No. 9 of the North Pacific Coast R.R. stood on a siding at Cazadero, Calif., due to leave at 5 o'clock next morning with a passenger train for Sausalito. About 7 P.M. Engineer Briggs and Conductor Brown decided to run down the line on the engine about a mile to examine the bridge over Austin Creek. It had been raining several days and the water in the creek had risen nearly up to the bridge deck.

Just before leaving Cazadero several men asked to go along, but Brown refused. Brown then took his place on the pilot. As the engine started 5 men climbed into the cab with Engineer Briggs and Fireman Collister. On stopping at Austin Creek bridge, Brown and Briggs conferred, after which Brown walked on ahead.

Although Briggs had agreed not to run across the bridge unless he received a signal to do so, Brown had gone only a short distance when he heard a crash. Running back he found most of the bridge gone. No. 9 was not in sight. Briggs had started to follow Brown and the engine had gone through the bridge, carrying the 7 men in the cab to the bottom of the creek.

It was several days before the bodies were found. Nothing could be seen of the engine until the water had subsided 15 feet. In time No. 9 was dragged out, repaired and returned to service as No. 17. A few years later she was partly destroyed in a collision. In 1900 some of her parts were used in building a new engine, No. 27, at the company's shops at Sausalito. After 10 years' service No. 21 was scrapped.—W. A. SILVERTHORN (engineer, Northwestern Pacific), 442 Johnson St., Sausalito, Calif.

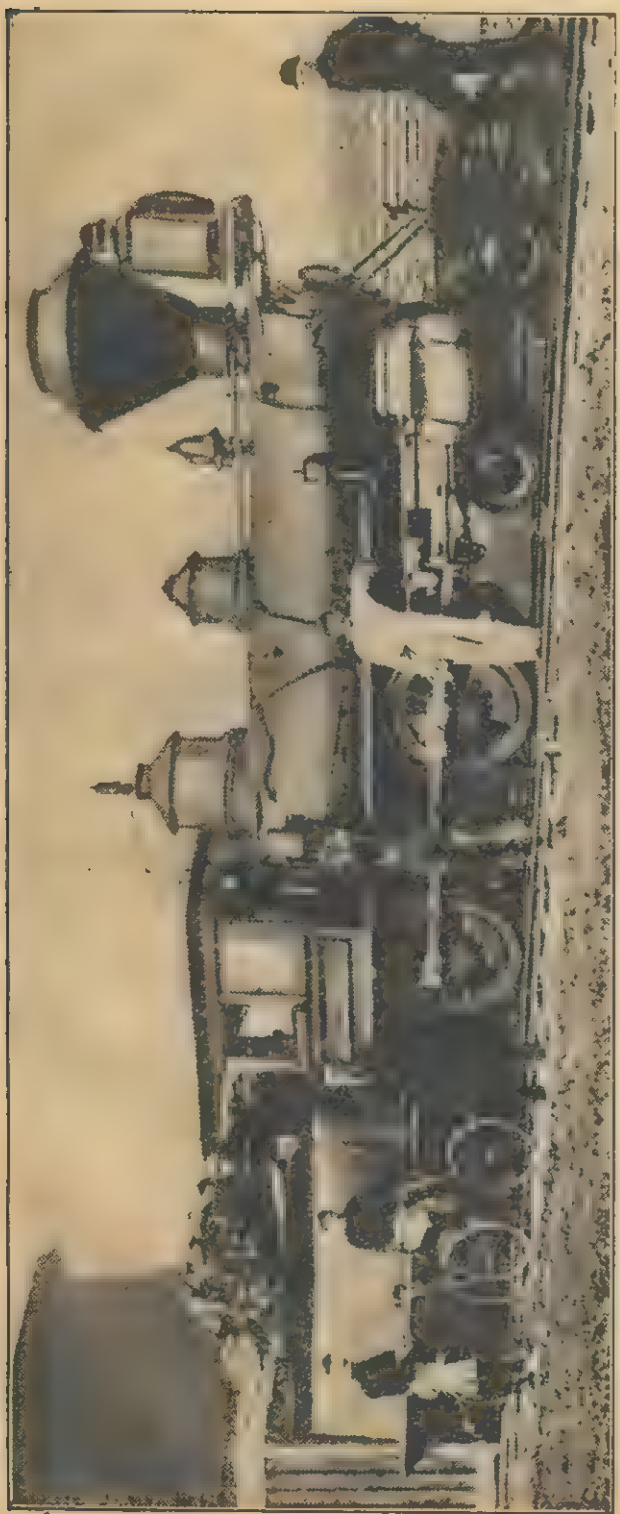


Photo by W. A. Sweetnam (See Page 133)
North Pacific Coast No. 9, "M. S. Latham," Built by Baldwin in 1877, 3-Foot Gage, 42-Inch Drivers, 12x16-Inch Cylinders

ANGEL'S FLIGHT RY. is a cable line one block long up Third St. hill, Los Angeles. Business is still good, but after more than 20 years it is now proposed to install elevators and scrap the freak railway to permit the street to be widened.—VERNON AXT, 1228 Ingraham St., Los Angeles.

* * *

PAGE 128 of March issue says S.P. Engine No. 2993 is still in service on the Benson branch. It should read 2933. I ran that engine for 12 years.—W. E. BUTLER, 2508 First Ave., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

"EIGHT-WHEELER" (Feb. issue) said North Pacific (now N.W.P.) No. 21 was the first successful oil-burner in California. That honor belongs to a S. Calif. engine, now Santa Fe No. 10.—ROSS PERLEE, Box 644, Santa Paula, Calif.

* * *

REGARDING C.H.&D. wreck photo in Jan. issue: I was working on the C.H.&D. at the time (1908). Freight train with engine No. 405 was on a passing track at Irvington, a suburb of Indianapolis, headed east, in the clear for passenger train with engine 340 westbound. The head brakeman on the freight threw the switch right in the face of the passenger train; photo showed the result. The passenger hogger was killed. I left the C.H.&D. Railroad shortly after that. —G. R. DAVIS (ex-brakeman), 2449 Glencoe Ave., Venice, Calif.

* * *

YOUR March almanac says Minnesota's intended first railroad, the Root River Valley & Southern Minnesota, was chartered by the Legislature March 2, 1855, but never built. About this time a railroad was built from the west side of the Mississippi River opposite La Crosse, Wis., through Root River Valley, with Hokah as a division terminal. Clark Thompson, brother of my maternal grandfather, was head of the company. My grandfather was M. M. They built a few miles, ran out of money, raised more, spent it to build more miles, and so continued until the Milwaukee bought them out and made La Crosse eastern terminal. My dad worked for the Root River R.R. for many years.—W. D. PERKINS, Bella, Calif.

Grace Line Photo by Henry Clay Gipson, 47 W. 54th St., N. Y. City
Engine No. 85 on the Southern Railway of Peru; a Ten Wheeler, Built in U. S., Photographed at La Raya Station, 14,153 Feet Above Sea Level

Just a Friendly Argument

"MILEAGE HOG" (Feb. issue) contained some tall assertions. For instance: "Rud's old eyes were not so good as they had been . . . Sometimes he was not quite sure how signals stood . . . Local officials soon discovered his condition was serious . . . They debated whether to take him off the road . . . they knew that so long as Joe Grigsby . . . was on the engine to check signals there was no danger."

Does Mr. Dellinger think this would be allowed on any road? Suppose Rud Randall had run a red board and had a fatal pitch-in? He'd be convicted of manslaughter; so would the officials.

Over here in Ireland an engineman's eyesight is tested every five years until he is 60, and annually after that. In case of doubt, an inspector rides the cab and puts practical tests that cannot be dodged. Of course, if Mr. Dellinger took the episode from his own experience, I have nothing to say except that I am astonished.—E. L. CLEUGH, 63 O'Connell St., Dublin, C.8, Ireland.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *We sent Dellinger this letter. Read his reply, then give us facts from your own experience which shed light on the argument. Actual names need not be printed, if desired.)*

WHEN writing "Mileage Hog" I had in mind an old engineer with whom I worked nearly 30 years ago. He could not tell green from red at a distance, but at close range he could. His fireman and brakeman looked out for him. We always checked signals with him. Sometimes we checked them wrongly and he swore at us when he knew we had tricked him.

During the World War, due to man-power shortage, we had men whose eyes were not so good as they used to be, and these men kept on running engines. I am not certain the condition could exist today; but with my knowledge of a few big-hearted railway officials and a lot of big-hearted employees, it is my belief that there might be rare instances in which a defect would be winked at—provided, always, there was someone on the engine who could be relied upon to make sure no accident would result.

This situation is most likely to be found on one of the smaller roads where officials and men live close together and sympathize with each other to a degree not possible on the big systems. —E. S. DELLINGER, 2137 E. Silver Ave., Albuquerque, N. M.

Railroad Blues

UNTIL I broke down with tuberculosis a year ago I was a railroad man. Now I am trying to find a hobby to occupy my mind. I want to collect timecards. Will some of the boys send me a few?—R. J. WAGNER, Statesan, Wis.

* * *

HERE'S a letter that speaks for itself. It was written by Ed D. Petch, age 35, 3318 W. 61st St., Cleveland, O. "I am deaf and crippled in both legs. Am soon to lose my left leg, so I can't get out like others. But no one seems to want to help a cripple out. I will trade a pair of hand-painted pictures on glass in frame for your engine No. 253 and 3 cars, bridge and blinker signal and any other railroad stuff in your home."

Brother Petch paints pictures on glass in exchange for o gage model equipment, which he needs to earn a living. I'm sending him some stuff. Maybe some other reader will help also. —E. MACDOUGALL, 9202 215th Pl., Queens Village, L. I., N. Y.

* * *

WHERE can I get old railroad magazines? I'm unemployed and broke. If anyone can donate, I will pay postage.—Jos. KARPIERZ, Hotel Evans, Nogales, Ariz.

Along the Rock Island Road

RAILROAD STORIES is the most interesting publication that comes through the caboose door. What a gang of readers it has all over the world!

Caboose No. 18058 is the general office of the Rock Island Train Crews' Business Committee. In 1935 the old caboose mailed 3,589 letters and cards to shippers, bringing the total since Jan. 1, 1930, to 17,363. This helped to round up 2,076 loads of freight and 626 passengers producing total revenue of $244,342 at an expense of $854; net income, $243,342 for 10 years. Good will is cultivated by our contact with shippers.

We have interesting files and magazines from rail fans all over the world. We send them maps, folders, and other R. I. information.—JIM BULLARD, Caboose 18058, Rock Is. Lines, Eldon, Mo.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *Photo of Jim was frontispiece of our May, 1930, issue. Do any other roads have cabooses like the 18058?)*

* * *

ROCK ISLAND robbery story in Jan. issue spoke of Schwartz throwing his mask in the stove and watching it burn. That mask was found near Milepost 52, west of Minooka. Here are additional details:

Detectives examining the car at Morris found an unbroken blanket of snow on top, showing that Watt lied about the gun shoved through the ventilator. R.I. detectives hired Schwartz to trail Watt. Schwartz met Watt frequently but made bogus reports. Eventually he became confused, frequently contradicting himself. Schwartz, feeling quite secure, was released by the special agents' office. Before going back on the job he took that trip to Phila. He was shadowed. Shotgun shells were used to secrete $50 and $100 bills, but none of them could be found in his possession when Schwartz was arrested.

I was made on the Rock Island's Illinois Div. and have many friends in Morris. My uncle, Dan Warren, Sr., was in charge of the section at Minooka for many years.—JAMES W. FRASER (author of "The Trick at Eagle's Nest"), Box 37, R.F.D. No. 2, Redwood City, Calif.

* * *

"ALONG THE IRON PIKE," March issue, says the fire dept. of Willard, Kans., tapped a loaded gasoline tank car on the C.R.I&P. with machine gun bullets, thereby permitting the gasoline to run out without exploding.

According to *Bulletin No. 114,* issued Dec., '35, by the Bureau of Explosives, Association of American Railroads, "an inflammable liquid will not explode" and the use of a machine gun in this emergency "increased rather than decreased the hazard." Besides, the bulletin says:

"Tank cars for transportation of inflammable liquid are equipped with safety valves having a discharge capacity sufficient to prevent building up in the tank of a pressure sufficient to burst the tank even when surrounded by a severe fire. As the relief area of a safety valve is 17 sq. in., and as the area of a hole made by a machine gun bullet is only .07 sq. inches, it would require about 245 such holes to furnish a discharge area equivalent to one tank car safety valve. Larger cars, such as the one under discussion, have two safety valves. Unless armor-piercing bullets were used, we should be surprised to hear that any bullet pierced the ⅜ or ½-inch steel plates of the tank car."—J. A. TOCKO, 1106 E. St., Lincoln, Neb.

Two Grand Trunk Passenger Trains Met Head-on, Aug. 31, 1904; 11 Persons Killed, About 40 Injured. It Occurred Near the Home of George Loke, 82 Brooks St., Sherbrooke, Que., Canada, Who Will Supply Two Different Postcard Photos of This Wreck at 10 Cents Each. Engines Involved Were Nos. 879 (Since Converted into a Superheater) and 541 (Scrapped Years Ago)

The Great Strike of 1877

Union Depot, Pittsburgh, Pa., As It Looked Before Being Burned in 1877

"GREAT STRIKE OF 1877" (Feb. issue) erred in saying the Berkeley Light Inf. Guards under command of Capt. C. J. Faulkner were rushed to Martinsburg, W. Va., on a B.&O. special. The Guards' home station was Martinsburg. Capt. Faulkner later became U. S. Senator. My father was a railroad employee; he witnessed the scenes described at Martinsburg.—F. B. VOEGELE, 409 E. Hickory St., Arcadia, Fla.

* * *

YOUR strike article (Feb.) showed a picture of the derailing of an engine at Corning, N. Y., but she was not a Lackawanna engine. No. 315 was an Erie 8-wheeled Rogers, a 6-foot-gage coal-burner. D.L.&W. was not built through Corning until 4 years later.

My father, John J. DeLancey, was engineer on the Erie's Susquehanna Div. at the time. He was assigned to 315, but on this day he had No. 29 hauling the day express, arriving at Hornellsville 8.30 P.M., the day of the strike. The road was tied up for several days.

Father had the first train east out of Hornellsville. It was loaded with track material with the passenger train coupled on behind. Gangs of trackmen and bridge carpenters were on board with militia guards. A hand car went ahead to examine the road. They took all day going 40 miles to Corning. Track was torn up west of Canisteo. Culverts and cattle guards were burned. At Chemung River bridge in Corning yards, rails were torn up and thrown into the river, with ends sticking up through the bridge.—F. B. DELANCEY (opr., Erie R.R.), Owego, N. Y.

I WITNESSED some of the railroad riots of 1877. I saw 2 men shot by one bullet; then I realized it was a good place to leave and I left. The P.R.R. sued Allegheny County for $5,000,000 on account of the riots. Taxpayers lost and paid with a bond issue running for 40 years at 5%. An uncle of mine was a Pennsy freight conductor in 1854.—W. F. PARKIN, 104 Eastern Ave., Aspinwall, Pittsburgh, Pa.

* * *

AS an eye witness of the strike of 1877, I can say that your Feb. cover was a masterpiece. I recognized the old print showing the burning of Union Station at Pittsburgh, Pa. At that time I was messenger boy for Supt. J. H. Barret of the Panhandle. The trainmaster was J. C. Moorhead. Supt. Pitcairn of the East Div. was, I believe, the most hated man on the system. The big fire occurred on Sat. night, July 21. The mob went crazy. Next day the fire engine *Good Will* (fire engines were named in those days) was found lying upside down. Pittsburgh yard was a wreck.—FRED SULTZER, 542 25th St., Oakland, Calif.

* * *

MY dad and 5 uncles were railroad men. In 1901 while Dad was night watchman in the roundhouse at Cross Forks, the roof of the B.&S. roundhouse burned. Later Dad was fireman on the old 111. The last I heard of this engine she was in Mexico. Does any boomer know where she is now?—R. G. SUMMERS, 426 University Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

* * *

DECIMAL point was omitted in front of 75 (March, '31, almanac) as the length of the Fair Ground R.R., thus extending the road 74¼ miles. —WM. WANZER, Burlington, Vt.

Model Railroading

Conducted by Charles G. Cunningham

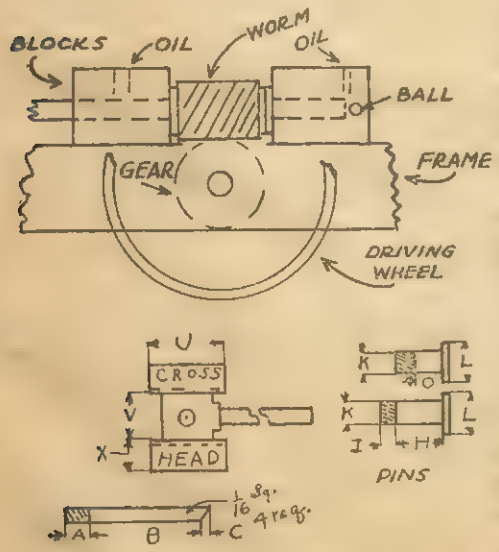
Our 4-6-0 Model Approaches Completion

THIS is the fourth in a series of articles explaining the construction of a New York Central ten-wheeler. Last month we took up part of the chassis; now we'll finish it and go on to the main parts of the boiler.

Due to their shape, you will have to make a pattern for the cylinders. Any soft-grained wood like white pine will do. Make one end of the cylinder about 1/32" bigger than the given dimensions in order to produce a taper and allow the pattern to be drawn from the sand. After the pattern has been carved to shape, shellac it three times, going over the entire pattern with fine steel wool between applications.

A casting made from this pattern should cost about 25 cents. After your casting has been made, clean the cylinder covers on one end of the casting and lay off a *vertical* center line. In the exact center of the cylinder cap drill a hole which will allow the piston rod to slide back and forth freely. Drill two holes for the crosshead guides at the top and bottom of the vertical center line with a No. 56 drill.

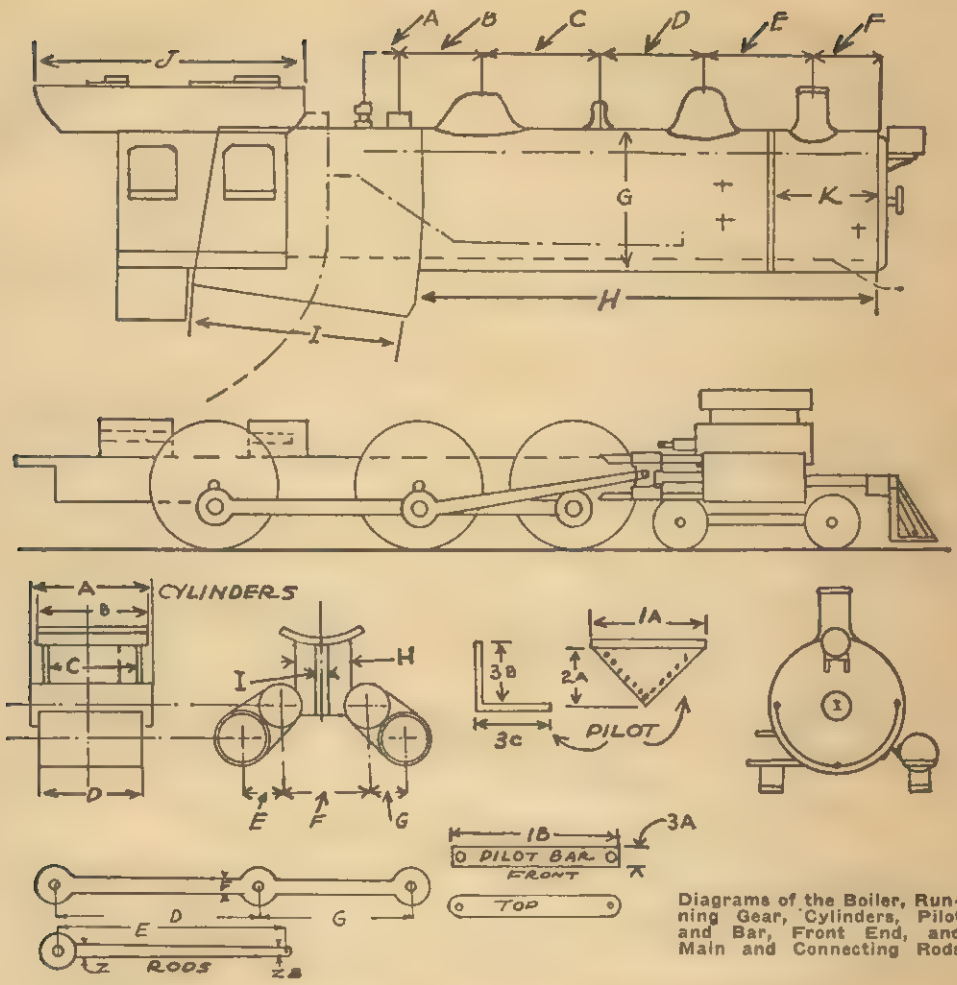
Now, if you want to spend a week or two making your own crosshead, by all means do so. However, you buy the crosshead guides and crosshead ready-made for about 75 cents. The guides for the O-gage model are about 3/32" square, for OO about 1/16" square, and for HO about 1/32" square. File the crossheads to shape by eye; then file and scrape the slots in the top and bottom so that the crossheads will slide on the guides without binding. The piston rod sizes are given in the chart.



Diagrams of Counter-Shaft Blocks and Gears, Crosshead, Crank Pins, and Guide

The main and side rods are made from brass, monel metal or German silver. This material may be about 1/32" thick and must be sawed to general shape with a fine blade saw. When the first main rod blank is filed to finished shape, use it as a model to make the other one. Do the same with the side rods. The holes, of course, must be drilled the same distance apart as are the crank pin holes on the wheels. You can have these parts nickel-plated if they are made of brass.

The crank pins should be the same length as the thickness of the metal, plus the length

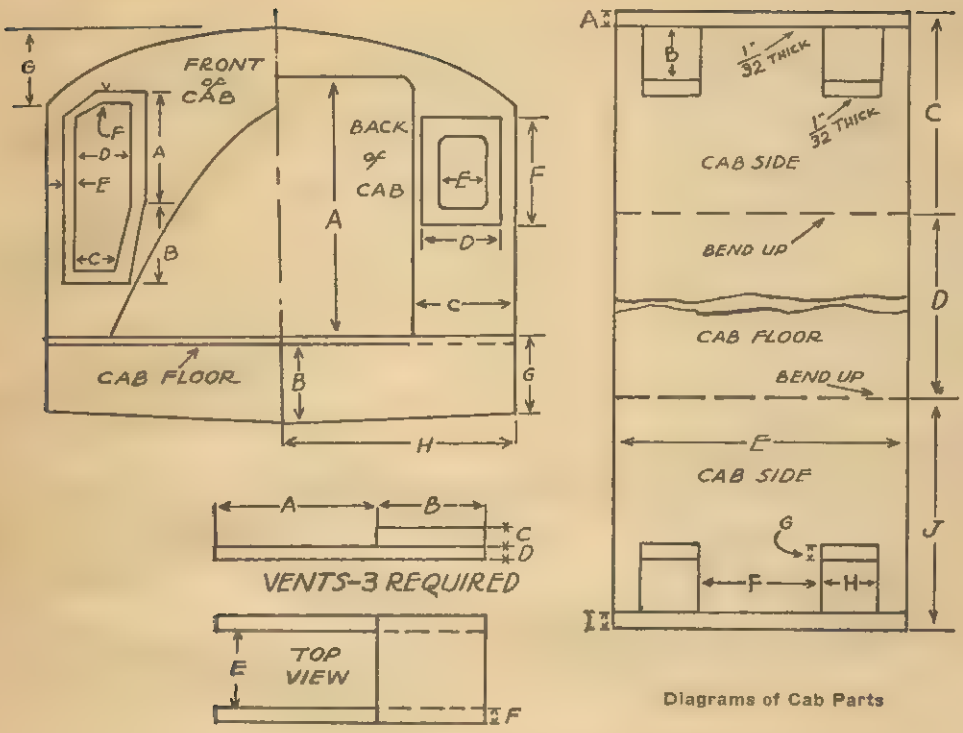


Diagrams of the Boiler, Running Gear, Cylinders, Pilot and Bar, Front End, and Main and Connecting Rods

of the thread, which should be about 3/64" to 1/16". For example, side and main rods are of 1/32" metal, then the thickness of the combined metal would be 1/16", plus the 1/16" for the thread, plus about 1/32" for play necessary to prevent the rods from binding. Thus the length of the pin is 5/32". The thread is O-80. These screws may be purchased for 20 cents a dozen, and are very handy in building the chassis and attaching the accessories to the boiler.

THE pilot is like the one for the gas-electric car, published in the Dec. '35 issue. On the actual locomotive the round rods are pipes flattened at the end and riveted. For our model we use drill rod flattened and stuck into holes. Follow the drawing for the general idea. The pilot bar is just a piece of square brass filed to shape. Poling pockets (the round depressions at each end) are made with a drill point. Solder the pilot bar into place; then the pilot.

Some place in your town or even in your home there must be an old phonograph. The gears in its motor are as good as any for our engine. The counter-shaft blocks in which the worm revolves will depend upon the size of the gears. For example,



Diagrams of Cab Parts

the round gear which fits on the axle of the locomotive is, say, 1" in diameter on the O-gage model, which allows 3/8" of the gear to protrude above the top of the frame. Therefore the worm or spiral gear must be 3/8" above the frame.

To find out how high from the bottom of the counter-shaft blocks the hole must be drilled, add to the 3/8" one-half the diameter of the worm. In this case, say, the worm is 1/4" in diameter. This makes the total height of the hole from the bottom of the block 1/2".

One block should have the hole for the worm drilled its entire length. The other block should have the hole drilled about half the way. In this block insert a small ball from a ball bearing, to act as a thrust.

When you have the two blocks exactly in line with each other and in the center of the frame, assemble the worm as shown in the enlarged sketch. The blocks should be soldered and bolted into place; and the shaft from the worm should extend to the end of the frame. This finishes the chassis.

THE boiler and the smoke box are made from one piece of tubing. Consult the chart for the size. The thickness, in any case, should be about 1/16". Take a piece of hard wood about 4" long and 2" high and wide. Make a V saw cut about 1/2" deep, and cut this block in two pieces, which will then be your V blocks.

After laying the boiler tube on these blocks, use the surface gage to make a line along one side of the boiler. Without moving the blocks, give the boiler a half turn and repeat the procedure. These lines are the top and bottom center lines of the boiler.

Using a No. 50 drill, drill the holes in the top center line for the smokestack, domes, bell, whistle and safety valve. When measuring for the location of the holes, always work from the end of the boiler for each dimension. If you work from measurement to

Here Are Some of the Castings Incorporated in a Model Locomotive Such as the One We Are Building. On the Left Is the Worm and Above the Cylinders Is the Worm Gear, Which Fits on the Rear Axle. The Top Rows Are the Truck Frames Used Under the Tender, While Beneath Them Are Two Turbo-Generators, a Bell, a Brake Cylinder, Brake Cylinder and Air Tank, and Drawbar with Coupler. The Cylinders, Which Are Made for Outside Valve Gear and Hence Different from Those Used on Our 4-6-0, Are Shown Tapped for the Crosshead Guides

measurement, one that is wrong will throw off all the others. On the bottom center line (about ¾" from the edge with O-gage, 11 mm. on OO and ⅜" on HO) drill a hole with a No. 36, 47, or 50 drill, depending again upon the scale to which the model is built. This same hole is also drilled down through the cylinder block and frame. When bolted together with a 6-32, 3-48 or a 2-56 bolt, the entire front is as one piece.

The whistle, hand rail posts, stack, domes and headlight are cheaper to buy than make. On the diagram the handrail is designated by a —·— line; a — — line represents the runningboard, which is made of brass. The chart shows the length and thickness.

The metal for the cab is 1/32" brass in O-gage and 1/64" for OO- and HO-gage. Consult the detailed drawings for the parts. Make these parts from thin cardboard first and assemble them. If they fit correctly, shellac them to the brass and cut them out. This will save you a lot of wasted time and metal. To cut out the windows, drill a series of small holes next to one another, and then simply cut the metal between the holes, and there is your window.

After you have cut the firebox to shape, take a small piece of dowel, say about 10" long and 1" in diameter. Place the flat metal on several thicknesses of cloth and roll to shape, remembering to roll from the center. Solder the firebox to the boiler and the cab to the firebox. The vents on top of the cab are small squares of brass soldered into place. The smoke box front may be bought rather than built up; or you may have it cast from your own pattern.

Table of Dimensions

(All figures without inch marks are in millimeters)

Name of Drawing	O-gage	OO-gage	HO-gage
BOILER			
A	⅜"	7	3/16"
B	⅜"	15	7/16"
C	1 3/16"	20	19/32"
D	1⅛"	18	9/16"
E	1 3/16"	20	19/32"
F	¾"	10	⅜"
G	1½"	25	¾"
H	5 1/16"	81	2 17/32"
I	2⅜"	38	1 3/16"
J	3"	47	1½"
K	1⅛"	18	9/16"
VENTS			
A	½"	5.5	¼"
B	½"	5 5	¼"
C	1/16"	1	1/32"
D	1/16"	1	1/32"
E	⅝"	10	5/16"
F	1/16"	1	1/32"
CAB SIDES			
A	3/16"	2.5	3/32"
B	½"	8	¼"
C	1½"	24	¾"
D	3"	48.5	1½"
E	1⅜"	30	⅜"
F	½"	8	¼"
G	⅛"	2	1/16"
H	9/16"	9	9/32"
I	3/16"	2.5	3/32"
CAB FRONT			
A	⅝"	10	5/16"
B	⅝"	10	5/16"
C	3/16"	3	3/32"
D	¼"	4.5	⅛"
E	1/16"	1	1/32"
F	1/16"	1.5	1/32"
G	½"	8	¼"
CAB BACK			
A	1⅝"	27	21/32"
B	½"	8	¼"
C	11/16"	11	11/32"
D	13/32"	7	13/64"
E	9/32"	5	9/64"
F	11/16"	11	11/32"
G	15/32"	7.5	15/64"
H	1½"	24	¾"
CYLINDERS			
A	1 9/32"	21	41/64"
B	1 7/32"	19	39/64"
C	⅞"	15	7/16"
D	1⅛"	19	9/16"
E	13/32"	6.5	13/64"
F	31/32"	15	31/64"
G	13/32"	6.5	13/64"
H	⅝"	9.5	5/16"
I	⅛"	2	1/16"
RODS			
F	5/32"	2 5	5/64"
D	2¼"	33.6	1¼"
G	1 11/16"	27.5	27/32"
E	2½"	40 5	1¼"
Z	5/32"	2.5	5/64"
ZZ	3/32"	1.5	3/64"
PINS			
K	2-56 screw	0-80 screw	0-80 screw
L	⅛"	3/32"	3/32"
O	To suit	To suit	To suit
I	About ⅛"	Ab't 3/64"	Ab't 3/64"
H	To suit	To suit	To suit
PILOT			
1A	1½"	25	¾"
2A	9/16"	9	9/32"
3B	¾"	11	⅜"
3C	9/16"	9	9/32"
PILOT BAR			
1B	2½"	40	1¼"
3A	¾"	4	⅛"

Name of Drawing	O-gage	OO-gage	HO-gage
CROSS HEAD			
V	About ¼"	4	About ⅛"
U	Ab't 5/32"	5	Ab't 5/64"
X	About ⅛"	1.5 or 2	Ab't 1/16"
GUIDES			
A	¾"	4	⅛"
B	1"	17	½"
C	⅛"	1.5	1/16"

Model Trading Post

I WANT parts, casting or locos, 15" gage.—G. Kelch, R.I., Box 295, Salem, Va.

WANTED: Lionel O-gage 700-712 pass. cars.—W. Van Horn, 297 Rosedale St., Rochester, N. Y.

WANTED: Steam type and elect. locos.—T. Kopp, Jr., 14 Wilcox St., Columbus, O.

I HAVE Illinois watch and back issues of "Railroad Stories" to trade for models or camera.—W. Cox, 1130 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles.

WANTED: O-gage equipt., Lionel or scale, in exchange for strd -gage equipt.—V. Sanzone III, 4019 Beechwood Ave., Cincinnati, O.

I OFFER new A.F. strd.-gage loco No. 4694, Ives loco. No. 3242, and 187-8-9 Pullman cars in exchange for Ives loco No. 1134.—J. Morgan, 1404 E. 9th St., Cleveland, O.

I WANT a printing press. I offer player piano rolls and modelmaking magazines.—J. Wilkerson, Roodhouse, Ill.

WANTED: Loco, Carlisle-Finch Atlantic type or Voltlamp No 2500. Must be 2-rail 2" gage.—G. Lee, 46 Clinton St., Boston, Mass.

I OFFER loco, stock, gondola, caboose, trucks and cab for crane, all Buddy L. I want ¼" scale kit.—B. Sellman, 600 Balto Ave., Towson, Md.

WANTED: O-gage construction kit.—H. Helsterhage, 136 Putnam St., Syracuse, N. Y.

I OFFER 2,000 ft. 35 mm. film for any O-gage Lionel locs., switches and equipt.—H. Rouner, 1051 Langham Ave., Camden, N. J.

I WANT Ives O-gage Pullmans Nos. 140, 141.—C. Newcomb, 205 Saxton Rd., Mansfield, O.

WILL trade my magazines, camera, stamps for O-gage track, locos, cars. Write for details.—J. Singer, 613 W. Galeana St., Butte, Mont.

WANTED: ¼" scale rail, locos, cars, equipt.—L. Kroack, 412 Union Ave., Grove City, Pa.

I OFFER O-gage Lionel and A.F. locos for other Lionel O-gage equipt.—F. Reichert, 795 Hudson St., Hawley, Pa.

WHO wants ry. manuals, ry. equipt. book 1898 and timetables in exchange for Lionel strd.-gage equipt.—H. Johnston, Box 82, Scotch Plains, N. J.

WANTED: Lionel strd.-gage frt. cars 10 yrs. or older.—W. Peck, 38 Greenridge Ave., White Plains, N. Y.

I HAVE 17 back issues "Railroad Stories" and 50 timetables. I want O-gage A.F. straight track.—H. Cox, 407 Alcalde St., Dallas, Texas.

I WISH to dispose of Lionel frt. and pass. cars, locos. in exchange for OO-gage equipt.—H. Turtle, Jr., Box 117, Quinter, Kan.

I OFFER 3" dia. wood pattern in trade for 1½" dia. car wheels for ½" scale model. E. Willard, Box 96, Eatontown, N. J.

WANTED: ¼" scale equipt. in trade for projector, 1,000 ft. 35 mm film with sound track, camera, stamps, fish rod.—O. Hamm, Jr., 41 Belknap St., Dover, N. H.

NEW Lionel loco. No. 408, Pullman, 78 pieces track, trans., switches, etc., are offered for what have you?—R. Hureburt, 97 Circle St., Forestville, Conn.

WHO will trade a ¼" scale loco for my 12 vol. "Science of Railroads" engine photos, or Ives trucks?—L. Allen, 209 Oglesby St., Salem, Ill.

I HAVE Leeds clockwork English loco to trade for engine and railroad photos.—K. Foote, 1766 Fulton Ave., W. Vancouver, B. C., Canada.

I WILL trade my portable phonograph for ¼" model loco or equipt.—Robert King, Box 964 Visalia, Calif.

WANTED: ¼" scale equipt. Local model fans, please write.—Chas M. Hare, 1809 27 St., Des Moines, Ia.

RAILROAD STORIES Reader's Choice
280 Broadway, New York City

Stories, features and departments I like best in the May issue are:

1._____

2._____

3._____

4._____

5._____

6._____

7._____

*Name*_____

*Occupation*_____

*Address*_____

WANTED: O-gage cars, engines, equipt. in exchange for loco. No. 408-E, 68 pieces track, other equipt.—C. Roselius, 198-08 111th Ave., Hollis, N. Y.

WANTED: Lionel locos Nos. 257 or 258.—D. Jordan, 154 Hawthorne Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.

WANTED: Lionel No. 816 hopper car, ¼" frt. car trucks. I offer sailing model.—H. Curtis, 108 Ash St., Stoughton, Mass.

I OFFER 16 mm. projector, books, checkerboard for strd.-gage equipt.—J. Craig, Avery, Idaho.

BOX CAMERA No. 120 and folding camera No. 127 offered for Lionel No. 262-E loco.—H. Ritchen, 624 Devereux St., Raleigh, N. C.

I HAVE cars, stations, miniature figures, wheels, construction kits to offer for what have you?—R. Roedema, 58 N. 14th St., Hawthorne, N. J.

WANTED: A.F. clockwork loco No. 28.—P. Johnson, R. 3, Box 220, Mt. Vernon, Wash.

I OFFER much O-gage equipt. for ¼" scale equipt.—J. Caton, 92 E. Depot St., Concord, N. C.

WANTED: Small jeweler's lathe and HO-gage equipt. I offer O-gage tinplate equipt.—D. Carroll, 3737 78th St., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

LIONEL Blue Comet strd.-gage pass. car is offered in exchange for ¼" scale hopper car.—J. Presti, 1740 Bay Ridge Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.

WANTED: 2 pr. driving wheels 1 7/16" dia.—C. Carman, 713 N. Fifth St., Ironton, O.

WHAT offer for my 4-6-2 Pacific type loco 3½" gage?—J. Gherna, R. 1, Florence, Colo.

I HAVE 2 pr. Lionel trucks for No. 607 car. I want scale pass. trucks or frt.—D. Waddington, 120 Vine St., Pawtucket, R. I.

WHO has Lionel O-gage steam-type loco to trade for my camera, tennis raquet, magazines?—F. Crawley, 28 Harrison Ave., Montclair, N. J.

I WILL trade strd.-gage locos and 50 ft. of track for O-gage equipt.—Lieut. R. Harding, 40 Beach St., Marblehead, Mass.

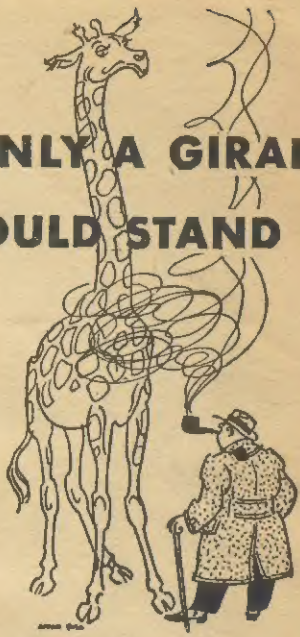
WILL swap 3 scale Pullmans for what have you?—J. Rougeau, Box 71, Bridgeboro, N. J.

I OFFER business course, 26 new vols., for strd.-gage equipt, etc.—E. MacDougall, 9202 215th Pl., Queen's Village, L. I., N. Y.

WANTED: Loco, ¼" scale.—J. McGuinnes, 5514 Aqotite Ave., Chicago.

WANTED: Lionel strd.-gage loco No. 400-E in exchange for my Waltham watch.—C. Braud, Box 116, Franklin, La.

I WILL swap 26 issues of navy magazines for O-gage track.—B. Sorensen, 710 Ontario St., Storm Lake, Ia.



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ANYONE with a shorter neck would be bowled over by that never-cleaned pipe and gorilla tobacco. Now, we believe that a pipe is the world's swellest smoke if properly tended and packed with a clean-burning, pleasant-smelling tobacco like Sir Walter Raleigh. Sir Walter—to use a much abused phrase—is definitely *milder*. It's a well-aged Kentucky Burley mixture that burns cool and slow while giving off a winning fragrance. Try a tin. Giraffes, pygmies, red-blooded men and slim blondes will seek your company and applaud the aroma. 15¢—wrapped in heavy gold foil.

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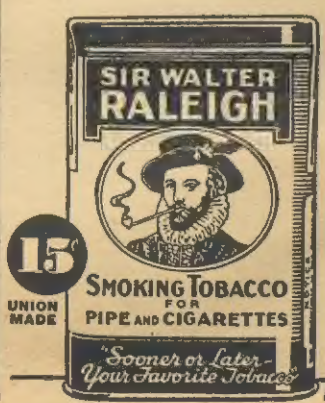
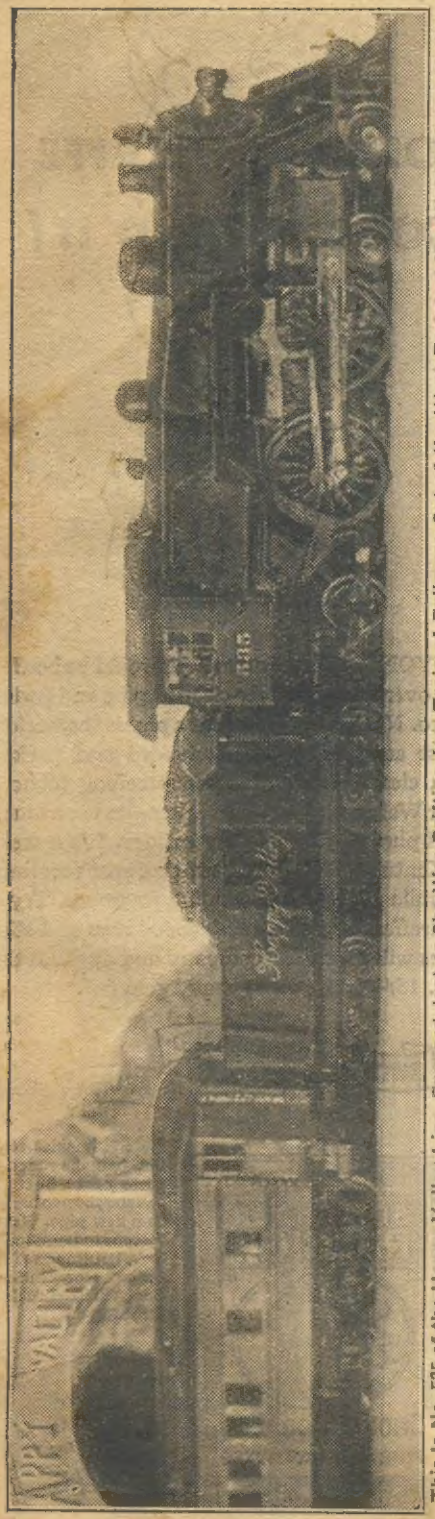


FREE booklet tells how to make your old pipe taste better, sweeter; how to break in a new pipe. Write for copy today. Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. MS-65



This Is No. 535 of the Happy Valley Line, Snapped Just as She Was Drifting Her Train of Pullmans Out of the West Portal of the Mighty Happy Valley Tunnel. She's Just a Little Light, However, for Mountainous Territory and Heavy Pullmans, and Her Owner and General Manager, C. B. Russell of Belleville, N. J., Is Already Building a Pacific Type to Supplement Her

I OFFER 1,736 train orders and some engineering journals for 12" lathe.—J. Young, Rucker, Tenn.

I OFFER strd.-gage Lionel train set (loco, 2 pass. cars, 12 sections track, automatic signal), 100 power Wollensack microscope, 50 issues "Detective Fiction Weekly," and a bicycle speedometer for an electric model-maker's lathe.—A. Stewart, 660 E. 158 St., New York, N. Y.

WHO has ¼" scale 4-6-2 or 2-8-4 loco. to trade for my 600 loco. and train pictures, also Milo-Bar belt?—A. Willis, 316 6th St. N., Staples, Minn.

I HAVE the following ½" scale models, N. Y. C. 4-6-4 electric drive, 4-4-2 steam driven, observation equipped with real glass windows, seats and all extras, rebuilt Buddy L stock car, all brand new, to sell or exchange for new ¼" scale models. No crude construction. Will exchange photos and letters. J. Allen, 425 Rose Lane, Fort Wayne, Ind.

WANTED: Live steam loco. for 2¼", 2½" or 3½" gages. Haven't much to offer. F. Kiesel, 3251 Hawthorne, St. Louis, Mo.

WILL exchange my radio course, old passes, magazines, locomotive blue prints for ¼" scale parts. H. Van Horn, Box 25, Oakley, Mich.

WANTED: Lionel or A.F. strd.-gage track. Offer pictures or cash. E. Brown, 20 Lebanon Ave., Greenville, Penna.

I OFFER Lionel O-gage loco. No. 254, two freight cars Nos. 902 and 807 for what have you. D. Martilla, Oriska, N. Dak.

Model Engineers and Clubs

BILL TURNBULL (April issue, page 132) isn't the only model fan who has named his pike after the mythical Happy Valley Line. You see, we've got an H.V.L. here in Belleville.

First we bought and laid a few feet of scale track. Next we made wooden cars. These turned out so well that we decided to create motive power, beginning with an 0-6-0 switcher which we rebuilt from an Ives Atlantic type, a Lionel chassis, a few pieces of tin, etc. Then we constructed a P-5a out of parts left over from our tinplate stock, and an Ives high-wheeler. We are now at work on a Pacific type, using only scale parts; it is a tough job.

The H.V.L. consists of 200 feet of track with storage space and sidings, 10 freight cars, 3 Pullmans (borrowed from another road), a few feet of landscape, and the aforementioned motive power.—C. B. Russell, 115 Malone Ave., Belleville, N. J.

* * *

DENVER SOC. OF MODEL R.R. ENGINEERS was organized last Jan. 22 with 7 charter members, who own 2 live steam roads, a No. 1 gage electric road with a working coal mine, several O-gage systems, four K-4 locos, 16 passenger cars including a complete train, U.P. Columbine, and 35 freight cars.—G. Kennedy, 835 Gaylord St., Denver, Colo.

* * *

AT a recent meeting of the Rhode Is. Soc. of Model Engineers, H. Shaw demonstrated an American 4-4-0 locomotive and Mr. Bergeron a scale model of a Woonsocket trolley. Our club rooms are open every Wed. evening.—O. Lamoureux, 75 Exchange Pl., Providence, R. I.

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AMERICAN MODEL RY. ASS'N reports work progressing on the mountain division, with 3 new girder bridges and 50 feet of track installed. Our pike is the Los Angeles Union R.R.—W. Hofford, 451 S. Cela Ave., Los Angeles.

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GREATER ST. LOUIS MODEL RY. CLUB, recently organized, invites new members.—O. Cheeley, 2337-A, Howard St., St. Louis.

* * *

MODEL FANS hereabouts wishing to start a club write to J. Morgan, 7316 Linwood Ave., Cleveland, O., Phone Endicott 0732.

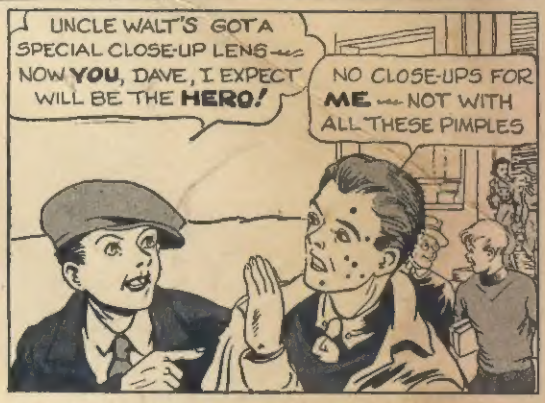
* * *

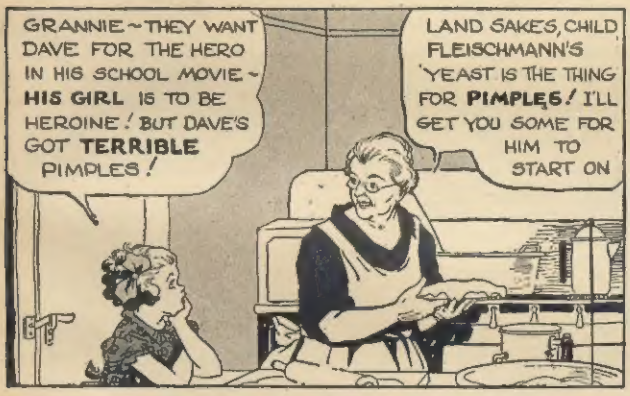
MODEL R.R. CLUB OF ROCHESTER, just organized, invites new members.—Dr. H. Williams, 274 Alexander St., Rochester, N. Y.

"Picture these pimples in a movie close-up!"

But little sister helps Dave to star in school movie

GREAT NEWS, FELLAS! MY UNCLE WALT WILL HELP OUR CLASS MAKE A **MOVIE!** AND HE'LL LOAN HIS CAMERA ~ PROJECTOR ~ **EVERYTHING!**
OH, BOY!
GEE WHIZ!




GRANNIE ~ THEY WANT DAVE FOR THE HERO IN HIS SCHOOL MOVIE ~ **HIS GIRL** IS TO BE HEROINE! BUT DAVE'S GOT **TERRIBLE** PIMPLES!
LAND SAKES, CHILD FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IS THE THING FOR **PIMPLES!** I'LL GET YOU SOME FOR HIM TO START ON

SCRAM, FLORRIE! I'M BUSY!
JUST A MINUTE, **PLEASE!** GRAN SAYS THIS FRESH YEAST TAKES PIMPLES AWAY. IT MIGHT, EVEN IN TIME FOR THAT MOVIE. OH, DAVY, **DO** TRY IT!

LATER
I TOLD FLORRIE SHE COULD COME SEE THE MOVIE SHOTS MADE THIS AFTERNOON YOU KNOW, SHE—
—GOT YOU STARTED ON FLEISCHMANN'S FOR THOSE PIMPLES YOU HAD ~ GOOD WORK, FLORRIE!
IT WAS REALLY **GRANNIE**

Don't let Adolescent Pimples keep YOU out of the limelight

MOST boys and girls go through a "pimply stage" after the beginning of adolescence —from about 13 to 25, or even longer.

At this time, important glands develop and final growth takes place, causing disturbances throughout the body. The skin becomes oversensitive. Waste poisons in the blood irritate this sensitive skin and it breaks out in pimples.

But even severe cases of adolescent pimples can be corrected. Fleischmann's fresh Yeast clears these skin irritants out of the blood. Pimples go!

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast 3 times a day, before meals—plain, or in a little water—until your skin is clear. Start today.

—clears the skin

by clearing skin irritants out of the blood

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CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
Luckies are less acid!
Recent chemical tests show* that other popular brands have an excess of acidity over Lucky Strike of from 53% to 100%
Luckies — a light smoke
OF RICH, FULL-BODIED TOBACCO — "IT'S TOASTED"
* RESULTS VERIFIED BY INDEPENDENT CHEMICAL LABORATORIES AND RESEARCH GROUPS